SOME TORCH BEARERS IN INDIANA

By CHARITY DYE

Ruth McCord
1919.

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THE CENTENNIAL MEDAL

SOME TORCH BEARERS IN INDIANA

By

CHARITY DYE

Author of

THE STORY TELLER'S ART
LETTERS AND LETTER WRITING
ONCE UPON A TIME IN INDIANA

The period of life is brief—
'Tis the red of the red rose leaf,
'Tis the gold of the sunset sky,
'Tis the flight of a bird on high;
But one may fill the space
With such an infinite grace
That the red will tinge all time,
And the gold through the ages shine.
And the bird fly swift and straight
To the portals of God's own gate."

—ANONYMOUS.

From *Unity*, August 17, 1905.

1134 BROADWAY, INDIANAPOLIS

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by
Charity Dye

Printed by The Hollenbeck Press
Indianapolis

TO MARY A. DYE
MY SISTER
WHOSE HELP MADE THIS
BOOK POSSIBLE

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PREFACE

WHILE the afterglow of the Statehood Centennial is still bright, it seems worth while to place in permanent form some examples of the great character wealth brought out in our celebration.

The name "Torch Bearers" herein used applies to those who have shed luster upon Indiana by special service to the state. Some of these were born in Indiana, others have come from many states in the Union, and still others from foreign countries. Every one is really a "Torch Bearer" who stands at his post in any station of life and fulfils his duty to the uttermost, so the few examples herein given only indicate that there are thousands of others worthy of this name.

This book is not intended to give complete biographies, but to emphasize the high lights of character connected with the activities of the respective individuals mentioned.

Some of these sketches first appeared in the "Centennial Story Hour" of the *Sunday Star,* with which the author was associated for a year; the others have been written for this volume.

Special acknowledgments are hereby made to *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Putnam's Magazine;* to Mr. William Dudley Foulke for the article on Oliver P. Morton; to Mr. William Allen Wood for the article

on Law; to Miss Laura Greeley for the sketches on Prison Reform and the Red Cross; to Miss Mary Nicholson for the sketches on Jonathan Jennings and John Tipton; to Doctor Logan Esarey for the pages on Elihu Stout; to Professor Stanley Coulter; to Mrs. Eliza C. Bell; to Mr. John Oliver; to Miss Martha Howes and Miss Anna Taylor for assistance; to Miss Mildred Weld for reading the proof, and to many others who have generously aided me in securing material.

C. D.

Indianapolis, March, 1917.

INVOCATION

O THOU whose equal purpose runs
In drops of rain or streams of suns,
And with a soft compulsion rolls
The green earth on her snowy poles,
O Thou who keepest in thy ken
The times of flowers, the dooms of men,
Stretch out a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love!

If all the huddlers from the storm
Have found her hearthstone wide and warm,
If she has made men free and glad,
Sharing, with all, the good she had,
If she has blown the very dust
From her bright balance to be just,
Oh, spread a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love!

When in the dark eternal tower
The star-clock strikes her trial hour,
And for her help no more avail
Her sea-blue Shield, her mountain-mail,
But sweeping wide, from gulf to lakes,
The battle on her forehead breaks,
Throw Thou a thunderous wing above—
Be lightning for the land we love!

—WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD.

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SOME TORCH BEARERS IN INDIANA

CHAPTER I

Torch Bearers in Industry

THE story of the industrial development of Indiana is the old story of the Giant outwitted by the Dwarf. Here, the Giant, Nature, has gradually given way to Man, the Dwarf, until no part within our borders has been left untouched by the hand of man.

The space of one chapter is too meager to permit of anything more than a finger point to the Torch Bearers of Industry. It would take several volumes to give any adequate account of those who have helped to bring us where we are to-day. The examples herein given have emphasized the qualities of character that went to the making of the implements by which food, shelter and clothing are provided, not only for the people of our state, but for the people all over the world.

The plow in whose furrows spring the cornfields and wheat harvest; the wagon by means of which the grain is garnered; the steam engine which has

succeeded horse and water power in the preparation of food; the saw which makes the lumber and the stone ready for the homes, factories and public buildings; and the loom by means of which we are clothed and kept warm, deserve our highest respect.

It is to be hoped that before the celebration of the Centennial of the founding of Indianapolis as the capital of Indiana there will be written a complete account of the industrial development of that city, which ranks as the greatest commercial and industrial inland center of the United States, and one of the greatest in the world.

There are yet to be told the stories of the quarrying of her Bedford stone; the manufacture of her glass and brick; the use of the retort in manufacturing drugs in such firms as the Eli Lilly Company, who are to-day supplying the Orient with their products, to say nothing of the automobile and other great industries of our state.

The commercial life has kept pace with the industrial. Indeed they are so linked together that there would be little incentive to make articles unless there were the element of exchange whereby the producer could meet the consumer through his product.

The department stores furnish a socialized example of modern business methods. Not only do they supply under one roof all of the household needs, but they educate their employés; provide excellent conditions under which they can work; enable them

to attend lectures during business hours by means of shifts; give them instruction in the ethics of business and in the nature of materials which they handle. Organizations for the proper carrying on of business now exist in every city in Indiana.

THE STUDEBAKER BROTHERS

Torch Bearers as Makers of the Best Wagon for Over Half a Century

The Studebaker brothers came to South Bend in 1852. During this year they made two wagons. The first wagon made in Indiana, by Pokagon, the Pottawattomie chief, had long been a tradition, and the ruts made by its wheels in the mellow sands of the old Sauk Trail, running through northern Indiana from Detroit to Fort Dearborn, were long grass-grown. But the charm of nature lingered in the Kankakee region around South Bend. The swamps still held the cultivation of land at bay. The wild rice and sedge grass and the spongy islands made an inviting home to the blue heron and the white aigret and other wild birds which nested there and gave their evening concerts. The town Pokagon, named for the Pottawattomie chief, was itself, even then, in decay.

Another wagon had also found its way up the old Sauk Trail. It had come from Mexico, and its pred-

ecessors had in turn come from the old world. This wagon was made after the fashion of the Moors of north Africa, and is said to be the same kind as that which Joseph and his brethren used when they moved out of Egypt.

In 1736 the ship *Harle* landed in Philadelphia, from Holland, bearing as one of its passengers Peter Studebaker, an ancestor of the Studebaker brothers in South Bend. Little is told of them for many years, but they settled in Pennsylvania, where they followed wagon-making and blacksmithing. One record of their life there affords a splendid index to their character. An inscription on an old door where they lived, reads:

"Owe No Man Anything.
Love All Men."

The story of the Studebakers' coming to Indiana is that of hundreds of other pioneers so familiar to us all. They brought from Pennsylvania in the large white-covered wagon their household goods, and stopped at Ashland, Ohio, in the year 1837. They carried on the wagon-makers' trade there, but financial trouble beset them, not only on account of the great panic of that year, but because the father of the family had to part with his property in order to pay a note of security to which he had signed his name. They loved this place and had a reunion there years after. Neighbors and friends came from many

states in the Union. The old landmarks were visited and former friendships renewed.

A tavern keeper in Ashland unwittingly paid a high tribute to Studebakers when he said to a visitor who applied for lodging: "Old Studebaker lives just a mile east. He is known clear to the Alleghany Mountains. His home is always full, because he does not charge anything. If he would move out of the county I would have a good business."

The late John M. Studebaker, one of the five brothers of the wagon-making firm at South Bend, stood before the Indiana Bar Association assembled at that place in July, 1912. He had come by invitation to speak upon the Workmen's Compensation Act, recommended by Addison C. Harris and John T. Dye. He, a workman, stood before the trained legal minds of the state as a man among men. Both the lawyers and workmen had arrived through different routes to the same conviction, that justice was the only sure basis for dealings between employer and employé. This workman commanded high respect by virtue of his life and the great memories associated with his course in the business which he represented. Those who knew him remembered his past and the high character for which he stood. He told his story in a simple straightforward way from the time he received twenty-five or fifty cents a day to the position then occupied in his corporation. He told the lawyers there would be no need

of a compensation act if every corporation treated its workmen as the Studebakers treated theirs; that is, taking care of the injured workmen in the hospital, providing for their families while they were away, and securing the workmen a place when they returned from the hospital. He said that from the employment of two men to the employment of ten thousand he had never had but one law-suit for injury; also that great corporations were not managed as was theirs, because the Studebaker firm was an association of brothers, whereas the great corporations were generally managed by men other than the owners of the property. He made a plea for "a square deal," and said that it was a great advantage to know the position of the employer and the employé, both of which he had himself held.

As John M. Studebaker stood before the lawyers and judges of Indiana his listeners took not so much account of the great accumulation of riches as of the vast wealth of character represented through a man who said that he was trained to honesty and fair dealing in his youth. His chief satisfaction lay in the fact that the product of his great manufacturing establishment was the best of its kind; it represented good material, honest workmanship, and a moderate price. The Studebaker Brothers have been public benefactors in the city of South Bend. In addition one of them paid, secretly, for the tomb

placed at the grave of Abraham Lincoln's mother, in Spencer County.

To show how they never lost their early ideals of the essentials of character, a copy of the following resolution, which was adopted by the board of directors of the company during the Spanish-American war, hangs in the Studebaker Building to-day:

"Resolved, That under the present call of the President of the United States for members of the National Guard to serve in the war with Spain, this company will re-employ men who leave its employ to respond to said call, and while such employés are in actual service of the United States during the war, this company will continue the names of such employés on the pay-roll at their present rate of daily earnings and appropriate such pay to the support of the families of those who are married and the dependents of those who are single."

To-day the Studebaker firm is known over the round world. Their first success came from large orders during the Civil war. In an official report from Lord Roberts to the British Parliament one may read: "Wagons were imported from the United States, and these proved to be superior to any other make, either of Cape or English manufacture. They were built by the Studebaker Manufacturing Company, who have a great vehicle factory at South Bend, Indiana."

From the making of two wagons in the year 1852 the industry has increased to a plant that covers one hundred ten acres and now employs thousands of men. Success has not dimmed the early standards, and the name "Studebaker" stands for integrity, honor and humanitarian treatment of its workmen. This firm may well be called one of the great Torch Bearers of Industry in the state of Indiana.

JAMES OLIVER

Torch Bearer Who Gave the Oliver Chilled Plow to the World

Scotland, with its blue skies and purple heather, its moors and glens, and its plow-boy poet, Robbie Burns, forms a suitable background for the childhood of Jamie Oliver, who in after life gave to the world the Oliver Chilled Plow, which now turns the furrows in almost every country.

Jamie Oliver was the youngest of eight children, six sons and two daughters, born into the home of a Scotch shepherd, whom Jamie doubtless helped as he watched the flock on the landed estate where his cottage stood. We fancy that Jamie also gathered fagots for the fire and helped his mother, who dowered him with the genius which he afterward showed. In 1830, when Jamie was seven years old, John Oliver, the eldest of the family, felt the call

of the new world and came hither to try his luck. He was soon followed by Andrew and Jane. The letters received from these three children contained money earned in America. They also said: "Come to America. There is plenty of work to do here and money to pay for it. We do not have to carry fagots for the fires, for there are trees in the way waiting to be burned. There is plenty to eat here, too."

Upon reading these reports the Scotch mother would say, as she knitted more furiously, "We will go to America," while the shepherd father shook his head and gave a hundred reasons why they should not go. But Jamie always wound up the conversation by saying, "We will go to America and get rich." All unconsciously to himself this little boy had made up his mind to try the new world. Visions of the great oceans and the great new land on the other side and the plenty of everything had long attracted him, and so, when Jamie was eleven years old, the shepherd and his family set sail for America.

Jamie enjoyed the journey more than he had anticipated. He saw men buried at sea, and every experience was new to him. After landing at Castle Garden they sailed up the Hudson to Albany. They saw the first railroad, rode upon the canal, and finally were united with John and Andrew and Jane, at Geneva, New York. They stayed there until rumors came of land in the "Far West," in Indiana;

land which was to be given away by the government. In 1836 they came to the town of Mishawaka, on the banks of the St. Joseph River, in St. Joseph County, Indiana. There was iron ore about this place, and people said it was bound to be a great city in time. Here Jamie found work. He was at first noted for his great appetite, but it was said of him at the age of fourteen that he could do a man's work. It was here that he received his only year's schooling, under a teacher named Merrifield.

There was at this time in Mishawaka a home bearing the signs of plenty, around which stood a picket fence. The glory of this home, owned by Joseph Doty, was a daughter Susan. She was beautiful, graceful, and in every way charming, forming a contrast to the red-haired Scotch lad, whose heart she had won. He was manly, earnest, intelligent, straightforward and full of purpose, which made him a suitable companion for Susan Doty. At first James Oliver did not find favor with the Doty parents, because Mr. Doty thought him too poor to take a wife, but word came to James in some mysterious way that the father of Susan had dropped the remark that if young Oliver had a home he might consider him for a son-in-law. James immediately took the hint and was able to secure a neat little home upon the payment of eighteen dollars in cash, two dollars less than the man had originally

asked. James and Susan were married in 1844, and their little home was a paradise indeed!

In 1855 James Oliver heard of a foundry in South Bend, Indiana. He bought the foundry at an inventory price, which proved to be $88.96. He paid cash for this, having in his pocket $100 at the time. He moved to South Bend, where he lived the remainder of his life. The purchase of the foundry included a plow factory, which interested James Oliver very much, and it was now that this implement of labor claimed a great deal of his attention and thought. He decided that a plow should be light and well-made and should scour in the soil and turn over the furrow in a way that would save labor on the part of both the horses and the plowman. For twelve long years he worked upon this idea, waiting and experimenting and keeping up his courage till he invented a form whereby the iron could be chilled without being warped, and at the same time could be wonderfully tempered. The characteristics of the form for the mold-board provided checkers whereby the air could get through during the cooling process, which was partly aided by running water. The plow-share was made separate from the mold-board and could be attached at will. The patent for the Oliver Chilled Plow was taken out. From this time the success of James Oliver's invention proved itself and the Oliver Chilled Plow became known over the world.

Mr. Oliver was not spoiled by wealth and recognition, but continued to work with the plow as long as he lived, always trying to make it better. He sold it in the open market and avoided competition. It is said that wealth was not his main aim, but rather he sought to give mankind an implement related to the soil as a necessity of life.

Two children were born to them, Josephine, named for the wife of Napoleon, and Joseph, who still carries on his father's industry, which has multiplied beyond all expectation. James Oliver knew how to manage men and he himself supervised his work. He was proud of his plow and regarded it a work of dignified labor. Elbert Hubbard, in his "Life of James Oliver," narrates the following: A few weeks before his death, which occurred in 1908, at the age of eighty-five, some one told him this little story of Tolstoi's: "A priest, seeing a peasant plowing, approached him and said, 'If you knew you were to die to-night, how would you spend the rest of the day?'

"And the peasant promptly answered, 'I would plow.'

"It seems the priest thought the man would answer, 'In confession,' or 'In prayer,' or 'At church.' The priest heard the answer in surprise. He thought a moment, and then replied, 'My friend, you have given the wisest answer a man can possibly make,

for to plow is to pray, since the prayer of honest labor is always answered.' "

The story impressed Mr. Oliver. He told it to several people and then made a personal application of it thus: "If I knew I were to die to-night I would make plows to-day." This torch bearer of industry had made the connection that if to plow is to pray, to make a plow is also an act of high reverence.

ELIAS C. ATKINS

Torch Bearer Who Gave the Saw Which Makes the Raw Material Ready for the Home

No observant person traveling through Lawrence County, Indiana, can fail to notice, loaded on the platform-cars ready for shipment, great cubical blocks of stone which have been neatly sliced, as the housewife slices her loaf of bread. Should this same person visit a large saw-mill he would there see the iron claws suspended from the derrick, open and clutch in their grasp a giant log, which is swung over and in a few minutes is also cut as was the stone—it may be into sleepers or rafters or weather-boarding for some home or factory. Let him go a little farther and visit the veneer factory and there he will see by the same process a splendid walnut log sliced into hundreds of sheets, each of which is as thin as a

piece of writing paper. These are for veneer for the furniture now being produced in Indiana and over the West. And what is the immediate instrument by which all these things are done? It is the saw which, with its diamond points, can cut steel and iron as easily as wood. This is the instrument which converts our splendid öolitic limestone and great forest trees ready for our public buildings and homes. It seems a long way back from this efficient instrument to its predecessor, the pit saw, which demanded that one man be placed in the pit under the great log, guiding the course of the straight saw while one or perhaps two men stood on top pulling it up and down. The man who was instrumental in bringing about this development in the Indiana industry of saw-making, the industry that bears such close relation to the conversion of the natural forests and stone into the building material for homes and business and public structures, was Elias C. Atkins.

This Indiana torch bearer of industry was born at Bristol, Connecticut, in 1833. He was of pure English stock, his ancestor of the fourth generation back coming from England to America in the seventeenth century. He attended the public schools of Bristol until, at the age of twelve, he was apprenticed to the trade of saw-making in his father's shop, and upon his father's death became the head of the concern. Later, at the age of eighteen, he attended

Suffield Academy for one year. His education afterward was, like that of most of our great pioneer torch bearers, obtained from work, observation and self-directed study.

In the year of 1855 he came to Cleveland, Ohio, where he successfully continued the business of sawmaking. One year later, in 1856, being lured by the giant trees which nature had been centuries growing in Indiana, he came here to continue his original business, and settled in Indianapolis. The city was young then, and inconveniences were many. For the first few years his shop was nothing more than a shed, but with stupendous energy and great will and foresight he carried on his business, much of the time being both his own employer and employé. A characteristic little incident is told of how a former employé, Mr. Louis Suher, walked all the way from Vermont to Indiana in order to work under the man who had given him employment in his early life. Surely this is a tribute to the justice of an employer to the laborer in his hire. Mr. Atkins bought hickory lumber and placed Suher to the making of ax handles, the profit of which barely paid his wages.

After coming to Indiana Mr. Atkins soon found that the demands of his business necessitated not only the making and repairing of saws already in use, but the invention of new patterns. He was his own inventor, and many patents stand to his record

in the patent office at Washington, D. C. Besides these he patented a great many appliances which have been kept in his own business exclusively for the work of his company.

His close application to his business and the understanding of it from the very beginning up, made him necessarily successful, though he had to cope with odds in the way of several fires. After one of these his mother came down to the shop the next morning to comfort him over his loss, but she found him with coat off starting in on the repairs and showing a high determination of spirit.

After another fire, when he had begun the repairs, he glanced over the letter-book and saw that his secretary had written letters canceling orders. He said, "Destroy those letters; it is not for us to cancel orders, it is for the men who gave the orders to do that. Write to these men and ask their indulgence and tell them that the orders will be filled as soon as possible." Nothing daunted him.

About 1865 he went west in search of health. While there he was not idle, but engaged profitably in the mining business. When he returned to Indianapolis he resumed his place in the firm, where he still superintended the tempering of the steel and managed the entire business. His firm had grown from the employment of a few men to that of over a thousand.

Mr. Atkins, like many a man whose business has

grown through a long number of years, was lucky to have a son who would step into his place and carry on the business, until to-day goods labeled "E. C. Atkins & Co., Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.," travel to all parts of the world and are used in preparing the raw material for the homes and business buildings of mankind. Branch offices of this firm are in Sidney, Australia; Paris, France; in Canada; in the great cities of the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards and inland centers of the United States.

The firm of E. C. Atkins has made a name among workmen, so that any man considers himself fortunate to be employed by this company. Already some men known to the writer have spent their entire lives working for this firm, which without publicity has been known to add a per cent. of its profits to the wages of the employés.

His death occurred on April 18, 1901. The press at the time reviewed his life and spoke of him as a public spirited man of liberality and integrity, possessing the qualities of statesmanship.

By his life and energy and public spirit Elias C. Atkins truly deserves the name of one of the torch bearers of industry in Indiana.

CHANDLER AND TAYLOR

Torch Bearers in the Making of Boilers to Aid in Preparing Food, Shelter and Clothing

The power produced by the boiler is as indispensable in solving the problem of food, shelter and clothing as the machinery which it operates.

One realizes the importance of steam power when he thinks how it has supplanted the horse-power and the simple water-power of early times. It has not been so long ago in Indiana since the flail, the wheat-fan and the horse-power threshing-machines were all employed in preparing the grain for the garner. The pioneers often had to go sixty miles to mill because there was no other place for grinding the grain except on the banks of some stream which would furnish the water-power. The large saws were not in use because there was no power great enough to manipulate them.

Our cotton mills and great garment factories would also be silent if the looms and the machines could not be moved by steam power. All this has been changed by the boiler. Now, every neighborhood can have its own saw or grain mill if it desires, independent of water-power. The great saws can make lumber yards wherever there are trees to supply them. Farmers can grind their own sorghum and make their own molasses whenever they see fit.

Chandler and Taylor have been making boilers for over half a century in Indiana and are considered pioneers in this branch of industry. Their scope and effectiveness have steadily grown until they are well known over the world. These men, Mr. Thomas Chandler and Mr. Franklin Taylor, were kinsmen. Both were born in Pennsylvania, both birthright members of the Society of Friends. Mr. Chandler, the senior member of the firm, came to Indianapolis in 1858. He received his education and training in Pennsylvania, and engaged in other manufactures before he made boilers. On the crest of the family of Mr. Thomas Chandler is the legend, "Ad mortem fidelis." He retired from the firm in 1897 in order to engage in the improvement of his farm.

Mr. Franklin Taylor was born in 1814. After spending his boyhood on the farm he engaged in teaching, then became a civil engineer, and was one of the surveyors of the Miami Canal, in the state of Ohio. Following this he became a merchant in Alexandria, Virginia. Although a peace-loving Quaker, Mr. Taylor served in a Pennsylvania regiment in the war for the Union. During his lifetime the home of Mr. Taylor and his wife, Phoebe Mode Taylor, was a center for liberal thought along religious and educational lines. They were among the founders of the first Unitarian church in Indianapolis, and their names are spoken with reverence

by hosts of friends. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor passed away in the same year, 1895.

Following the custom of other great industrial firms which have been able to hand on their standards for good workmanship, honesty and fair dealing, the firm of Chandler and Taylor is now carried on by younger members of the families. The products of this company at the present time consist almost exclusively of steam engines and steam boilers, because there is naturally very little demand for the kind of machinery made in the early days of their manufacture. The steam engine and boiler business has grown until this firm has found markets in almost every country.

Machinery for handling the heavy parts of the boiler and steam engine does away with the necessity of employing men for that purpose, so the list of employés of the Chandler and Taylor Company is not as large as their output would indicate. Even now they occasionally build steam power outfits which are sectionalized into small packages, so that each individual package can be safely transported on the backs of mules in the mountainous districts of Central and South America, and these plants are erected far from railroads and sometimes right in the mountains, so that to-day this Indianapolis firm is manufacturing products which are helping pioneers far away from Indiana.

SARAH LA TOURETTE

Torch Bearer of the Loom Industry in Indiana

Sarah La Tourette is not announced among the Torch Bearers of Industry by any medal or recognition of the great. Hers was a modest life, spent in simple industry, unconscious of its relation to the world of household arts.

This weaver on the Wabash busily plied her shuttle to and fro day after day, not knowing or thinking that the industrial art in which she was engaged dated back to the dawn of history. She did not know that every civilization of the past has left among its remains examples of textile fabrics made by women, nor had she heard that a loom much like the one at which she sat was pictured on the Campanile, the great Tower of Giotto, in Florence, begun in 1334. It is not probable that she even knew that several years before she came to Indiana the Rappites in Posey County, of this state, were making fabrics of the finest weaves out of wool, silk, and flax, produced in their own community.

Sarah La Tourette, then a young woman, came to Indiana about 1824. Her brother, Schuyler La Tourette, who still lives on the old home farm near Covington, Fountain County, has given the following data concerning his sister Sarah:

"Sister Sarah bore the same name as my mother.

Father was of pure Huguenot ancestry. He was a weaver of all kinds of fabrics from table linen to double coverlets. My sister Sarah seemed to inherit the art of coverlet weaving from father, back of whom this art can be traced through twelve to fifteen generations. She perhaps wove more coverlets by hand loom than any other girl or woman who ever lived. Much of her work can be seen throughout the states of Indiana and Illinois. She lived to be ninety years less twenty days.

"I live on the farm where father and mother first settled and reared a family of fourteen in number, eight boys and six girls. I am the only one of the family living—a boy of eighty-two years.

"Mother did the coloring for our neighborhood. Barks of trees, roots and plants were used. Black oak and bitter or red hickory furnished the yellow. The roots of madder, a garden plant, colored the red. White walnut or butternut (inner bark) made a handsome brown (which became very unpopular in northern Indiana during the civil war). Indigo was the base for many colors. The yellow given a bath in the indigo gave the green; the red in the same bath gave the black. Sumach was much used by our mothers to color wool blankets and the boys' clothing. All the early settlers kept sheep for the wool.

"In the cabin, which still stands, where Sister Sarah wove from morning till night, there were

three other looms busy most of the time. I used to carry the spools for my sister, who was such a fast weaver that she kept me very busy. Honorable mention is made of her by Marie Woodbury, Danville, Illinois, in her pamphlet, 'Ye Olde Coverlets.' I often think of those early days and our happy home, and how father taught his children along with those of the neighbors when a teacher could not be secured. Sister Sarah was more than a weaver. She had a sprightly mind, was interested in people, and had uncommonly good taste."

The coverlets woven by Sarah La Tourette and others in pioneer times have since been dignified by the name of American tapestry, many specimens of which contain most beautiful designs and do not suffer in comparison with modern tapestry, more elaborate in color and pattern.

Many homes in the early times provided a special house, called the loom house, in which were woven the covers and textile material for clothing.

When we look to-day at the beautiful loom products of the early times we little dream of the great strains of race inheritance and industrial aptitude that stand back of them. Indeed, in this chapter, "Torch Bearers in Industry," we see our indebtedness to Scotland, England, Germany and France.

Although the power loom has replaced the hand loom, yet there is to-day a revival of household art work as part of the vocational training in the new

education of the United States. This was really started in England by John Ruskin and William Morris in the middle of the nineteenth century.

When the history of the household arts of Indiana is fully known, the contribution to the problems of cover and clothing by Sarah La Tourette in the early times will occupy an ample space.

This woman, who died without recognition, would be all surprised now at the notice made of her work in the Centennial Year of Indiana Statehood.

CHAPTER II

Torch Bearers in Education and Religion

EDUCATION and religion form the warp and the woof of the seamless garment of the soul. This idea must have been in the minds of the framers of the Congressional Ordinance of 1787 when they inserted the clause: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

The evolution of educational development in Indiana may be said to have gone through at least two distinct stages, if not more. The pioneers who were the real founders of the state were educated people and established private and denominational schools wherever it was possible. The first constitution of Indiana, in 1816, made provision for a system of free education culminating in a university which should be free to all the people.

As time went on, and distances were great, and opportunities for going to school were few, there seemed to be a period of decadence in the educational status of Indiana.

Before the rise of free public schools, so well provided for in the Constitution of 1851, illiteracy

seemed to be at its height, but in spite of this, up to 1833, Indiana College (now Indiana University) was teaching philosophy, higher mathematics, Latin and Greek; and Hanover College had been established on the Ohio River. There were many teachers in early Indiana who left an indelible impression upon the state. They were real missionaries in education and their work is "counted unto them for righteousness." Among this class might be mentioned Julia Dumont, of Vevay, and John I. Morrison, of Salem. Belonging to a later time is the name of Nebraska Cropsey, for forty years assistant superintendent of the Indianapolis schools, from which office her influence radiated through the state and nation.

To-day the schools of Indiana are preparing its citizens for every walk in life. Her normal schools, public and private, particularly the State Normal School at Terre Haute and the Special Normal School at Valparaiso, have reduced teaching to a science, and are yearly sending forth teachers trained in the art of education. And there is now emphasis laid upon the kindergarten, of which Eliza Blaker is Torch Bearer, as the place to begin to train the growing child.

Technical education, though greatly emphasized by the Owen community in New Harmony as early as 1825, has within the last quarter of a century received a new impetus and to-day occupies the foremost place in the public mind.

Religion in Indiana was introduced by the French missionaries, who were the first to plant the cross in the Northwest Territory, before the state was organized. The early settlers had their meetings in the homes and in the groves. Taking into account all denominational differences, it is safe to say that there never was a time that the sentiment of the following poem could not be sanctioned:

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod—
He trusts in God.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

. . . . . .

There is no unbelief;
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep;
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever says, "to-morrow," "the unknown,"
"The future," trusts that Power alone
He dares disown.

. . . . . .

Copied from *Unity*. —Lizzie York Case.

Many of the preachers in early Indiana were missionaries and their visits were far between. A notable example of this fact is that of young Lincoln, who waited so long for the preacher to come and pay the last loving tribute to his mother.

A powerful influence among the preachers of early Indiana was John McElroy Dickey, who worked in Clark and Daviess Counties as early as 1812.

Henry Ward Beecher began preaching at Lawrenceburg early enough to be called a pioneer, and later for almost a decade delivered some of his greatest sermons during his pastorate in Indianapolis.

Lyman Abbott preached in Terre Haute during the Civil War. He has lately recorded this experience in a series of articles in *The Outlook*.

The religion of to-day speaks for itself in the church spires which point upward in every hamlet and city in the state. They bear witness that "man can not live by bread alone," and are themselves symbols of a worthy past in which missionaries and preachers of all denominations, and earnest men and women made sacrifices and counted their lives as nothing in order that they might minister to the religious life.

DR. DAVID HERVEY MAXWELL

Torch Bearer Among the Founders of Indiana University

Dr. David Hervey Maxwell performed the office of the beloved physician and gave his time and best energies as guardian of the interests of education in Indiana. He was born in Kentucky in 1786. His parents, like many other settlers of that state, came from Virginia over the Blue Ridge Mountains. Dr. Maxwell was educated at Danville, Kentucky. He studied medicine under the famous surgeon, Dr. Ephraim McDowell. In 1810 he came to Hanover, in Indiana territory, and practiced medicine here and at Madison for nine years. During this time he answered to the call of public service as surgeon in the war of 1812, also in the ranger service, traveling through the Wabash region to Vincennes, Fort Harrison and the Mississinewa.

When Congress passed the Enabling Act of 1816, authorizing an election for delegates to determine whether or not a state government could be formed in Indiana territory, Dr. Maxwell was elected delegate to this convention from Jefferson County. His next public service was the part he took in framing the Constitution at Corydon. His life up to this time, his knowledge of men, affairs and government, fitted him eminently for this work in the new state.

He then declared himself for freedom, though he had earlier been a slave-holder. He drafted the clause which prohibited slavery in the state of Indiana. While he was interested in all the measures that would be conducive to a strong state government, nearest to him was Article IX, which made it the duty of the General Assembly, as soon as circumstances would permit, to enact by law a general system of education, ascending in a regular gradation from a township school to a state university, which shall be gratis and equally open to all. The carrying out of this enactment occupied the thought of Dr. Maxwell during his remaining life. It might be mentioned also that the first Constitution now stands in his handwriting. When President Madison designated a township in the county of Monroe for the use of a seminary of learning, Dr. Maxwell turned his attention to that place and made his home there.

At the fourth session of the General Assembly of Indiana, which convened December 6, 1819-20, Dr. Maxwell set out on horseback to the capitol at Corydon for the purpose of procuring, if possible, the location of the state seminary at Bloomington. He was a personal friend of Governor Jennings and had many acquaintances among the members of the Legislature who had sat with him in the Constitutional Convention at Corydon in 1816. That he was a successful lobbyist is shown by the act passed on

January 20, 1820, establishing the state seminary at a point in what was Perry Township. The physical condition of the country, the social environment of the people, the illiteracy and poverty of the masses, all made the courage of the few to press on to the establishment of educational laws seem gigantic.

Six men, one of whom was Dr. Maxwell, were named as members of the Board of the State Seminary. He was made its presiding officer and occupied this position almost without break through his remaining life.

Dr. Maxwell sought election to the Legislature solely that he might advance the interests of the State Seminary. He again made a journey to Corydon on horseback as a member of the General Assembly in the House of Representatives from Monroe County. He was now thirty-five years of age, of slight build, fair, straight, and stood "six feet in his stockings." He is described as dignified, easy in conversation, courteous and kindly in manner, liberal and judicious in view. At the sixth session of the Legislature Dr. Maxwell was still serving on the education committee, as well as on the committee on ways and means. He was again returned to the House of Representatives at the eighth and ninth assemblies. In 1826 and 1829 he represented the counties of Monroe, Greene and Owen in the State Senate. Here he is again on the ways and means committee and on the committee of education,

which he gallantly guarded at all times, and especially looked out for the State Seminary. In 1828, January 24, the name of the State Seminary was changed to Indiana College. Dr. Maxwell was said to have been the essential man in bringing this about. In 1835 and 1836 he was made a member of the State Board of Internal Improvements, and was its president. In 1840, under President Tyler, he became postmaster of Bloomington, and was reappointed under President Taylor. He was connected with the College and the University of Indiana from 1820 to 1854, and has been designated as the founder of Indiana University. One of the university buildings is named Maxwell Hall. He died in Bloomington May 24, 1854, and well deserves the name, Torch Bearer Among the Founders of Indiana University.

CALEB MILLS

Torch Bearer in Establishing Free Public Schools in Indiana

"A sower came forth to sow."

The year 1833 was alike memorable in the life of Caleb Mills and for the state of Indiana. In this year Caleb Mills finished his college training at the Andover Theological Seminary, having been graduated at Dartmouth in 1828. In this year he was married to Sarah Marshall, an educated woman liv-

ing near his home at Dunbarton, New Hampshire, where he was born in 1806. In this year, 1833, he brought his bride, after a six weeks' journey by way of canal and stage-coach, to the Wabash region in Montgomery County, Indiana. In the last month of this same year he began with twelve students as first teacher and principal of the school in Crawfordsville, which was later to become Wabash College. The year 1833 was a memorable one for Indiana in that a sower had come forth to sow the seeds of enlightenment and knowledge which would choke out the ignorance and superstition abounding in the state to which he had come.

Neither the purpose in the mind of Caleb Mills nor the region to which he had come was new to him. The inception of his life work in the interests of public education dated back some years. He had been Sunday-school missionary in northern Kentucky and southern Indiana, coming as far north as Crawfordsville, where he had a college friend, Edmund O. Hovey. The illiteracy which he met on every side appalled him and he kept turning the question of free public education over in his mind and trying to devise means to bring it about. He wrote to Mr. James Thompson before coming to Crawfordsville that he considered one of the necessary objects in the founding of a school was to train teachers to educate the common people, and when Wabash College was chartered its name was writ-

ten, "Wabash Manual Labor College and Seminary for Teachers." Both parts of this name have great significance. The first of these, showing a conception of the dignity of labor; and the second part, embodying Mills's idea of providing means for public education. If this were to be an account of Wabash College instead of what Mills did for public education in Indiana, there would be many interesting stories to relate of him; how he brought to his task the New England conscience, religious devotion, and the hardihood developed in the wresting a living from the New Hampshire hills. We might tell of his Greek professorship; of his work for the college library; of his marvelous influence over young men, and of his thrift in the home, where, upon a salary of four hundred dollars a year, he lived comfortably, gave his three children, who survived out of a circle of seven, a good education, and met all the charitable demands made upon him, which were many. It has been handed down as a tradition at Wabash how Mills and Hovey and the founders of the college knelt in the snow and consecrated their lives to the work of education and the service of their Master. The students of Caleb Mills remember how he upheld the cause of freedom in '61 and said, "The college may fail, but the Union shall not fail." In answer to the call for troops every member of the senior class except one, an invalid, volunteered, Mills's own son among the number,

while the father asked for a place as chaplain. These facts all show what manner of man this sower was. Skipping the thirteen years from the beginning of Mills's work in Indiana, in 1833 to the year 1846, we find no diminution of purpose; instead he talked in season and out of season to his students and on the street corners and to his friends at home on his beloved theme of free public education. In this year, 1846, he began a most novel and effective scheme for carrying out his purpose, through a series of six pamphlets, addressed to the succeeding legislatures of Indiana. These pamphlets were headed, "Read, Circulate and Discuss," and were signed, "By One of the People." The authorship of these pamphlets was not known for a long time except to some of Mills's intimate friends through whose generosity they were published. These papers reveal remarkable clearness, profound insight, the needs of the situation, and the means whereby the ends sought could be brought about. He discusses the awful state of illiteracy and the means for overcoming it.

Mr. Charles W. Moores, in his book, "Caleb Mills and the Indiana School System," gives the following summary of the arguments made by Mr. Mills: (1) The raising of adequate revenues (a) by means of a poll tax to enlist individual interest, and (b) an ad valorem tax to enlist property interests; (2) the securing of competent teachers by means of suitable normal training, supervision and better salaries;

(3) proper text-books; (4) an aroused public interest that would demand the maintenance of good schools; (5) a state superintendent to direct the school system, and (6) an affiliation of all institutions for higher education under state supervision and control as a single great state university, with common and higher standards of admission and graduation, and degrees that would have a recognized value among schoolmen and men of learning.

These papers were kindly in tone, logical in presentation, convincing in argument, and at last bore fruit from the seed which the sower had sown. This was proved in the election of October, 1848, when a majority of 16,636 was registered in favor of free education in Indiana. In 1854 Mr. Mills was made superintendent of public instruction in Indiana, being the second to occupy that office. As state superintendent he had become known as the author of the "Read, Circulate and Discuss" papers, and his word carried weight wherever it was spoken. If Caleb Mills were here to-day he would be moved by the great army of teachers carrying out his scheme of free public education and by the tens of thousands of school children, seated in comfortable, well-equipped school-houses, learning the meaning of the word country, being taught the duties of citizenship, and engaged in acquiring the art of industry by which they will be enabled to take their places among the producers of the world. We who behold this

spectacle of democratic education in Indiana can but think back to the memorable year of 1833 in our history, when a sower came forth to sow the seeds of enlightenment and knowledge in our midst.

MOTHER THERESE GUERIN

Who Lighted the Torch for the Higher Education of Woman Along the Wabash in Indiana

"Let us make no account of our personal feelings except to sacrifice them."

This was the maxim of Mother Guerin, who brought with her five Sisters of Providence from France to begin the education of woman in the wilderness of Indiana seventy-seven years ago. Mother Guerin was a born leader. She had been decorated by the Academy of France, and carried under her frail exterior an intrepid and devout spirit. No one can realize what sacrifices she made and how difficult living out her maxim was. She came to Indiana in answer to a call from the Bishop of Vincennes. Her journal tells of the pangs of parting as the shores of her beloved France faded from sight, and of the perilous voyage of forty days before she reached New York, and of the following seventeen days by way of stage coach to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Fredericksburg and Wheeling; thence on the Ohio to Cincinnati, thence to

Madison, and from there by coach to the banks of the Wabash, after fifty-seven days from the time they left France.

Upon their arrival at Terre Haute, the evening of October 22, 1840, accompanied by Father Buteux, they drove for some hours over the rough roads. Just as dark came on they stopped in the midst of a dense forest, and the kind father announced that they had reached their destination. Great was their astonishment when they looked about and at first saw not a house in sight. Just beyond a rugged ravine, however, they soon found a log cabin with a shed attached. This was to be their lodging until their house was completed. Here, indeed, was the cradle of the great St. Mary's Academy.

The sisters had to learn the language of the new country and direct and assist in the work of clearing the site for the new school and in pushing forward the work in every way, even going so far as to help in rolling the logs to be used in the structure of some of the original buildings. The work was slow, and a less valiant band would have been overcome by discouragement, but Mother Guerin was the life and soul of every effort. "If it is God's work," she said repeatedly, "we can not fail. We must make a beginning and trust to Providence."

In a year after her arrival Mother Guerin opened her six-room brick building as a boarding school for girls, and in 1841, on July 4, the day of the great

Declaration of Independence, the first pupil came. The next few days brought four more, and others followed soon. The dream of Mother Guerin and her co-workers began to take shape in reality.

Mother Guerin sought the advice of missionaries in Cincinnati and Louisville as to the best manner of conducting the school, and this assistance, together with her own valuable experience in France, where she had taught seventeen years in one of the largest schools, made her competent to cope with trying situations in her new field.

Mother Guerin was not satisfied to make St. Mary's a mere boarding school. It was her ambition from its earliest inception to make it an institution for the higher education of woman. The Indiana Legislature in 1846 granted a charter whereby the school was permitted to confer degrees upon its pupils when the progress of the institution authorized this.

Mother Guerin desired to extend the good work of St. Mary's throughout the state, and from time to time branch schools were established in various places until to-day there is scarcely a community of any size where one can not find a school under the direction of the Sisters of Providence.

St. Mary's of the Woods has met with many trials and great vicissitudes, but the spirit of Mother Guerin, that spirit of self-sacrifice and patient perseverance, has brought it through every difficulty. It

comprises a tract of six hundred acres and an imposing array of buildings equal to the needs of its many departments. A beautiful white stone church, the central figure in a semicircle of buildings, presents an imposing front as one approaches it through the long driveway that leads through the avenue of sturdy trees of primeval growth. A convent building, a dormitory, a gymnasium, a pharmacy, a laundry and other buildings house the academy to-day. A new hall, the Anne Therese Guerin Hall, shelters students who desire professional training. St. Mary's is now accredited as a standard college by the Indiana State Department of Education, and the number of students increases yearly.

To look upon the great institution of learning as it stands to-day, it takes, indeed, quite a stretch of imagination to carry one back to the little cabin that sheltered its small beginning amid the primitive forests of our beloved state.

The work of Mother Guerin has to-day more than fulfilled any dream she could have had—and all this has come about by a marvelous persistence and devotion of her followers to the work she began in such trust and faith. While Mother Guerin was working at her task in Indiana, Mary Lyon, another pioneer of woman's education in America, was planting the seeds for Mount Holyoke College, in Massachusetts, and, like Mother Guerin, Mary

Lyon's seed has borne fruitage beyond any conception she may have had. What America owes to these two women in the cause of education can not be overestimated.

"St. Mary's of the Woods," the educational institution, is a noble monument to the untiring labor of the delicate, refined little French woman who braved every hardship and overcame what seemed unsurmountable obstacles to carry on in the new land her educational ideals for woman.

WILLIAM A. WIRT

Torch Bearer of the New Education at Gary

The blue waters of Lake Michigan extend to the sky-line on the north. To the south stretch three miles of barren, ancient, shifting sand hills with here and there a scrub oak. An engineer stands by the water's edge. As he looks over Lake Michigan, he sees in his imagination, the great barges coming in laden with coal and ore from the Superior region; he sees, as in a dream, ten miles of steel plant with tower-like chimneys belching forth columns of smoke, and coke ovens all aglow. Thousands of men go in and out, each working at an appointed task. The engineer turns his back upon the lake, and looks over the ground about him. He sees cottages springing up and banks and business buildings

and schools and libraries, all of which are a part of his work.

Later, another man appears. He is to be the mayor of the future town of Gary. As he ponders, the school man, William A. Wirt, arrives. Mr. Wirt's imagination, like that of the engineer, is also constructive. He sees little children that can be made into good citizens. He sees the great possibility in an untrammelled situation where new theories and practices can be worked out. He has already come to the conclusion that education is dynamic and not static, that the beginning has scarcely been made. His theories, like those of the engineer, are based on scientific principles in obedience to the laws of waste and economy and efficiency. He has reached the point where he can see the defects in the present educational system without being a pessimist. The educational future is full of hope and triumph to him.

As he recites his views to the future mayor of Gary, the two men become deeply interested in each other, and the mayor sees the whole school system from a new point of view.

Mr. Wirt was not seeking employment that day, but what he said lodged in the heart of the future mayor, and later, one of the first things this mayor did, after he had taken the oath of office, was to tender the superintendency of the Gary schools to this man, William A. Wirt.

The offer was accepted. When Mr. Wirt reached Gary, to enter upon his new duties, he was proudly shown the recently built school house, and told that it was constructed on the most modern American plan. "Exactly, that's just what's the matter with it," said Mr. Wirt. He began the transforming process, and to-day, at the end of eleven years, the Wirt system of education is known over the world.

The life of the child is to him too sacred to be cast into set molds before an opportunity for growth has been given. One of the strong points of the system is that the children can make try-outs along several lines, in order to find out what appeals to them. After making a choice, the pupil is encouraged to put forth effort in that particular line until some sort of satisfactory results are shown. This does not mean, of course, that a student can not drop a line of work after he has done something in it, but he must stand by his choice long enough to foster steadiness of purpose. Having made his try-outs and fixed upon a line of work, he pursues it with the principles of strictest business. If he is working on material for the home, he determines costs and measurements. If he is working on foods, he studies prices and values. If he is engaged in gardening, he begins with the preparation of the soil and follows the seed from its planting, through its growth and fruitage, from which he gathers the seed for next year. In this process he has done

more than fill in his time. He has become acquainted with the on-going processes of nature.

His application lessons are games, giving outward expression to the studies. Through these games the foreigners make wonderful strides in the use of English and are able to communicate with their classmates.

The atmosphere of freedom and joy prevails in these schools. Consequently, there is very little absence and even on vacation days the children come flocking back for work. The play impulse is developed through all manner of games, gymnastics and swimming.

One of the most important things in connection with the Gary schools is the making of American citizens out of foreigners. The children are made acquainted with the naturalization papers, learn the oath of citizenship, study the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of Indiana. On this account, Gary has been called the "Melting Pot."

The home is brought in touch with the school through its registration by neighborhoods instead of by grades. This method has a great advantage in that each child in a neighborhood group knows all the children in his group and is able to keep the school informed and is himself socialized.

The school is the social center for its patrons who gather there for recreation. Its night schools num-

ber seventeen hundred adults, who receive instruction free of charge, except for material.

The music is an element of joy to all, in that the national airs of the different Fatherlands are sung, and a feeling for the past is respected. Nor is art forgotten, especially clay work, where the children love the potter's wheel.

In point of economy, William Wirt makes one school plant do the work done by two heretofore, with no added expense. Before he came to Gary, he advocated the all-year-round school, and here, he said to the citizens, "Would your steel plant pay if it were idle half the time? No less can a school plant be efficient where children stay away half the time, and this involves a proper utilization of the child's play time." He has won a reputation because of his plans for the education of delinquents. He lays great stress upon the value of the senses as avenues for reaching the mind.

Because he speaks of educational theories in the terms of business, Mr. Wirt has been called the schoolmaster engineer. He applies business theories of waste, economy and efficiency to education, as has been said, and uses the steel mills as an example to show that there must be returns from expenditures of money and energy involved; and that the machinery of the school, like the machinery of the steel plant, must make the largest possible yield from raw material.

Mr. Wirt is so absorbed in his school system that he himself is in the background. He was born on a farm at Markle, Indiana, in 1874. He was educated at DePauw and Chicago Universities. He had studied the school systems of England, Belgium, France and Germany, taking unto himself what was best in each. He has for two years divided his time between Gary and New York, where he has tried, in a cosmopolitan population, the methods of Gary, which is an industrial center.

Gary has just passed her first decade and her school experiment harks a long way back to the Owen experiment in southern Indiana a hundred years ago, where Judge David B. Banta says, "There was carried on in New Harmony in 1828 an unchartered, unendowed university."

JAMES H. SMART

Torch Bearer in Technical Education

During the past hundred years, the giant trees of Indiana have disappeared, the ground has been made ready for the plow, the crops have been gathered. Cities have sprung up; education, law, religion, letters and art have become a part of the daily life, and we have reason for rejoicing; but we also have reason for regrets. We have not treated our soil right, nor acted as good stewards over the little

bit of earth which each man has been pleased to call his for the space of a lifetime. We have been recklessly extravagant with our timber, and now we are at the point of trying to replace it; we have overworked our soil, and now realize the value of fertilizing it, and of the rotation of crops, with a knowledge of what each crop takes from and leaves in the soil. We are late in learning how to grow fruit and to care for it, how to multiply our dairy products, increase the value of our animals and raise better specimens, how to take better care of fowls and make them greater egg producers.

All these are still questions of food, shelter and clothing, but there has come into consideration another question—full of hope—the making of men along with all this mastery that leads to physical prosperity. One can not visit the county institutes of Indiana and see the stereopticon slides showing the prize schools of agriculture, where lads exhibit the result of their labors in the raising of ninety bushels of corn or one hundred bushels where half that many grew before, or of potatoes where the finest specimens of the best quality produce a like increase of yield, or see them pointing to their animals, which are specimens of health and the result of intelligent care, without realizing that a new element has come into education. This is the making of men, who respect law and learn truth from nature and its processes; men who have come to a new sense of man's

relation to the earth and all of its forces. These young men are sound of body and clean of soul, and one can not help but feel that in the gaining of one end many others are accomplished. Saying nothing of electricity, engineering in all of its phases, the making of master mechanics, look at the science of household and domestic art. See how the homes have been improved by simplicity in taste, better use made of colors, and, as a rule, more befitting styles of dress. The table, which is now the only gathering place for the average family, has been improved in a marvelous way. The placing of the food upon it, the law of dietetics observed in the preparation of the food, the law of economy observed in its outlay, all tend to brighten the home and make the table a place where the whole family not only enjoy a hearty meal but enjoy, too, the interchange of ideas.

These are only a few of the facts that indicate the trend of modern technical education which in Indiana has for its center Purdue University, a part of the State system of public education. Its influence reaches over the entire State. There is scarcely a county without its group of students experimenting along one of a dozen lines in agricultural farming. Here and there over the State are experiment stations for the manufacture of serum and the study of bacteria. In almost every rural community one may attend lectures on agriculture

or visit farmers' institutes. Here the interest is not confined to the younger members of the vicinity, but to those older as well. Elderly men speak of scientific farming with pride and discuss home economics with intelligence. If one wants to know how to raise alfalfa or any other crop or vegetable, all he has to do is to write to Purdue University, from which bulletins will be sent free of charge. These contain minute directions along the lines of the information sought. The housewife can learn to make better butter, how to can fruits and vegetables, care for fowls, cook meat and make bread, and as a result time is saved, money is saved, leisure is secured and opportunity is given for outlay in the line of the higher wants. We say higher wants, meaning the larger life that comes from being free to be interested in the State in which one lives, in his nation, and in the whole world.

The torch bearer in this new education, James H. Smart, was elected president of Purdue University in 1883. For six years before this he had been superintendent of public instruction in Indiana. This work had given him great insight into the educational needs of the state and fitted him in a peculiar way for promoting the ends toward which Purdue University then tended.

Technical education, as Mr. Smart understood it, was in its infancy when he took up the work. During his seventeen years of administration at Purdue

the school grew in the number and variety of courses, in its scope of study in each course and in its efficiency. At the time of his death Purdue University was known over the United States for the earnest, efficient, sober-minded men that it turned out, and its graduates had no trouble in securing positions. This result of Mr. Smart's work at Purdue could not have been realized by a less able man. He brought to the university a large professional experience gained from active teaching, directive work and the writing of educational theories in magazines and papers.

He was the fifth president that Purdue had had, his predecessors each serving a short time. The institution was still formative, leaving him great opportunity for shaping its future. The memory of John Purdue, whose generosity in the gift of land determined the location of the institution at Lafayette, was still fresh in mind.

President Smart was alert to every opportunity for making Purdue what it ought to be. He had the power of unremitting toil, of keen insight, of scholarly training, of devotion to his task and an unfailing loyalty that not only started Purdue on its way to success but which also commanded the respect of educators in the United States. This is shown by his appointments to so many educational commissions in his own country and also to those of Paris in 1870 and Vienna in 1872.

At the time of his death Benjamin Harrison said of him:

"He had very lovable traits of character, and his intellectual equipment was of a very high order. He had the genius of common sense and a very rare and forceful executive ability, coupled with great suavity of manner. He was sincere and straightforward, and won his ends because his purposes were disinterested and his plans supported by convincing reasons. His intercourse with his board of trustees, and with committees of the Legislature, was characterized by these qualities, and he rarely failed to get what he asked for in his work. He was not only an educator, but a fine accountant and financier. He could make a dollar do as much work as any man I ever knew. He had an excellent knowledge of men and selected his professors with a rare insight. His part was to plan and direct and above all to inspire. For, though of feeble health and with impaired sight, he worked without stint and communicated enthusiasm to all who worked with him. In his personal relations he was gentle and considerate—a good friend. He loved God and all of His creatures."

Charles E. Wilson of Lafayette said: "Purdue University, with all of its varied, splendid and practical ramifications, will remain a monument to the industry, foresight and integrity of James H. Smart."

ISAAC McCOY

Torch Bearer as Baptist Missionary to the Indians

Next to the French missionaries who came with trained minds and devoted souls to the wilderness of the Northwest to serve the cause of religion in carrying the gospel of Christianity to the red men*, no name deserves greater respect than that of Isaac McCoy, Baptist missionary to the Indians.

He was born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, in 1784; moved from there to Kentucky with his parents when he was a small boy, and lived in this state until manhood. His education was limited, but he was always studious, loved to read, and by the severe standards he set for himself had a distinction over the young people that grew up around him. He compares his call to religion to that of St. Paul, who was overcome by the Light on the road to Damascus. Isaac McCoy said he was within a dark woods when a Light so bright appeared that he stopped to reckon the time, thinking it was the sudden appearance of the sun, but soon all was dark. This Light, he always said, was his leading to the service of God.

He came to Vincennes, Indiana, in 1804, and the

* See Father Gibault, Chap. VI, in "Once Upon a Time in Indiana."

next year, 1805, he went to Clark County, where he was licensed to preach. In 1810 he was ordained pastor of the Maria Creek Church, in Clark County of this state, where he remained eight years, making in the meantime missionary tours in the surrounding country. In 1817 he was made missionary by the Baptist Church. In 1842 he became the first secretary and general agent of the American Indian Mission Association, at Louisville, Kentucky, where he remained until his death. He published a history of the Baptist Indian Missions, Washington, D. C., in 1840.

These are the facts given in the Encyclopædia, without embellishment, but rich indeed must be the imagination that could fill out all the experiences of the wonderful life of Isaac McCoy. To such meager data must be added accounts from his journal, which is full of incidents experienced as he went up and down the land. He visited Indian villages and chiefs and ministered to the homes. He gives a picturesque account of his visit to Anderson town, named for Chief Anderson. He found this old man in comfort and living in state. As night came on fifteen squaws made their appearance, each one loaded with as much firewood as she could carry on her back. After all had placed the wood in order, Chief Anderson then gave them a hearty supper and a present of some food to take away with them, and they departed in happiness.

One little incident shows how the people of early Indiana valued the work of Isaac McCoy. A woman with a babe in her arms and a little daughter of eleven at her side walked forty miles in order to place the daughter in his mission school.

Isaac McCoy, throughout his life, at all times gave due credit to the help given him by his wife in carrying out his work. This couple had always been one in purpose. Indeed, Mrs. McCoy knew well the Indian character. During her girlhood in Kentucky she and her mother, with the other children of the family, were carried away to the far North by the Indians, but were rescued after a time and taken back. The story of Mrs. McCoy's life is heroic in the extreme. She took the Indian children into her home, at one time having as many as twelve; here she cared for them exactly as though they were her own; she wove the cloth and made their clothes; she nursed them through sickness, and taught them besides. She took care of the settlement when her husband was absent, and oftentimes went on journeys in his place, riding on horseback, her babe in her arms. It is recorded that she once was caught overnight and camped out alone in the dark woods.

Another person who helped Isaac McCoy in the Indian mission was a school teacher, a Mr. Lykins. His work was a service of love, and he followed his leader with sublime faithfulness through all the vicissitudes and disappointments that beset the under-

taking. Nothing could make him falter in his duty to the Indian children, and every act that he did bears evidence of conscientiousness in the performance of duty well done.

After five years of missionary work, early in the year 1822, Mr. and Mrs. McCoy, Mr. Lykins and Mr. Dusenbury agreed upon a set of "Family Rules," in imitation of the Baptist missionaries at Serampore, India. The list contained twelve rules, and they were approved by the Mission Board in session, after having been carefully read twice. They declare in strong terms of consecration, as follows: "1. We agree that our object in becoming missionaries is to ameliorate the condition of the Indians and not to serve ourselves. 2. We agree that our whole time, talents and labors shall be dedicated to the obtaining of this object, and shall all be bestowed gratis, so that the mission can not become indebted to any missionary for his or her services. 3. We agree that all remittances from the Board of Missions, and all money and property accruing to any of us by salaries from government, by smith shops, by schools, by donations, or from whatever quarter it may arise, shall be thrown into the common missionary fund and be sacredly applied to the cause of this mission."

Isaac McCoy's work was filled with disappointments and troubles such as befall those who blaze a new way for serving the world. Followers fell

away from him. Many who came to serve lacked the missionary spirit; false reports were given out; epidemics attacked them; the board failed in its proper supply of money; poverty's gaunt figure was ever before them; there were times when starvation was almost certain, and Mr. McCoy himself was handicapped by having to rely upon an interpreter for the Indian dialects, but nothing daunted him. He always appeared before the Board of Missions with new plans. At each disappointment he saw visions of success, and at last he was able to enter into the service of the American Board of Indian Missions.

On a moss-covered slab in the cemetery at Louisville, Kentucky, is found the following inscription:

REV. ISAAC McCOY

Born June 13, 1784
Died June 21, 1846

For near thirty years his entire time and energies were devoted to the civil and religious improvement of the aboriginal tribes of this country. He projected and founded the plan of their colonization, their only hope, and the imperishable monument of his wisdom and benevolence.

JOHN FINLEY CROWE

Torch Bearer in Presbyterianism

On a beautiful bluff at Hanover, Indiana, overlooking the Ohio, stands a little Presbyterian church built of stone taken out of the hillside. This church was the center of the Salem Presbytery, which then included Indiana and Illinois. Here John Finley Crowe, of Kentucky, was called as pastor in 1823. He, like the other preachers of that day, was filled with the missionary spirit, and before this time, in 1819, had come over from Kentucky to Corydon and founded a Presbyterian Church. He was also one of the ministers present at the first synodical meeting ever held west of the state of Ohio and north of the Mason and Dixon's line. This body included representatives from "nearly all there was of Presbyterianism in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, the West and Northwest."

On account of his frequent missionary tours, one of which extended into Indiana and Illinois, John Finley Crowe was called an "early missionary scout." The purpose in all these tours was to plant Presbyterian churches.

The little church at Hanover was simply a community house of worship where the neighboring families met, most of whom were of Scotch-Irish descent. John Finley Crowe shared the life of the

people in his community. They were poor in this world's goods but rich in the faith that Indiana had before her a great future.

This man was born June 16, 1787, in Greene County, Tennessee. His early boyhood knew the privations of pioneer life. At fifteen the family moved to Missouri, where, through the religious influence of the community, he became interested in Christianity and at twenty-one began to prepare for the ministry. He spent the year following his marriage at Princeton University. In 1815 he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, New Jersey. Returning to Kentucky he served several churches, had charge of a woman's seminary and edited the Abolition Intelligencer.

John Finley Crowe represented the distinctive mark of Presbyterianism which was the close connection that should exist between religion and education. It is said that wherever the synod founded a church it planted a school. They never lost sight of the necessity for trained men in the ministry and made provision for training them.

So it comes about that John Finley Crowe was not only an able preacher, but a great teacher. How to educate the Christian young men in the West was a question "of lonely thought and of long debate in Presbyterian circles." John Finley Crowe was the leader among the men thus interested, and to his credit is due the founding of what was to be

Hanover College, which began with six boys in a log cabin which had been his loom house, and on the door of which one of his pupils prophetically wrote in jest "Hanover Academy."

One of the great educational experiments of John Finley Crowe in the preparation of ministers was to afford to the young men an opportunity to earn their way by manual labor. For the carrying out of this plan, he himself gave fifty acres of land for the farming experiment, which was the first to fail. Later the activities in coopering and printing shared the same fate, not on account of defect in theory, but inability to carry out the practice.

A memorial on freedom addressed to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, by John Finley Crowe, and adopted by the Synod of 1827, showed not only his own attitude toward freedom, but that of the Presbyterian Assembly.

His grandson, Stanley M. Coulter, says of his grandfather, John Finley Crowe:

My memories of my grandfather, John F. Crowe, while the unrelated ones of childhood, are none the less vivid and clear-cut. I remember him as a tall, superbly erect man, with strong and rather stern features. He was a natural leader and ruled with a strong hand. His grandchildren loved and respected him, but also stood in an extremely wholesome awe of him, an awe in which there was something of fear. He believed that children should be seen, not

heard; that obedience should be immediate and unquestioning. He was the head of the home—and felt it his supreme duty to direct and guide. He was a Puritan of the Puritans. Nothing was ever permitted to interfere with family prayers, which were conducted morning and evening. In spite of his apparent harshness and severity, there was never a man more unselfish, more self-sacrificing, more affectionate. It was eagerness for the best welfare of his children and his children's children, coupled with his absolute convictions along religious lines, that caused his apparent sternness and severity.

In the community he stood for the same type of life as in the home, and the impress of his personality, the persistence of his influence, is still felt in the college community which his foresight and his sacrifice called into being. He made relatively few friends—that is, warm, personal friends, admitted into his inner life—because he walked and acted by inner convictions, "led of God," as he would phrase it. He was magnificently persistent and courageous and self-sacrificing. In his work no adverse circumstance caused him to swerve, no apparent defeat caused him to lose courage, and when financial straits arose, he gladly gave himself "poor" that the work might go on. He was the heart and soul of Hanover College, and although it was his creation he never allowed himself to be made president, fear-

ing lest others might think he was devoted to self-advancement rather than the growth of the kingdom.

I remember him walking about his home, to and from the college, silent, rarely smiling, somewhat stern—but to my childish mind, magnificent—as I imagined one of the prophets of Israel might have looked. I rejoice that I have felt somewhat myself of his persistent *conviction driven soul,* and that, as my grandfather, I can claim a man who in loneliness, in disappointments, through self-sacrifice

> "Worked in sad sincerity,
> Himself from God he could not free."

JOHN STRANGE

Who Carried the Circuit Rider's Torch in Early Indiana

In Westminster Abbey under the effigy of John Wesley is inscribed the prophetic legend, "The whole world is my parish," and indeed the whole world did become his parish through the great army of followers to whom he handed on the torch of Methodism. Francis Asbury was his great agent in carrying this torch to the new world, where he himself consecrated hundreds of laymen to perfect his organization of circuit riders and presiding elders and bishops for the purpose of preaching the

gospel. By far one of the readiest masters in eloquence and enthusiasm in early Indiana was John Strange, the Methodist circuit rider, born in Virginia in 1789. His father was a Methodist minister before him. John Strange came riding into Indiana on the White Water circuit during the war of 1812. He often carried a gun on his shoulder for protection as he rode through the untracked wilderness. He had an intuitive mind and a poet's vision. The following is his own description of nature as his great teacher. He said: "My alma mater was Brush College, more ancient, though less pretentious, than Yale, Harvard or Princeton. Here I graduated, and I have her memory still. Her academic groves are the boundless forests and prairies of those western wilds; her Pierian springs are the gushing fountains from rocks, from mountain fastnesses; her Arcadian groves and Orphic scenes are the wildwoods and the birds of every color and every sound, relieved now and then by hoots of the night owl and the weird treble of the whippoorwill; her curriculum is the philosophy of nature and the mysteries of redemption; her library is the word of God, the discipline and the hymn book, supplemented with trees and brooks and stones, all of which are full of wisdom and sermons and speeches; and her parchments of literary honors are the horse and saddle-bags."

Few men could have put their equipment for such

a task as fell to the lot of John Strange in such poetic language.

The White Water circuit upon which John Strange rode belonged to the Ohio Conference, and had been formed six years before by Joseph Oglesby, who set out from Hamilton, Ohio, came into Indiana by way of Fort Wayne and down the old Indian trail to Wayne County, thence toward Greensburg, and finally to Lawrenceburg, back to the place of starting. Joseph Oglesby is described as a powerful man, conforming outwardly to the dress of the early Methodists, and especially in the combing of his hair, which was cut close from the forehead back to the middle of the head, and from there his light hair hung in long ringlets to his shoulders.

As John Strange rode up to the block-houses on his rounds, he was known to burst out in a song of thanks upon finding that all the people were alive and had been well since his last visit. He had such implicit faith in the protecting care of Providence that he greatly astonished people. Once when he lost a horse in the middle of his circuit he surprised the people at the next house he went to by answering to their inquiries as to what he would do for a horse, he said, "That is my Master's business. I am in His service and He will provide me with a horse." And luckily enough, a horse was soon provided without inconvenience to John Strange.

Again, when offered the present of a house and lot by a friend, he refused it because he said he could not sing

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness."

John Strange was easily first in oratorical power and his utter devotion to his Master's cause made him almost an object of adoration. He swayed audiences at will. Smith says: "By sudden exclamation he would thrill a whole congregation as by a shock of electricity." His oratory really merged into dramatic action. He knew how to fasten his eyes upon a doubtful listener, and knew not only what word to say, but how to say it with great dramatic effect, which was especially powerful on the rougher element who came to scorn but in almost every case remained to pray. The severity which John Strange practiced regarding the plainness which he considered a part of Methodism is shown in a speech to Edwin M. Ray. When Mr. Ray came to ask John Strange to perform his marriage ceremony the minister asked who the bride was. Upon being told, John Strange remarked that this young woman would never do, that her dresses were nothing but ruffles and frills. Mr. Ray informed him that he had not come to ask him concerning the selection of a wife, but to perform the marriage ceremony. This, of course, was done by Mr. Strange, and he lived to

see that "the ruffles and frills" were mere externals to the beautiful character who filled out all the requirements of wife and mother.

John Strange was presiding elder in Indiana from 1824 to 1829. The presiding elders were mostly frontier preachers—men who were engrossed in their work, enduring its extreme hardships gladly, and usually sacrificing their lives. During the last years of his life, John Strange was a beneficiary of the Methodist Conference. He was buried in the old Greenlawn Cemetery at Indianapolis. A chapel is also named for him in this city.

CHARLES OSBORN

Torch Bearer in Quakerism—The First to Preach Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation

Those who followed the star of abolition in the last part of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth centuries in the United States were led by it to the altar of sacrifice. There they met persecution, the loss of property, and even of life. Elijah Parish Lovejoy, in 1837, at the age of thirty-five, fell a martyr to the cause of anti-slavery. He was mobbed and killed at Alton, Illinois, while defending his press from which he had sent utterances in the interests of freedom. William Lloyd Garrison, that peerless patriot, with perfect body, clean

mind, penetrating vision, firm convictions and intrepid courage to carry out those convictions regardless of their cost, was dragged with a chain around his body through the streets of puritan Boston. Benjamin Lundy, whose name will be forever associated with that of William Lloyd Garrison, also met opprobrium and estrangement.

The third man, Charles Osborn, who also followed the star of abolition and who belonged in this company is not mentioned in the annals of history. His name does not occur in Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography. But it has been left for the Hon. George W. Julian of Indiana to rank him where he belongs. Mr. Julian has transferred the credit from Benjamin Lundy to Charles Osborn as the one who first proclaimed in the United States immediate, unconditional emancipation; and he was the one who first published an abolition journal, "The Philanthropist," at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, in 1816. (See the Indiana Historical Society papers, volume 2, section 6, page 233, and following.)

Charles Osborn was born of Quaker parentage in North Carolina in that memorable year of 1775. A few months before his birth the Concord fight had taken place, George Washington had taken command of the American army under the old elm tree at Cambridge, and Massachusetts was stirred by the patriotic utterances that had been thundering forth in the state for ten years through the

tongues of Adams and Otis and Warren. The Virginia House of Burgesses was also aroused under the enthusiastic, patriotic outbursts of Patrick Henry, who was foremost in calling the Continental Congress.

In North Carolina, the birthplace of Charles Osborn, the first declaration of independence was declared at Charlotte, Mecklenberg County, in this year. One can imagine that the young Charles Osborn drew in the sentiments of American patriotism with his mother's milk.

It is as a preacher in the Society of Friends that we first know him. At the age of nineteen he removed from North Carolina to Tennessee, where he first became acquainted with the evils of slavery, and there dedicated his life to the cause of freedom. In 1816 he came to Mount Pleasant, Ohio, where he was engaged in the publication of a religious paper. It was in this year that he sent out the prospectus for The Philanthropist, an abolition paper, and in a few months the first number of this paper itself appeared. Benjamin Lundy was his agent for "The Philanthropist" and a contributor to it, and it seemed as if through this work and these columns the great anti-slavery work of Lundy was intensified and the way made for his future publications.

Three years after this Charles Osborn came to eastern Indiana and settled among the Friends in Wayne County. From his early life up to that time

and afterward he belonged to the body of Orthodox Friends, and he had made a manful opposition to the theories of the followers of Elias Hicks, known as Hicksite Quakers. He was doomed to disappointment in his settlement among the Quakers of Indiana, for he found here great pro-slavery sentiments. In 1842, when the anti-slavery question ran high and Henry Clay was candidate for the presidency of the Whig party, Mr. Clay came to the Yearly Meeting at Richmond, Indiana, and sat in that body. After the meeting Osborn heard many of the members of the Yearly Meeting tell Clay how they sympathized with pro-slavery sentiments; the great abolitionist had now reached his climax of disappointment, and, with others believing as he did, withdrew from the body.

From Indiana he went northward into Michigan, and after a while he returned to Clear Lake, Porter County, of this state, where he remained the rest of his life.

The three strong tenets in the doctrine of Charles Osborn were immediate unconditional emancipation, the opposition to colonization of the freedmen —which Lundy advocated strongly and for which he made two trips to Hayti and also went to Texas in order to establish a freedmen's colony under the flag of Mexico, but was frustrated on account of the question of Texan annexation—his third tenet was against the use of the products of slave labor, ad-

vocating the establishment of societies everywhere for the manufacture of free-labor products. Charles Osborn said that colonization was only a cradle in which anti-slavery rocked itself and found ease. While he was bold in his denunciation against slavery until past middle age, he approached the matter from the side of religion and appealed to the individual conscience for doing away with it rather than by political measures. He was pre-eminently a preacher in practice and theory.

Indeed, slavery at the time of the birth of Charles Osborn was of rather minor consideration and taken for granted until after the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, when the real internal slave-trade of the United States began. Charles Osborn did not take the stand taken by Garrison, that slavery was intrenched in the Constitution of the United States. He did not attack this document.

Other Quakers than those of Wayne County were also active in Indiana at this early time. The history of Henry County shows that in 1838 a joint meeting of the Friends of Henry and neighboring counties formed anti-slavery societies with auxiliaries; and when the annals of the contribution made by the Quakers to the cause of freedom are thoroughly understood, it will be found that these people, who believed in the inner light, proved to the world by their quiet protest the great doctrine of peace. These Quakers, it will be found, came mostly

from the same state of Charles Osborn, North Carolina. It has been asked why so many Quakers went to North Carolina, and this tradition is told of the cause: After the revolutionary war Benjamin Franklin had assisting him on his Gazette a man whom he found difficult to place. He finally sent him south as a correspondent, and the result was that such charming letters were written about western North Carolina that Quakers began immediately to go thither until numbers of them made their home there. When the slavery agitation came on, descendants of these same people, true to the convictions of their doctrine, found that they could not remain under the atmosphere of the deadly evil of slavery and many of them at once freed their slaves and brought them to southwestern Ohio and to eastern Indiana.

The people of Indiana surely owe to the Hon. George W. Julian a great debt in placing this man, Charles Osborn, where he belongs, in the foremost ranks of abolition, and we surely owe to Mr. Osborn himself a great debt for the fearless announcement of his views and his fearless course as torch bearer of immediate unconditional emancipation.

OSCAR C. McCULLOCH

Torch Bearer as Founder of a Modern Institutional Church

"All can raise the flower now
For all have got the seed."

With the same missionary spirit that inspired Isaac McCoy; with the ardor that carried John Strange to the door of the pioneer cabin; with the knowledge that education and religion should not be separated, preached by John Finley Crowe; with the same devotion to freedom that led Charles Osborn to advocate immediate, unconditional emancipation, came Oscar C. McCulloch to the city of Indianapolis in 1877, to found an institutional church. At the end of the fourteen years of his intensely active life in this city he left a church which embodied his ideas of practical Christianity. He himself spoke of this church as "A House of Life," "The Open Door," "The Church of the Divine Fragments," where all might have a more "Abundant Life."

His biographer says:

"He brought to his work a soul born of God and in communion with him; a mind cleared and lighted by the divine ray; a heart susceptible to gracious love and tender pity, and lips touched as with the finger of God.

"He came with a great message upon his heart,

the weight of which never lifted, and the word of which was Life. Men, women and children were to live a higher, broader, deeper and sweeter life.

"He believed himself not only commissioned to preach, but chosen and sent. The voice of God in his own soul was immanent and conclusive. To preach its Word, without hesitation or apology, accepting the consequences, was both his glad privilege and his high and sacred duty.

"The voice from his pulpit was never uncertain, but always clear, confident, strong; proclaiming the words of life and hope, of truth and soberness, as they came warm and fresh from the heart of God. That simple life lived in far-off Judea was a perpetual charm to his imagination, and laid a spell upon his heart that was never broken. To come to Jesus was to believe what he said, to make actual his thoughts, and to apply his principles in daily life. The Sermon on the Mount was to be lived —lived in the home, the office, the shop, the field, the street, by the roadside, wherever men and women meet their kind. Trade, politics, law, medicine, industry, all rest on great nature-principles, which, springing out of the Divine Heart, take on his name. It is this that transfigures life, makes it more than a scramble.

"The conditions of membership in his church were made as simple as the invitation, 'Come, follow me.' The response required was nothing fur-

ther than the old answer, 'I will leave all and follow Thee.' 'Come,' he said. 'But we are not Christians.' 'Well, take up the Christian idea; resolve to live by the Christian principle of holding your life high above low passions, and for the service of others, and you will become Christians.'

"He welcomed every authentic word of science as news from God. All history was to him the fulfillment of prophecy. Every great truth set in literature or sung by poet was sacred scripture, an inspired word. The Bible was the great literary and historical treasure-house of the race. Its message was true not because it was there, but there because it was true. The Spirit that gave it forth has spoken its word in all generations."

Beneath the roof of Plymouth Church, on every day in the week, spiritual activities went on under the name of Plymouth Institute. Young men and young women who had been busy through the day gathered in the evening to study the poets, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, Dante and Homer. Through successive years there were classes in Plato, Mazzini, Carlyle, Tolstoy, Ruskin and Goethe.

Children who had left school at an early age came to pursue the common branches: spelling, writing, reading and arithmetic.

Groups gathered for the study of music under competent leaders. Evening classes in mechanical

drawing were conducted, and through the bounty of a member of the church, Stoughton A. Fletcher, twelve benches and twelve sets of tools were purchased and installed in a neighboring high school. This marks the beginning of manual training in Indianapolis.

Classes in German and French gave opportunities for learning modern languages.

One of the great patriotic educational agencies of Plymouth Institute was the Young People's Historical Lecture Course, running through a series of five years. The audiences at these lectures filled every one of the thousand seats in the auditorium and many were turned away. In these weekly lectures were presented pictures of the economic and political life of Indiana and of the nation.

Plymouth Institute maintained a reading room, supplied with all the latest publications, open and free to all.

In addition to the Young People's Historical Lecture Course, the church conducted a General Lecture Course addressed to the town. Among those who spoke from its platform were Matthew Arnold, Justin McCarthy, Canon Farrar, Henry Ward Beecher, Mary A. Livermore, Booker T. Washington, Wendell Phillips, John Fiske and scores of others. Readers and musicians of this country and of Europe gave of their best in concerts. These are some of the distinctive purposes for which the church stood.

In addition to his ministerial work in the church, Mr. McCulloch's life radiated into the state and the nation. Here it took the form of interest in the philanthropies. He made investigation of the basis for relief, and his hand was immediately felt in all activities of this kind. He was the leading spirit of the Charity Organization Society; he established the Friendly Inn and Woodyard, founded the Children's Aid Society, and inaugurated, in 1885, a free bath. The county work-house, Dime Savings and Loan Association, and the Summer Mission for Sick Children were also the results of his work.

For a number of years Mr. McCulloch was a leading member of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, and at the session held in Baltimore in 1890 he was made its president. Even a few of the achievements of this man would entitle him to the name of Torch Bearer. He was always at the service of every noble cause, and "the cause he knew not he searched out." In truth he gave his life because of this insatiable desire to be "About his Father's business."

"Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God."

CHAPTER III

Torch Bearers in Patriotism and Statesmanship

THE four names grouped in this chapter are in every way worthy of the heading. When one considers how the people of Indiana, under the leadership of Jonathan Jennings, were able to insert in their Constitution in 1816, a clause which dedicated Indiana to freedom, he feels that the commonwealth had at that time in itself the elements of self-preservation in the minds of a majority of its citizens. When Indiana responded to the call for patriotic service under Lincoln and Morton, in '61, the same spirit that declared freedom in 1816 was now ready to preserve the Union. The generosity of that response has set an example of true patriotism for all time. It should be remembered that the splendid example of diplomacy embodied in John Milton Hay is not the only one of which our commonwealth can boast. John W. Foster, of Pike County, Indiana, was also a diplomat of great renown. He had been prepared for diplomacy by a splendid education. He was gifted with natural powers. He served as United States minister to Mexico, Russia and Spain. He sat in the great tribunals at the Hague and elsewhere. He was sec-

retary of state under Benjamin Harrison and wrote books on diplomacy.

The number of persons in Indiana who have been honored with consular and ministerial positions forms a list of worthy names.

The characters of Jennings, Lincoln, Morton and Hay, if there were no others, are sufficient to stimulate coming generations to worthy efforts in unselfish public service.

JONATHAN JENNINGS

Torch Bearer Who Helped to Make Indiana a Free State

As first Governor of Indiana he said, "There shall be no slavery in this state."

"It fixed forever the character of the population in the vast regions northwest of the Ohio by excluding from them involuntary servitude. It impressed on the soil itself, while it was still a wilderness, an incapacity to bear up any other than free men. It laid the interdict against personal servitude in the original compact, not only deeper than all local law, but deeper than all local constitutions."

These are the words of Daniel Webster spoken in the United States Senate in 1830 in regard to the Ordinance of 1787.

Fine words and they did come true, but not until

after more than a quarter of a century of political struggle. For in 1787 there were already slaves in that part of the Northwest Territory which was to be Indiana. As time went on and men and women tried to gain their freedom in the courts, basing their claim on the Sixth Section of the Ordinance, court after court decided that the law was not retroactive and that slaves in 1787 remained slaves.

A large proportion of the first settlers were from Virginia and Kentucky. The well-to-do brought slaves with them. They desired legal sanction for this and the question of slavery or no slavery became the burning issue in the political life of Indiana, far outweighing the distinction between Federalist and Republican. Through the years, with great regularity, Congress was petitioned and memorialized in the interests of slavery. The petitioners begged for the abrogation of the Sixth Section of the Ordinance. While Congress refused to do this, the Indenture Laws, passed by the Territorial Legislature, and not repealed until 1810, practically introduced slavery into Indiana.

The pro-slavery party was well organized. It was in control of the Territorial Government and in the earlier years it had a majority in its favor. The Vincennes region in the Southwest was its stronghold. Here the French settlers had held slaves before 1787. The political catchwords of the time were "the aristocrats" and "the people." The anti-

slavery feeling was unorganized but was growing in power. From the Falls region, in the Clark Grant, whose center was Charlestown, from Dearborn County in the Southeast and particularly from the White Water Valley, into which had come a large and ever increasing number of Quakers from the Carolinas, came a clear and distinct call for freedom that even the Territorial Government at Vincennes heard. The sentiment was there. It awaited a leader. In 1806 he came. His name was Jonathan Jennings, born in New Jersey, educated in the good schools in Pennsylvania. He was well born—his father a Presbyterian minister, his mother skilled in the healing art. He was young—only twenty-five years old. He had a winning personality which even his political enemies found difficult to resist. He was anti-slavery in sentiment and from now on it was he who carried the banner which bore the inscription, "No slavery in Indiana." The battle was fully on to be continued through the Territorial period, with increased feeling into the formation of the Constitution and the admission of Indiana into the family of States, after that in the courts until the last vestige of "vested rights" guaranteed by the Ordinance and the Laws of Indentures had disappeared. That it took a long time, is shown by the fact that a local census of Vincennes taken by order of the Board of Trustees in 1830 shows thirty-two slaves held at that point, and the United States

census for 1840 records three slaves in Indiana. Somebody evidently had not heard the news.

To the pro-slavery party slavery was an economic question. To their opponents it was a moral question.

Indiana had passed into the second stage of Territorial development and was entitled to a representative in Congress. From being an appointive office, it had become elective, and in 1809, the governor issued a writ for the election of a representative to Congress from Indiana Territory, which had now been set off from Illinois. Jennings offered himself as a candidate for the anti-slavery party. Opposed to him was Thomas Randolph, a Virginian, a graduate of William and Mary College, a member of the distinguished family of the Randolphs. He had lived in the Territory for some years, always holding office of some kind. At present he was the attorney-general by the governor's appointment.

The campaign was one of the most picturesque events in Indiana political history. There were few settlements. Outside Vincennes there was hardly anything that would be called a town. It was a good deal of trouble to find the voters. Through the almost unbroken forests rode the young man, following trails when there was no road, stopping wherever there was a clearing and a cabin—his mission

the organization of the anti-slavery sentiment. When the votes were counted it was found, to the chagrin of his opponents, that Jennings was elected.

Two years later, he and Randolph were again opposing candidates for representative to Congress. The campaign was carried on with increasing bitterness. Again Jennings won. The conflict between freedom and slavery grew more intense, culminating in the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention, May 13, 1816. From the first returns, victory for freedom was apparent. The convention met at Corydon, to which the capitol had been removed. It organized by electing Jonathan Jennings president. It was ten years since he had first entered the Territory. During this time, every man who named his name knew exactly where he stood on the Sixth Section of the Ordinance and knew that the banner of freedom was safe in his hands.

The delegates to the convention from the eastern counties were anti-slavery. Their neighbor was the free state of Ohio, where nobody ever doubted that the Ordinance meant what it said. The delegates from the western counties were pro-slavery. Their neighbor was Illinois, soon to become a state, where the pro-slavery party was making a furious fight to nullify that part of the Ordinance forbidding the introduction of slaves.

After the adoption of the Constitution, Jennings

was chosen governor. He served two terms, resigning near the close of his second term, having been elected to Congress, where he served for several sessions.

It was a long struggle, and he never flinched. To him, after a hundred years, thanks are still due.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Whose Torch Lighted the Fire of Freedom in the Hearts of Four Million Slaves

"Cycles ferried my cradle,
Cheerful boatmen were they."

—WHITMAN.

This man, Abraham Lincoln, was a child of destiny, a man of the people, a dreamer of dreams, a doer of deeds; he was nurtured on the realities and schooled by the forces of nature and the human experience of daily life; he knew King James's Translation of the Bible, and Shakespeare; he realized in manhood the visions of his youth, and fulfilled his promise to himself, made on becoming acquainted with the institution of slavery, that he would give it a fatal blow if possible. This he did when he signed his great emancipation proclamation on January 1, 1863. He made the soil of Indiana sacred by living upon it fourteen years. The cabin in which

he was born in Kentucky has been enclosed within a temple, which will henceforth be a national shrine.

This temple was dedicated on February 12, 1917. Upon this occasion Mr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, said:

"We are the forerunners of the long column of pilgrims that will come from all parts of the world to visit this shrine as one of the holy places of humanity, for herein was born a prophet, the great Emancipator. He has come to be the possession of the race. He is no longer an 'American,' though the greatest of Americans. He is no longer a representative of the English-speaking race, though the glory of it, but plain MAN, an honored and beloved representative of humanity. His is the most familiar as well as the most beloved face on the globe."

OLIVER PERRY MORTON

Who Bore the Torch of Patriotism for Indiana in '61

OLIVER P. MORTON

Few are the spirits so supremely great
That they can turn the tides of destiny
With ruin fraught and drive the waves of fate
To dash on other shores; yet such was he.
Our state was drifting to the dark abyss
That yawned behind secession; treason lay
Lurking on every side; all hearts but his
Faltered in doubt upon that perilous way.
His arm alone our heavy burdens bore
That else had crushed us. Grim adversity
Inspired him. Through that long and bitter war
He held us steadfast unto victory.
While Lincoln gave to freedom its new birth
And kept the people's rule upon the earth.

—WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE.

Every country that has become historic has its epic period and its epic heroes. Achilles in Greece, David in Palestine, Tell in Switzerland, William of Orange in the Netherlands, Peter the Great in Russia, Gustavus Adolphus in Sweden, Washington and Lincoln in America.

Our states, too, have had their heroes, and no state has had a hero more illustrious than Indiana.

His name was Oliver P. Morton. He was our governer during the civil war, and he was greater than the other war governors of the time because he had a greater task and more obstacles to overcome.

In the little pioneer town of Salisbury, once the county seat of Wayne County, but of which now hardly a trace remains, Oliver P. Morton was born August 4, 1823.

In his boyhood he was apprenticed to a hatter, but later, resolving to obtain an education, he studied for two years at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He then married, and began the practice of law at Centerville, Indiana, which was then the county seat of Wayne County. To perfect himself in legal study, he attended the Cincinnati Law School, and upon his return to Centerville he became one of the leaders of the bar and was very strong in his appeals to the jury.

His political principles developed very slowly. At first he was a Democrat and was opposed to the anti-slavery agitation. The Missouri compromise had settled the boundaries between slave territory and free territory, and he was opposed to disturbing this settlement. The evils of slavery had not come close enough to him to awaken his antagonism, but when Stephen A. Douglas introduced into the Senate the Kansas-Nebraska bill repealing the Missouri compromise and giving the people of Kansas and Nebraska north of the line fixed by that agreement the

power to allow slavery in those territories, then the very reasons which had made Morton a Democrat before that time now led him to oppose his party and to join the new Republican party in 1856.

In the same year he was nominated for governor, but was defeated.

Four years later the Republicans decided to nominate for governor Henry S. Lane, who had been a Whig, and for lieutenant-governor Morton, who had been a Democrat, and it was understood that if the new party won in the Legislature, Lane would be sent to the United States Senate and Morton would become governor.

Although Morton would rather go to the Senate himself than become governor, he agreed to the arrangement, and upon the triumph of the Republicans in the election succeeded Lane to the governor's chair.

Lincoln was elected President, and the great question of secession arose. Amidst the intense excitement and the endless discussions following the threat of South Carolina to secede, Morton's voice gave the first important utterance to the need of preserving the Union. In a memorable speech, made November, 1860, in Indianapolis, Morton showed the weakness of the arguments for secession. And again, a few months later, speaking on the occasion of raising the national flag on the dome of the State

House, he gave one of his most eloquent addresses, in which he said:

"If South Carolina gets out of the Union I trust it will be at the point of the bayonet after our best efforts have failed to compel her submission to the law. Better concede her independence to force, to revolution, than to right and principle.

"I should rather come out of a struggle defeated in arms and conceding independence to successful revolution than purchase present peace by the concession of a principle that must inevitably explode this nation into small and dishonored fragments."

Other states of the South passed secession ordinances in rapid succession, and Morton found rare opportunities to array public opinion on the side of the Union. On one occasion he said:

"In view of the solemn crisis in which we stand, all minor, personal and party considerations should be banished from every heart. There should be but one party, and that the party of the Constitution and the Union. No man need pause to consider his duty. It is inscribed upon every page of our history, in all our institutions, and on everything by which we are surrounded. The path is so plain that the wayfaring man, though he be a fool, can not err therein. It is no time for hesitation; the man who hesitates under circumstances like these is lost."

. . . . . .

"For myself I will know no man who will stop and prescribe the conditions upon which he will maintain that flag, who will argue that a single star may be erased, or who will consent that it may be torn that he may make choice between its dishonored fragments.

"I will know that man only who vows fidelity to the Union and the Constitution under all circumstances and at all hazards."

Then came the outbreak of the war and the fall of Sumter, and the North became one blaze of indignant patriotism. Before the news came of Lincoln's call for troops Morton had offered 10,000 men; 4,600 only was the number assigned to Indiana. The quota was filled to overflowing.

Morton continued to supply troops until Indiana had sent to the field 208,000 men.

The universal burst of patriotic enthusiasm which followed the fall of Sumter was later succeeded by a sympathy with the South, which showed itself in complaints and criticisms of those in power. In a speech at Rockville at this time, Morton said:

"I love peace as much as any man; its sweets are as delicious to my taste as to that of any human being. But when I say this I mean peace that is safe, peace that is crowned with liberty and the blessings of an enlightened civilization. I do not mean that peace which is the sleep of death or which is

purchased by foul dishonor, nor that peace which is but another name for submission to tyrants and traitors."

When in the state election of 1863 the Democratic party was successful, and the peace legislature convened, there was terrific pressure brought to bear upon Morton and his supporters to bring about negotiations for peace. But to the threat, "Not another man and not another dollar," Morton opposed his iron will and his determination that Indiana should not fail the Union in her hour of need, for he believed in the ultimate loyalty and integrity of her people.

When he discovered that a scheme was being fostered for taking the military power from his control and placing it in the hands of a board (composed of state officials who were opposed to the war), he, with the republican members of the Legislature, broke up the quorum in the House and the session came to an end.

The Legislature had made no appropriations for expenses, but in place of calling an extra session he applied to counties, corporations and individuals for money to carry on the government. The men who gave the money knew that Morton could not repay them; they simply relied upon his word, supported as they believed it would be, by the ultimate patriotism of Indiana. Bankers of New York also loaned

money to cover the interest on the state bonds, which state officials refused to pay, and the Federal Government advanced money for military expenses. When the next Legislature met, all these large sums were returned.

When the campaign of '64 came on, Morton had no competitor for the Republican nomination. Joseph E. McDonald was the Democratic candidate. In the joint debate between them, held throughout the state, Morton's power as a speaker was most forcibly shown, and the tide of sentiment was so strong that it swept everything before it.

During these days, in addition to his Herculean efforts in raising, equipping and supplying troops and caring for the men in the field, in addition to the daily excitement of the campaign, Morton was obliged to use his energies in exposing and crushing a secret organization known as the Knights of the Golden Circle. These men plotted an armed insurrection in the state, the release of Confederate prisoners, and the assassination of the governor himself. But all their plans came to naught through the remarkable insight, courage and energy of Morton, who succeeded not only in thwarting their schemes, but by arousing the indignation of the people against the organization.

The war came to an end. The flag floated everywhere. As each regiment returned, Morton was there to welcome it. But soon he was stricken by

the hand of disease and in the hope of finding relief went abroad. His stay was short, however, and he soon returned to the scene of his activities. He was sent to the Senate, where he was one of the foremost advocates of the policy of Congress against that of President Johnson. His great reconstruction speech set forth the logic of this policy as it had never been set forth before.

Morton's career in the Senate, which was marked by patriotic and beneficent efficiency, was cut short by his death November 1, 1877.

The supreme work of Morton's life was his magnificent career as war governor of Indiana. Here the opinion of history can never be divided. If our nation was worth saving, if the example of human liberty represented by our institutions was worth preserving for the world, mankind will ever treasure the career of that peerless executive who, rising to every emergency undaunted in the midst of every obstacle and danger, held the keystone state of the Ohio valley in line with her loyal sisters and brought her to the very front in patriotism, efficiency and splendid courage during the dark struggle for the preservation of our national life.

JOHN MILTON HAY

Torch Bearer in American Diplomacy

An important part of the Centennial celebration in Salem, Washington County, Indiana, on August 25, 1916, was the unveiling of a bronze tablet marking the birthplace of John Hay, scholar, author, statesman, patriot, diplomat. The chief address was given by Henry Lane Wilson, ex-United States Ambassador to Mexico and a lifelong friend of John Hay. Mr. Wilson said in part:

"During his life John Hay was my friend and sympathetic guide and mentor. In this place, so closely associated with his name, it is a privilege and a happiness for me to bear witness to my respect and love for him."

He was born October 8, 1838, amid these quiet hills remote from the world. The persisting influence of strong and virile blood carried him forth to a life of great public usefulness and service to his country.

The public career of John Hay extended all the way from Lincoln to Roosevelt; from the great drama of the civil war to the Portsmouth Treaty.

He was the friend and intimate counselor of Lincoln, the trusted adviser of Grant, Garfield and McKinley, and again, at the close of his career, the friend and intimate adviser of Roosevelt.

The remarkable versatility of John Hay is revealed in his power to gain and hold the confidence and esteem of these greatly differing personages, and through them, by the force of his genius, wisdom and tact, to bring about great and lasting good to our country and to the world.

The story of his relations with Lincoln in the tragic hours of the republic has passed into history; he has told this story himself; where else do we find more intimate touches of his character and the sweet philosophy and kindness of the great martyr or more vivid portrayal of the events of those dramatic hours?

His great work as Secretary of State under two administrations has been told only in fragmentary ways, but when it is fully known, the place of Hay in American history will be firm and fixed. With the exception of William H. Seward, no other Secretary of State has made so great an impression on the chancellories of the world; none have more intelligently formulated our foreign policy toward all nations; none have rendered greater service to American commerce and to the spread of American ideas. In Russia the name of John Hay is revered as that of one who encouraged the movement for higher and better things; in England he stands as the model of the loftiest and best diplomacy which America has produced; he was the intimate friend of the Emperor William of Germany; his bust stood

during his lifetime in the libraries of King Alphonso and of King Leopold.

It is not conceivable that under the administration of John Hay as Secretary of State that anything but dignity, wisdom, consistency and respect for the amenities and traditions could mark our intercourse with the world.

While John Hay did not thoroughly understand Latin-America, he understood the great forces at work in Europe—European traditions; its multitude of political intrigues; its commercial and industrial evolutions. In this field of diplomacy he worked as a skilled craftsman; none more alert, none quicker to grasp, none sooner to take advantage of an opportunity or weakness.

His greatest work, however, was the formulation of our policy in the Pacific Orient. With marvelous patience, persistence and sagacity he brought about the recognition by all the great powers of the principle of the "Open Door" in China.

. . . . . .

John Hay died in 1905 in the midst of his labors and triumphs. He went out as a warrior to the house of death. In his last days, and almost hours, I had messages from him—messages always abounding with wit, pathos and wisdom. He wrote of the last line of eloquent prose, of the last song of the singer, of the last burst of genius; for he was pre-

eminently a scholar and a poet. He saw far into the future of this great republic, and if there were doubts there were also hopes. He saw dangers in the spirit of commercial greed; in the lawless tendencies of the proletariat; in the levity of the public mind; in the selfishness of political opportunism; but over all there was a high note of optimism; a settled belief that out of much confusion and an infinite babbling of tongues the republic would finally emerge, sound in body and soul.

His was a gentle spirit, loving all things, good and loved of all. Courteous and kind to his associates, sympathetic to those in distress, just and considerate in public affairs. He left not an enemy behind him, nor the memory of an unkind act or word."

In Mr. Charles W. Moore's appreciative article, "The Making of a Diplomat," copyrighted by Putnam's Sons, the following toast made by Mr. Hay before a society in New York is quoted:

"I was born in Indiana; I grew up in Illinois; I was educated in Rhode Island; . . . I learned my law in Springfield, Illinois, and my politics in Washington, my diplomacy in Europe, Asia and Africa. I have a farm in New Hampshire and desk room in the District of Columbia. When I look to the springs whence my blood descends, the first ancestors I ever heard of were a Scotchman who was half English and a German woman who was half French. Of my immediate progenitors, my mother

was from New England and my father was from the South. In this bewilderment of origin and experience I can only put on the aspect of deep humility in any gathering of favorite sons and confess that I am nothing but an American."

This is a fine summary of Hay's preparation for the great service he rendered his country.

As a poet Hay became first widely known through his "Pike County Ballads." "Little Breeches" appeared and reappeared in the papers, the sweet story of the little boy found in the sheepfold safe from harm; and of Jim Bledsoe, saying in homely dialect what Burns had so long before said, "A man's a man for a' that and a' that," Hay says as Bledsoe's soul goes up in the smoke of the burning boat after the last passenger had been rescued:

> "And Christ ain't going to be too hard
> On a man that dies for men."

As a contrast to these "Pike County Ballads" that sound the plummet of human nature, Mr. Moores quotes "Thanatos-Athanatos," which he calls one of the great poems of our day:

THANATOS–ATHANATOS

At eve, when the brief wintry day is sped,
I muse beside my fire's faint flickering glare—
Conscious of wrinkling face and whitening hair—
Of those who, dying young, inherited

The immortal youthfulness of the early dead.
I think of Raphael's grand seigneurial air;
Of Shelley and Keats, with laurels fresh and fair.
Shining unwithered on each sacred head;
And soldier boys, who snatched death's starry prize,
With sweet life radiant in their fearless eyes,
The dreams of love upon their beardless lips,
Bartering dull age for immortality;
Their memories held in death's unyielding fee,
The youth that thrilled them to the finger tips.

John Hay's sense of humor was innate. When at Brown University, where he distinguished himself through his verse and his writings, this sense of humor is illustrated by the following. Hay, then a newcomer, was called upon for a toast. A student shouted that they wanted nothing dry. Hay said, "Green hay is never dry," and made his speech.

Although John Hay left Salem, his birthplace, at the age of three, he cherished a fond recollection for his native town, and later in life gave for the establishment of a library there a sum of money which at that time was considered liberal.

A short time before his death John Hay wrote in his journal an entry that shows his knowledge of the approach of the end. He referred to the successes that had come to him through fame and a rich life. He spoke lovingly of his wife and children and of the domestic happiness that he had enjoyed and the pleasure of rendering to his country noble service.

CHAPTER IV

Torch Bearers in Law, History and Journalism

BEFORE the statutory enactments of a new territory, the conduct of the inhabitants is regulated by the rules of the military commandant and the advice of the clergy. The government of the Northwest Territory, the first colonial government of the United States, began on October 5, 1787, with the appointment by Congress of General Arthur St. Clair as Governor. On October 16, Congress appointed as the three territorial judges, Samuel Holden Parsons, John Armstrong and James Whitehall Varnum. In January, 1788, Armstrong declined his appointment and there was selected in his place John Cleves Symmes. Governor St. Clair arrived in Marietta, the capital of the Northwest Territory, of which Indiana was a part, on July 9, 1788, and six days later read his proclamation formally inaugurating the new government. In the following year, on September 22, 1789, there was a picturesque opening of the court at Marietta. A procession consisting of the high sheriff, with drawn sword, the citizens, the officers of the garrison of Fort Harmar, members of the bar, the supreme judges, the governor, clergymen and the judges of the court of common pleas, marched and counter-

marched, proceeding to a hall where the common pleas judges took their seats.

The sheriff then proclaimed that "a court was open for the administration of even-handed justice to the poor and the rich, the guilty and the innocent, without respect of persons, none to be punished without a trial by their peers, and then in pursuance of the law and evidence in the case." When the new United States Constitution came into force, the Marietta government was reorganized and President Washington in 1789 reappointed the territorial officers.

Governor St. Clair and the judges passed ten statutes at Marietta in 1788; then from time to time they met until June 1, 1795, when St. Clair, Symmes and Turner in Cincinnati adopted thirty-eight statutes, mostly taken from the laws of Pennsylvania, which were afterward published in July, 1795. Some of these judges had been in the Revolutionary war, were members of the Continental Congress, and had given valuable public service to their country as citizens. Not only the judges, but the lawyers also, were men of education, birth and distinction, most of the judges being graduates of the leading universities of the country.

When a division of the Northwest Territory was made, John Gibson was appointed its secretary and came to Vincennes, the capital of Indiana Territory, and proclaimed the new government on July 4,

1800, in a simple and informal way. Suits begun in the old territory were continued in the new as if separation had not occurred and both the laws and administration also were continued. When Governor Harrison arrived at Vincennes January 10, 1801, he took his oath of office and then called for the following Monday a meeting of the territorial legislature, composed of the governor and the three judges. This was the first legislative meeting in what is now Indiana. The legislature sat from the twelfth to the twenty-sixth day of January, and passed six laws, one act and three resolutions. The records show that these early legislators had but little ability as lawyers. Various courts were created in the territory but they require no attention here.

Indiana was admitted as a state on the signing by the President of a bill for that purpose December 11, 1816. A majority of the members of the Constitutional Convention held in the summer of that year were lawyers. Among these were two of the best lawyers of the territory, Benjamin Parke, who later became a federal judge and who revised the laws of Indiana in 1824, and John Johnson, who, with John Rice Jones, had codified the laws of Indiana Territory in 1807. Other well-known and able lawyers in the convention were Robert Hanna, James Noble, Joseph Holman, James Dill, Davis Floyd and James Scott.

The roll of Indiana lawyers is long and contains

many names that are already written in the history of legal proceedings of the state. Some of these men were able orators—notably among them were Edward Hannegan, Thomas Hendricks, Henry S. Lane, Daniel Vorhees, Fletcher Wood, Richard Thompson, Benjamin Harrison and others.

History in Indiana since the days of John Dillon has steadily continued to put the people of the state and their various achievements on record. Among the later histories that of Jacob P. Dunn, setting forth the question of "Indiana's Redemption from Slavery," continues to be a standard. As a centennial tribute, Mrs. Julia Henderson Levering revised her readable history of Indiana. Mr. George Cottman in collaboration with Mr. Max Hyman also wrote a history of Indiana in 1916. Special mention should be made of William M. Cockrum's "A Pioneer History of Indiana" and "A History of the Underground Railroad as Conducted by the Anti-Slavery League." A number of other smaller and most valuable histories have also been written as centennial contributions. It was left to Julia C. Conklin to tell the story of Indiana in a way to appeal to the younger mind, and her book was also revised for the Centennial year. There can really be said to be a revival of historic interest in Indiana as a result of study in connection with the Statehood Centennial, and with the formation of many new historical societies in counties where such organiza-

tions did not before exist. The Centennial itself greatly stimulated historic study.

Journalism in Indiana at the present day has a wonderful record and dates back to a time near the beginning of the nineteenth century. Since the first paper in Indiana, printed by Elihu Stout in 1804, up to the present time, journalism has kept pace with the growing interests of the state, and every profession and almost every business interest now sends forth some sort of a sheet to its patrons.

The following picture of early journalism in Indiana is found in Mr. Jacob P. Dunn's History. He speaks especially of John W. Osborn, a newspaper man, living at Vincennes at the time of Elihu Stout. Mr. Osborn's father was Captain Samuel Osborn, of the British navy. His son joined the American army in the war of 1812, because he was convinced of the justice of the American cause, and was widely known as one of the most influential men in every work of progress in Indiana.

He established the first newspaper at Terre Haute in 1823, when he began farming on account of bad health. In 1834, he left the farm, went to Greencastle, and founded *The Ploughboy,* one of the most popular newspapers of its day. He sent out with it, gratis, an eight-page sheet in pamphlet form called *The Temperance Advocate,* which was the first temperance paper published in the West. He was the

prime mover in the establishment of Asbury (now De Pauw) University, and was one of its first trustees. In 1838 he began publishing the *Indiana Farmer* at Indianapolis. At the breaking out of the civil war he went to Sullivan, and established *The Stars and Stripes,* an aggressive war paper. He died in 1866, after a long life of usefulness, devoted chiefly to temperance, education, and opposition to slavery.

Notable among the editors in the medical profession is Dr. Alembert Brayton, for many years editor of *The Indiana Medical Journal.* The pages of this periodical are not only filled with news of the profession, but contain articles of rare literary merit upon books and writers and poetry and philosophy.

To show that Indiana has kept abreast with national as well as state questions, the *Civil Service Chronicle,* published in Indiana for seven years and a half from 1889 to 1896, bears witness. This paper lifted up its voice against the "spoils system" of our country. It was edited by Lucius B. Swift and his wife. William Dudley Foulke was a prominent upholder of the cause. That was in the days when George William Curtis was the leader in civil service reform, and from whom the editor of the *Chronicle* then had many letters. Lucius B. Swift is a prominent lawyer of Indianapolis and has lifted

up his voice, wherever opportunity invited, in favor of the rights of the English-speaking race and the unification of the democracies of the world.

It has been said that the *Chronicle* contained the most complete record of the civil service reform and its abuses. It was supported by receipts from subscribers and by a fund contributed from different parts of the country by advocates of the cause.

There should be mentioned in this connection, Ida Husted Harper, an Indiana woman who has won a name for herself as a newspaper correspondent. She was born in the distinguished town of Brookville, educated at Muncie, Indiana University and Leland Stanford University. She was early on the editorial staff of the *News* and is still its correspondent from New York; while her letters confine themselves to the workings of women, they cover a wide field of interest and are largely read by the people of Indiana. She now writes for the *Review of Reviews, North American Review, Harper's Weekly* and other magazines, and has her own syndicate of metropolitan newspapers.

Most religious denominations are represented by papers; also the agricultural departments of the colleges issue most valuable bulletins upon scientific farming and related interests. Bulletins are also sent out by the State Board of Charities and by libraries. All of these show the indispensable use of the printing press as a medium for the dissemination

of ideas and for communication. There is no county in Indiana to-day without its weekly papers nor any city or town of any size without its dailies, amounting to hundreds, all of which are worthy.

ISAAC BLACKFORD

Torch Bearer in the Interpretation of the Law in Early Indiana

Among the lawyers who have acquired distinction in the state of Indiana, the name of Isaac Blackford takes high rank. His fame depends upon no adventitious accomplishments. He was not an orator, and is said to have spoken but little, and that little not very well. But he was discriminating and logical.

The seven volumes of his Reports, consisting of cases selected from the large number that came before the court, published from 1830 to 1850, are regarded so sound that they are quoted in all the American states and in England. So the judicial dicta of Judge Blackford not only have been the governor-wheel that started Indiana law on a substantial and even career, but have assisted in molding the legal thought of a nation. It is true many of his decisions have been overthrown—he himself reversed many of his earlier ones—but the changes came largely with that growth of the community in

intelligence, breadth of vision and orderly conduct which made those changes necessary.

Blackford's decisions were founded on the best judicial opinions obtainable in his day. He slowly, but clearly, logically and concisely constructed his chain of legal thought, and when it was complete there was no necessity for another carefully reasoned decision on the same points. His decisions rested very largely on precedent, and the argument that could overthrow in his mind the weight of established principle had to be strong indeed. This tendency of his mind aided the community and the bar in making reasonably certain at all times just what was the law. A more progressive, less cautious judge might easily have done considerable damage by leaving the law in a more chaotic condition.

Isaac Blackford was born in Bound Brook, New Jersey, in 1786. He was of pure English lineage, and was educated in the classics in Princeton college. At the age of nineteen he took up the study of Blackstone. After leaving Princeton, he read law in the office of Gabriel Ford, one of the best lawyers in New Jersey. Governor Jennings also came from New Jersey and from the same neighborhood as Blackford. Jennings and Blackford belonged to the same political party and both voted with the eastern settlers of Indiana in opposition to Governor William Henry Harrison. At the funeral of

Judge John Johnson, one of the members of the first supreme court, Governor Jennings told Blackford that he had decided to appoint him to the vacant place on the bench. Previous to this, Blackford had served as cashier of a Vevay bank, as clerk of Washington County, as clerk of the House of Representatives in 1813, as president judge of the First Territorial Circuit, as speaker of the General Assembly convened at Corydon in 1816. He was cashier of the Vincennes State Bank at the time of his appointment to the supreme bench. Blackford is said to have urged that older, better, more experienced men could be found for the place, but nevertheless he accepted the position and remained on the bench for thirty-seven years, till the old court was dissolved. His service was practically coincident with the life of the old supreme court, as only one short session had been held before he came to the bench.

Blackford was a poor politician, as is shown in his successive defeats for governor, for United States Senator, for judge, for supreme court reporter and for a congressional candidacy. President Pierce, in 1855, appointed him judge of the United States Court of Claims at Washington. He remained on this bench till his death at midnight of December 31, 1859.

In spite of adverse criticism for trying to make too much money out of his reports, his integrity on the bench was never assailed. Lawyers generally

agreed that his decisions were strictly according to law and were eminently fair. While in Indianapolis he lived the life of a recluse with a colored servant, William Franklin. He did not belong to a club, church or lodge. Governor Porter, who was a representative in Congress when Judge Blackford died, said at the bar meeting in Washington, "There is not a community in Indiana in which the name of Judge Blackford is not a household word. He has been identified with our state since the first; he may be said to be part of our institutions. Judicial ability, judicial purity, private worth singularly blending the simplicity of childhood with the sober gravity of age, were represented in the mind of the profession and in the popular mind of Indiana in the person of Isaac Blackford." General Lew Wallace, in his autobiography, speaks of making the acquaintance of Isaac Blackford and Charles Dewey, who were "in the annals of Indiana, the first, last and greatest of her old-school judiciary."

JOHN B. DILLON

Who Lighted the Torch of History in Indiana

"Forty years of honest conscientious devotion; four books that people would not buy, and death in a lonely garret face to face with grim poverty because he wrought for the love of truth and not dollars—this is the life story of John B. Dillon."—GEORGE S. COTTMAN.

To-day no name appears oftener in the foot-notes of the standard histories of Indiana than the name of John B. Dillon. His great patience through twenty years in examining printed manuscripts in French and English, in interviewing hundreds of people, and collecting old prints and letters that threw light on the situation, has made his history a source-book for the student.

One can easily imagine the young lad, born in Wellsburg, West Virginia, in 1808, already equipped with a knowledge of the printer's trade, when at the age of nine he moved to Cincinnati, where he stayed ten years. He passed from there to Logansport, Indiana, where his name is revered to-day; here his literary work began to take shape. He wrote poetry, contributed to magazines and, like Lowell, studied at the bar but never practised. His legal studies in this early time made a lifelong impression upon him and fitted him for a juster esti-

mate of historic facts, and fostered in him a spirit of conservatism that caused the casting out of all purely sensational elements from his history. In his preface he himself says: "I have not . . . in any instance adopted such statements or such views with respect to any immediate matter of history without subjecting them to the ordeal of a close examination and an impartial comparison with the statements and views of those who were contemporary writers." While at Logansport the inception of Mr. Dillon's valuable history took place, shaping itself in his mind through research, and appearing in 1859.

He filled the place of state librarian from 1845 to 1851, served as secretary to the State Board of Agriculture from 1852 to 1859; in 1863 he was appointed to a clerkship in the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., where he remained twelve years. After this he returned to Indianapolis, and died four years later at the age of seventy-one. He was laid to rest in Crown Hill cemetery beside the soldiers who gave their lives for the Union.

After his death in 1879, Mr. Dillon's book, "Oddities of Colonial Legislation and Condensed America," was printed. This volume is said to be full of the most valuable information with reference to the early days of the colonies.

John Coburn has said, "Mr. Dillon knew that his work would endure. He had no profession but let-

ters and in the solid result of his best labors neither money nor applause added to his satisfaction. No library in America can be considered complete without his histories." (Levering's History, p. 379.)

It is again said of him, "He had certain noble ideals, severe and simple, as to the office of historian, and no artist was truer to his art than he to these ideals."

Mr. Dillon, like other "students in the lonely tower," gave his life cheerfully to his task and is remembered by those who saw him as a man of great modesty and cheerfulness, one who created in others a feeling of profound respect for him, and above all one who handed on the torch of history to the people of this generation.

LOGAN ESAREY

Torch Bearer of Research in Indiana History in 1915

Along with the lighting of the torch to celebrate Indiana's Statehood Centennial, an Indiana research history was placed before the public in 1915, written by Logan Esarey, Ph. D., of Indiana University. This book, like the printing press introduced into Indiana Territory one hundred and eleven years before, came without observation, and yet, like the printing press, it is destined to exert a powerful in-

fluence upon Indiana citizens in enabling them to know their state in its origin and development, up to 1850.

Since John Dillon began to write the first history of Indiana, there has been no change in historic methods except in degree, made possible by access to historic archives and other historic material. John Dillon went through the same patient examination of documents and material, the same attempts to sift out accepted fact from mere conjecture, as has Logan Esarey, and withal to put into his work a like devotion and intelligence that has made it an enduring contribution to Indiana letters.

This book is the result of ten years of ceaseless investigation, but it is far more than that—it grew out of the inborn taste and aptitude of the writer for historic study.

Among the many estimates of this history, it may be in place to quote from the *Evansville Courier,* which says: "Professor Esarey's history is invaluable to the student and it will be eagerly sought by the general reader. Few states outside the original thirteen have had a history so interesting. Its beginnings were laid in romantic adventure and its development was through stirring times. On Indiana soil, George Rogers Clark carried out one of the most brilliant exploits of the Revolution. Its borders were touched by the war of 1812 and Hoosier soldiers participated in battles under Taylor and

Scott in Mexico. Conflicts with the Indians were frequent.

"While Professor Esarey gives due attention to wars and politics and government, he fully describes the life of the people, their habits, customs and social institutions. The book is admirable throughout. It is highly creditable to the author, the university and the state."

Dr. Esarey says, in regard to the difficulty in writing this book: "The great task has been the criticism of the state documents. Without form or arrangement, and in large measure without verification, they had to be gone over one by one, put in order and labeled. The period since the American settlement has been found most significant. The first educational, religious, financial and industrial efforts, the early roads and canals, the early banks, the early press, the settlers themselves, their politics, their religious views, their home life, these have been the interesting theme. LaSalle, DeSoto, Verendrye, and their fellows have had little attraction."

Dr. Esarey in himself embodies the real genius of Hoosier life; he is modest, patriotic, frank, independent, open-minded, kind-hearted, and not afraid of work; he has also an admirable simplicity of manner and a quickness of mind which has from earliest childhood led him to investigate and verify what he heard of the legend, tradition and history about him.

The ancestors of Logan Esarey came to Perry and Spencer counties in southern Indiana six years before the Territory was made a State, and the home farm settled in 1810 is still occupied by the direct descendants of its first owner. In the sheltered hills of this region much of the world passed by these worthy people, and even as late as 1875, such customs of the early pioneer times, as the play party in all its variations, the singing school, the old-fashioned wedding, the spelling match, the charivari, the corn shucking, the shooting match and the camp meetings in their original forms could be seen. The early folk speech of this region also lingered long, and many traces of it may be met to-day.

The books in his grandfather's library early had a fascination for young Logan, especially the histories of Western settlement. The stories of Boone, Kenton, Shelby, Poe, Zane, Whetzel, Clark and all the list down to Fremont and Kit Carson were far better known by him than those of Plutarch.

It is said that the pioneer teachers and preachers made no sharp line of distinction between classic, romantic, early American or heroes of the wild West. The stories of these heroes formed a large part of the community education, and owing to the scarcity of books were handed on orally or read from the pages of Butler, McClung or McAffee.

Later he came under the influence of Doctors Turner of Wisconsin, Hodgin of Earlham, and

Woodburn of Indiana University, all working along the same lines. Dr. Esarey also began to investigate and organize historic knowledge, confining himself to Indiana.

His training afforded him opportunity for historic study. His position at Vincennes placed that city before him as a great book of the past history of early Indiana, which he mastered. It might be said here that the time leading up to his college career was filled with going to school, teaching school and superintending schools.

In 1911 he entered as a fellow in research work in Indiana University. This study was only a continuance of what began with him when a boy among the hills of his early home.

Dr. Esarey is at this time a teacher of Western History in Indiana University; he is also editor-in-chief of the *Indiana Magazine of History*. There will soon appear from his pen a "History of the Press in Indiana."

This brief mention of the work of Logan Esarey is only a repetition of the old story "That nothing brings nothing." His gift is rich in labor and devotion, and has been crowned with a result of which Indiana is proud.

ELIHU STOUT

Torch Bearer in the Beginnings of Journalism in 1804

It seems fitting that at the post of old Vincennes, where the American flag was first permanently planted by George Rogers Clark over the Northwest Territory; where Father Gibault and other French missionaries came in the interests of religion and education, that in this place the great civilizer—the printing press—should in due time arrive with its worthy editor, Elihu Stout. Information about this worthy editor is very scant, but through the kindness of Dr. Logan Esarey, of Indiana University, the following account has been furnished from the advance pages of his book, "A History of the Press in Indiana." Dr. Esarey says:

"Among free and enlightened people the press has come to be a recognized necessity. Its advent into a new community raises that community in the estimation of the world to a plane of respectability. A neighborhood, a town or city without a press is at least in a low state of organization. In the progress of the American settlements across the continent the press has usually marched in the vanguard.

"John Bradford was running a printing plant at Lexington, Ky., before the Northwest Territory was organized. He was able to announce in his *Gazette*

the adoption of the United States Constitution; more, he was able to advocate the election of old Humphrey Marshall as a delegate to the Virginia convention. It was an old paper when Napoleon was at his prime.

"The distinction of founding the first newspaper in Indiana Territory belongs beyond question to Elihu Stout. Such an event as the founding of a newspaper is not heralded with pomp and ceremony like those which usually accompany conquests, but when a juster estimate is made of the progress of enlightenment, when the factors of civilization are arranged by history more in the order of their importance, the invasion of Elihu Stout and his printing press will be second only to that of George Rogers Clark.

"Elihu Stout was a native of New Jersey, the state whence came Benjamin Parke, Isaac Blackford, Nicholas Smith and Jonathan Doty, his fellow citizens in Vincennes. Stout was a printer by trade, having learned the art in his native state. Coming west while a young man, he obtained work at his trade with the Bradfords at Lexington, Kentucky, on the *Gazette*. After several years he drifted down to Nashville, Tennessee, where he became personally acquainted with Andrew Jackson, a fact that had large consequences in Stout's own later editorial career and in state politics.

"When he learned that Indiana Territory had been

organized, he determined to go to its capital and found a paper. He laid his plans during the winter of 1803. Having decided to come, Stout returned to Kentucky from Nashville, bought three horses, procured materials and came through by the Falls and the Vincennes Trail to the territorial capital. He sent his press by boat, which was a piroque, down the Kentucky and Ohio and up the Wabash. As this boat was propelled all the way by hand, it did not reach Vincennes for several weeks after Stout had arrived with his paper.

"The land office had been opened recently at Vincennes by Nathaniel Ewing and John Badollet, the former an ambitious Scotch-Irishman from Pennsylvania, the latter a countryman and close friend of Albert Gallatin. Fate was unkind to the printer at this time, and it was Stout's misfortune, due to his friendships contracted in Kentucky and Tennessee, to ally himself with the waning fortunes of the Virginia politicians. This, of course, was the everyday division of the townsfolk only; on important occasions they acted together.

"Certainly no paper ever had a more unpromising patronage. Of the eight thousand or ten thousand settlers in and around Vincennes it seems impossible that more than one in fifty could read the English language. On the other hand, one hundred paying subscribers made a good and sufficient subscription list at the time.

"The *Indiana Gazette,* as Mr. Stout named his paper, made its initial appearance on the birthday of the republic, 1804. About one and one-half years later fire destroyed the press and the *Indiana Gazette* had finished its career. So far as the writer knows, only the ten copies of this paper in the Harvard library and seven in the American Antiquarian library of Worcester, Mass., remain. Serious as is this loss, it can better be spared than any of the later volumes.

"Editor Stout set about, immediately after the fire, to refurnish the materials. In his distress he at once remembered the Bradfords. Returning to Frankfort, he found types and a press, came through safely on horseback to the capital at Vincennes without, so far as we know, producing any 'pi.' The new paper, the *Western Sun,* like its predecessor, dates from July 4, but three years had elapsed since the *Gazette* had appeared in 1804. For four long lean years Editor Stout struggled with delinquent subscribers, infrequent mails, perverse politicians and extreme difficulties in obtaining print paper and ink. But the national and territorial governments aided him some by giving him the publishing of the United States laws and the territorial printing. In 1807 he published the John Rice Jones revision of the territorial laws on hand-made deckle-edge, pure rag paper, carried on horseback from the paper mills of Frankfort, Ky. It may be added that this

paper mill consisted of a rag grinder and a spring branch. I have before me a copy of the book, artistically bound in harness leather and sewed with a rawhide thong as large as a lead-pencil. Neither this paper nor the ink, however, has faded in the least. The same is true largely of the files of the *Sun* now in the state library.

"By this time, 1807, the Indians were becoming restless, and the first mutterings of the coming storm can yet be heard through the columns of the *Sun.* Tecumseh, the Turtle, Generals Harrison, Taylor, Tipton, Bartholomew, Shelby, Hopkins, Russell are the commonplace characters in these old volumes from 1807 to 1815. The brief notices that are given, for they walk across the stage like ghosts, are, of course, invaluable, but they always leave the reader wishing the indolent editor had told us a thousand things we would like to know and which the pages of the *Sun* do not tell."

Elihu Stout continued his paper at old Vincennes until he was made postmaster in 1845. During these forty-one years, the pages of the *Western Sun* had thrown much light upon matters of public importance and private interest. We look back upon him in the offices of territorial printer, editor and publisher with gratitude.

The beginning of what is to-day one of the greatest educational powers in the state, harks back to the coming of Elihu Stout and his printing press to the territory of Indiana.

JOHN H. HOLLIDAY

Torch Bearer as Founder of the First Two-Cent Evening Paper West of the Alleghany Mountains

It was sixty-five years from the time Elihu Stout brought the first printing press to old Vincennes in 1804, to the time of the founding of *The Indianapolis News* in 1869 by John H. Holliday, of Indianapolis.

To-day we look at a great printing press, and as we think back to the time of Elihu Stout we are filled with wonder and admiration. The bolts of ribbon-like white paper now pass over the rollers of this press and in a few moments come out, touched by printer's ink, which has been turned into human speech. This paper is folded into sheets of from four to two dozen pages, upon which one man's private thought in the morning is made public to the whole world in the evening. All the forces of civilization have gone into this open letter to the people. The associated press has sent on, through the clicking of the wires, news which may tell of ships in distress at that time in mid-ocean, of the latest triumphs in science or government, of deeds of amelioration, of acts of heroism, of tragedy and comedy, of society and gossip, deaths and marriages, of religion and of letters, and mention of all the

wants that can exist between producer and consumer. In this open letter to the world, each one who receives it finds the message that is there for him and leaves the rest for those to whom the other messages are sent. The evening meal and the evening paper, brought to the doors of the homes, have now become equally necessary to the happiness of mankind. By the editorials in this letter, the public is educated, sentiment is created for juster things, and no force in the civilized world is greater in its scope and effectiveness than the daily press.

John H. Holliday was not a beginner in newspaper work when he founded *The Indianapolis News;* he had for some time before this served a valuable apprenticeship on the *Evening Gazette* and the *Indianapolis Sentinel.* The policy of the *News* was therefore predetermined by the definite views of its founder. It was an independent paper, unsensational, not favoring the patronage of those who would use the public to serve their own ends, instead of serving the public with single-minded purpose themselves. The efficient body of men gathered by Mr. Holliday on the staff of his paper were clean-minded, scholarly, and able to seize the true situation of society and of the country, and through tempered editorials yielded a powerful influence in the education of the people. The Associated Press dispatches were employed by the *News* earlier than by any other evening paper. When Mr. Holliday re-

tired from the *News* in 1892 the paper had been so impressed by the stamp of its founder that to-day its editorials are read and quoted throughout the Union and exert a great influence on national questions and policy. The founder of the *Indianapolis News* administered justice to those in its employ, and without ostentation befriended those who were sick and unfortunate, a prestige which is observed by the *News* at the present time.

The establishment of a two-cent evening paper was also a question in economics. The people were given the benefit derived from a cheaper rate of day labor, over a more expensive one of night labor.

The *News,* as a pioneer two-cent evening paper, established a precedent which is now followed all over Indiana by editors, some of whom may not know where and when and by whom this practice began.

John H. Holliday is easily one of the most distinguished men in Indianapolis, if not in Indiana. Following his newspaper work he has been engaged in business and finance. He has given much of his time and means to works of public benefit in connection with philanthropic organizations. He is the founder of a night school for the education of foreigners. He is called in for consultation in matters of civic and educational interests, and his influence on the best side of all questions before the public can be relied upon. He was born in Indianapolis, May

31, 1846. He was educated in the common schools of Indianapolis, in Butler University, then Northwestern Christian University, and in Hanover College. He served in the war for the Union in the One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh Indiana Volunteer Infantry. He belongs to a pioneer Indiana family, his grandfather having come to the state in 1816.

Among the generous gifts of the Centennial year was that of eighty acres of land (valued at from one hundred thousand dollars to three hundred thousand dollars) on the banks of White river, from John H. Holliday and his wife, Evaline MacFarlane Holliday, to the city of Indianapolis for a public park. This contained his summer residence and quite an acreage of undisturbed forest trees.

Aside from his editorial work, Mr. Holliday has made valuable contributions to Indiana history in the way of pamphlets and historic papers, and the state and the city of Indianapolis are far richer for having in their midst a man of such noble character.

WILLIAM A. BELL

Torch Bearer in Educational Journalism

The experience of more than thirty years of educational journalism—twenty-six of which were spent as editor and proprietor of the *Indiana School Journal*—entitles William A. Bell to a worthy place in the ranks of Torch Bearers. Mr. Bell was a graduate of Antioch College, Ohio, when Horace Mann was its president. The chief work of Horace Mann at Antioch College was training an army of Torch Bearers to go forth and fight against ignorance, against sin, against injustice and *for* Truth, *for* Humanity, and *for* God. It was here that Mr. Bell received the inspiration that permeated his whole life, not only in teaching but in journalistic work as well.

In conducting this editorial work Mr. Bell firmly believed that an editor should have two things in view: first, along with all conscientious men in all lines of work, he should enter upon his profession to make an honest living for himself and family. This is his first religious duty and then, as far as within him lies, he should strive to stimulate his fellow men to higher thinking and better living. He should be willing to make sacrifices for the sake of principle, but not for the benefit of his subscription list. Following the rule of Horace Greeley, who

said, "Give the people what they want and as much of that which they need as they will take," Mr. Bell aimed to give his readers the best they would take and to give it to them as rapidly as they would take it. In conducting the pages of the *Indiana School Journal,* the needs and the best interests of Indiana teachers were always considered first, last and all the time. The advertising, which is so prominent a feature of many papers—and this does not belittle its importance—was held back, to give place to that which is of vital interest in the schoolroom. He called in as contributors and helpers the best writers in many lines of school work and the substance of many educational volumes, now ranking as authorities, were first introduced to many of the teachers of the state through the pages of the *Indiana School Journal.* Among the writers of these should be named Arnold Tompkins, now deceased, and W. H. Mace, now professor in Syracuse University.

Mr. Bell found that editing a school journal—and the same fact is true in newspaper publicity generally—is a most excellent method of learning that the world is made up of all sorts of people. He learned that while teachers as a class are a little above the average morally, there are those in their midst who forget to keep their promises, some who are willing to take something for nothing, some who are more sensitive than sensible, and some who are very

fond of seeing their names in print. In his dealings with all the editor has his convictions and must express them, but in doing so he need not give offense, he can discuss principles and not men.

Mr. Bell was born at Michigantown, Indiana, and spent all his working years in the city of Indianapolis, first as principal of Indianapolis High School and second as editor of the *Indiana School Journal,* which he sold in 1899.

Mr. Bell, in his good-by, said that it is not an easy thing to take leave of the *Journal* and of its readers. "Thirty years of toil and companionship have made the *Journal* a part of my life. To sever connection with it is like taking final leave of a life-long friend. . . .

"I can not finish this statement without saying that very much of the success of the *Journal* has been due to the work of Mrs. Bell. For many years she has worked in the office with me, and while she has had chiefly to do with the books and the correspondence, her good taste and judgment have been brought to bear on all parts of the work. But for her modesty her name would have appeared years ago as 'associate editor.' It is but the truth to say that the *Journal* could not have reached and sustained its admitted high standing among educational papers but for her efficient services."

As closing words, showing how dear to his heart

was the *Journal* that he had made one of the foremost in the country, I quote again from his "good-by":

"I do not know what the future has in store for me, but this one thing I do know: neither time, nor space, nor any other condition can eradicate from my mind and heart the friendship and love I bear Indiana teachers, for whom and with whom I have labored so many years. May God keep and bless them all."

The same year that the *School Journal* passed out of the hands of Mr. Bell, he was elected president of his alma mater, Antioch College, thus changing the area of his work and its influence, but not its kind nor degree.

After three years at Antioch College, he returned to his home in Indianapolis to live the life of a private citizen of the best type; sane and just, considerate of others, never departing from the high principles which he had adopted and which ruled his conduct.

After his death, which occurred in 1906, the Indianapolis School Board decided to name one of its new and handsome buildings the William A. Bell Public School, thus honoring themselves by the selection. An admiring friend, Charles S. Lewis, has placed a bronze tablet, the work of a local artist, at

the entrance of this building. The tablet bears the following inscription:

1833-1906
WILLIAM ALLEN BELL
TEACHER AND CITIZEN
Upright, Forthright, Steadfast, Tolerant.
With a "high faith that failed not by the way."

To the advancement of the public school system, and the enlightenment of the state, he gave the wise, ardent and unselfish service of his life. His character was enriched, his face illumined, the world embettered because for life's best his best was given.

In presenting this tablet Mr. Edward Daniels said: "This tablet should be thought of as something more than a memorial; it is an open book, a silent guide, a constant beacon. It may well be made—it should be made to-day and in all future days—a shrine of the lofty ideals of steadfastness and duty, of conscience and courage, of beauty and purity, to the pupils of this year and of all coming years."

CHAPTER V

Torch Bearers in Science and Invention

SCIENCE study in Indiana began at New Harmony and was in full operation there in 1828. Robert Owen and his three illustrious sons, with other noted men to help them, started the movement for the study of science, not only in Indiana but in the New World along some lines. The eldest son, David Dale Owen, early in 1828 established there a geological laboratory and was ultimately appointed United States geologist for the Northwest and served at one time and another as geologist for Indiana, Kentucky and Arkansas, his headquarters being at New Harmony. Richard Owen, then also a geologist, was later a science professor in Indiana University, where a hall now bears his name.

In New Harmony at this time there were also other noted scientists. Among them were: Thomas Say, from Philadelphia, busily engaged in his work on conchology and in publishing papers on entomology, since given to the world in book form; there was William McClure, geologist and philanthropist, who was also founder of the Philadelphia Academy of Science; Lesseuer, a French naturalist, was at this time making a study of the fishes of the Wa-

bash. Dr. Gerald Troost, a German geologist, subsequently made a geological survey of Tennessee and became president of Tennessee University. This lengthy list of scientists in New Harmony in 1828 by no means represents all the educational forces gathered there.

Science as classified knowledge includes all activities and theories which attempt to establish laws from given data and from inference.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

Torch Bearer in Many Realms of Science

David Starr Jordan brought to Indiana the torch of Science, which he had received from the hand of the great Agassiz at Penikese. It would be impossible to tell here all the great achievements accomplished by Dr. Jordan, and indeed an enumeration of his degrees and honors would be superfluous in speaking of a man of such world-wide reputation as he has made for himself. He has named the fishes of North America, classified the birds in the United States, worked in connection with the United States Fish Commission and Seal Fisheries. While connected with the schools and colleges of Indiana, and later as president of the Leland Stanford University of California, he proved himself a great teacher and leader in education.

But perhaps his most lasting contribution to the world of the future will be his writings. For his subjects he has chosen ethical, scientific and fanciful topics. No one has put scientific truth for younger minds in a more charming form than is to be found in his "Story of a Stone" and also his "Sketch of the Salmon." His style is everywhere marked with the utmost simplicity and much of his verse has a rare quality. One of the books that ought to be on the library table of every young person is "The Strength of Being Clean." No one could know that book thoroughly and not be a better person. Dr. Jordan has been one of the champions of the world peace movement, and at the present time devotes his leisure to writing and lecturing, at home and abroad. No description seems to suit him so well as the appellation given him by a friend who always calls him "The Homeric Man."

Dr. Jordan was asked by the author of this book to write a letter entitled "When I Was in Indiana." In answer to this request, he sent the following communication. This is interesting because it shows from Dr. Jordan's own point of view what he did for education as well as for pure science in our state.

DR. JORDAN'S LETTER

I was in Indiana from 1874 to 1891, in 1874-1875 as teacher of biology in the Indianapolis High

School, in 1875-1879 as professor of biology and dean of science in Butler University (then known as Northwestern Christian University, later, 1877, as Butler University, and now as Butler College). In 1879 I became professor of biology in the Indiana University at Bloomington, and from 1884 to 1891 I was president of that institution. I was therefore seventeen years in Indiana, and I passed through the whole gamut of the educational institutions of the state.

I was born in New York in 1851, to be exact, and I came to Indiana from Harvard, where I was one of the very latest to work under Agassiz and to catch a bit of the inspiration of that wonderful teacher.

The Indianapolis High School opened the year with a remarkable body of teachers, many of them being new. These were the choice of the far-sighted superintendent, George P. Brown. Among those already in service I knew best Mary E. Nicholson, beloved and respected by many generations of high school students, and Fidelia Anderson, likewise for many years a deserved favorite. Among the new teachers there was Junius B. Roberts, the principal, whom I had known before as the principal of the high school at Galesburg. I believe he claimed the credit, such as it was, of bringing me to Indiana. But it was also claimed, with some show of positiveness, by Mr. Brown. It has also been placed to the

credit of my predecessor, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, that he "discovered" me, as doubtless he did. I also discovered Wiley and have counted him on the list of my valued friends ever since. Other notable members of the staff were Lewis H. Jones, in pedagogy, who had also studied in Harvard under Agassiz. William W. Parsons was also on the staff, the honored president for some thirty years of the State Normal School of Indiana at Terre Haute. The teacher of mathematics was Edwin Thompson, a fine-spirited young man, with his wife, a language teacher of remarkable cleverness. Mr. Thompson died untimely and his widow, afterward the wife of Theodore L. Sewall, has become known the world over as May Wright Sewall, apostle of woman's suffrage and of international peace.

Charles Emmerich, teacher of German, was a man of fine character, as "gemüthlich" a German as ever whipped a delinquent declension into line. Charity Dye, teacher in the grades, and Nebraska Cropsey, superintendent of primary instruction, are names that have sunk deep into my memory.

Several of these new teachers remained in the high school for a year only, passing over into the colleges or the Normal School. Among the students of that day were some of notable ability. Two of those who have followed my own lines of work are Charles H. Gilbert, professor of zoology at

Stanford, and Charles A. Nutting, professor of zoology in the University of Iowa.

When I arrived in Indiana I knew no one in the state. When the people told me that I would learn to love Indianapolis, I felt very grave doubts. But it came about, and to-day I doubt if any city of its size in the Union contains more fine-spirited and intelligent men than in those days used to gather in the Indianapolis Club or to cluster around such leaders as Oscar McCulloch, Myron Reed, Dr. Brayton, Theodore Sewall, Lucius Swift or "Pink" Fishback. And all of us felt the benign and humanizing influence of our unique poet, James Whitcomb Riley.

In those days the village of Brookville had a natural history society, which, under the direction of Amos Butler, grew and overspread the state, becoming the Indiana Academy of Science, with regular meetings, ever since the day of its first meeting, with myself, if I remember, in the chair as president. Notable in this academy was John Coulter, of Wabash, serene, jovial, and always ready to break a lance on "the bloody sands" in behalf of science and in behalf of the "element of consent" in education. To go over the long roll of the academy would be invidious, but we must not forget the solidest of our members, Dr. David W. Dennis, of Earlham. Oliver P. Jenkins, of DePauw, and Bar-

ton W. Evermann, of the Normal School, now both in California, ranked high among the "stand-bys" of science in those days in Indiana.

In 1879 I went to Butler College; here I had older students than in the high school, not better. Many of them were the same, as Charley Gilbert, Romeo Johnson and others. Of the new ones I remember with special pleasure Hilton Brown, of the *Indianapolis News,* and his brother, Demarchus, who became professor of Greek. One of the distinguished professors in Butler College was Catharine Merrill, a woman whose uplifting influence lives beyond her generation.

At Butler University, I began, in Georgia, the exploration of the rivers of the United States as to their fish inhabitants, and good luck has enabled me to carry these explorations over half the earth. As Izaak Walton observed: "It is good luck to any man to be on the good side of the man that knows fish."

In 1879, Judge Roach and other friends called me to the state university at Bloomington, where I remained twelve years, the last seven as president. The best things I did there were these two: The introduction of the elective system of study in the "major professor" form work, for it fitted education to the individual student, his own education, not a hand-me-down," ready-made intellectual suit. With better and more enthusiastic work both for

teachers and students it brought a notable increase of numbers. Bloomington was placed on the map and the state university, in spite of its misfortune of fire and of other events, came to stand where it belonged, at the head of the school system of Indiana.

Hitherto new professors had been mainly sought from the East, and, as a rule, only the second-rate or the young would accept. After some not very successful attempts to do better, I promised chairs to certain alumni on condition that they should adequately prepare in Europe or in the East. Among these at the beginning were Swain, Bryan, Hoffman, Woodburn and Philputt.

Of these Joseph Swain and William Lowe Bryan have successively filled the president's chair. They brought what the university most needed in its teaching staff, character, enthusiasm and loyalty. Meanwhile, so far as I am concerned, I have lived in California for a quarter of a century. This time has not been without its hopes, its fears, its risks and its adventures. But all this is another story.

JOHN STOUGH BOBBS

Whose Torch of Surgery Brought Renown to Indiana

Lister in England discovered antisepsis; Morton of the United States gave to the world anæsthesia. These discoveries are among the greatest of the nineteenth century, and indeed, of modern times.

John Stough Bobbs of Indiana won laurels for his state in surgery as founder of cholecystotomy. He was the first to open the gall bladder, and for this great achievement his name ranks with Morton and Lister. This operation, which is now performed in every clinic throughout the world and which has been the means of saving thousands of lives, was unknown until 1867.

John Stough Bobbs was born at Green Village, Pennsylvania, in 1809; here he obtained the rudiments of his education at the common school. At the age of eighteen he went on foot to Harrisburg to seek employment. Here he met Dr. Martin Luther, who befriended him and gave him a place to study medicine in his office. Young Bobbs took advantage of every opportunity and in three years fitted himself for the practice of medicine. He followed the medical profession for four years in Middletown, Pennsylvania. Having at this time fixed upon surgery as his special work, he felt compelled to seek a larger

field and moved to Indianapolis in 1835, at the age of twenty-six. The next year he took a course at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and received the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

In the then small town of Indianapolis Dr. Bobbs took high rank both as a physician and surgeon. Unlike many professional men, the practical and business side of life was not neglected in his case. He had a good knowledge of English, in which he wrote well and spoke fluently, and a limited knowledge of Latin. He also conversed readily in German, though he used a vernacular and not a pure German. He was well versed in the English classics.

There was nothing of sham about Dr. Bobbs, and it was said of him that he had never been known to give a placebo in any case. To the younger men in his profession his goodness and generosity knew no bounds. He gave to the poor not only his services but money with which to buy food and medicine, and his charities were always rendered without display or ostentation.

One pathetic instance of this is told by a resident physician who invited the professor, not long before his death, to a consultation in the country. Upon their way home from their visit, the doctor was hailed by a person from a cabin on the wayside, and requested to see a sick child. Discovering that the case was a bad one, he slipped to the door and

called Dr. Bobbs, who, after examining the patient, returned to his carriage, leaving the doctor to make out his prescription. When the latter came back to the carriage, Dr. Bobbs said to him: "Doctor, this child is going to die and the poor woman will not have wherewith to bury it." Withdrawing his hand from his pocket, and presenting it with the palm downward, as if to conceal from the left what the right hand was doing, he dropped into the extended hand of the doctor a ten-dollar gold piece. "Give that," he said, "to the widow; it will comfort her in the approaching extremity."

While Dr. Bobbs recognized a code of ethics, for himself he never needed it. In his own unselfish nature and life he was far superior to any code ever devised. He was, indeed, honor and fair-dealing personified. And still, he was always lenient toward the faults and shortcomings of others.

The latter part of Dr. Bobbs' life was devoted mainly to surgery, in which he was a master; and as an operator he was original and bold almost to recklessness.

It was only a few years before his death that he performed the operation that proved to be his passport to a page in surgical history for all time to come.

When the Medical College of Indiana was organized, Dr. Bobbs was elected professor of surgery, and later dean of the faculty. The dispensary

that Dr. Bobbs endowed at the time of his death is still carried on as the "Bobbs Dispensary of the Indiana Medical College." He also founded the Bobbs Library in the Medical College of Indiana, which contains the most valuable collection of medical works in the state. Dr. Bobbs was one of the original commissioners who organized the Indiana Hospital for the Insane.

He answered the call of patriotism in 1861 and was appointed by Governor Morton during the Rebellion as an agent for this state; in this capacity he visited the soldiers of Indiana in fields and hospitals; supervised their medical and surgical treatment, and did valuable service in looking after their general welfare. He was ever active and efficient in all public movements affecting the interests of his city. He was a forcible writer and wrote much on professional and public subjects.

Dr. Bobbs was a model friend, superior to all dissimulation, and spoke the truth with such frankness and earnestness that it was impossible to take offense at it. He felt and knew that

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

He never gave up a friend until that person had, by some violation of principle, proved himself unworthy of his regard.

Dr. Bobbs is described in appearance as slender,

of medium height, and strong-molded features. His forehead was large, his eyes dark gray, his nose large and aquiline, his lips full and the chin prominent. His attire was faultless; he had to perfection the manner of the old style gentleman. In address he was dignified and affable, making free use of the words "Sir" and "Madame."

He died in 1870, and, although enfeebled in health, up to the last he continued his studies and brought to his medical teaching the zest of an earlier time. He was a strong advocate for the establishment of a state medical journal and a school in the interest of medical progress.

It is nearly half a century since Dr. Bobbs passed away, but his memory is still fresh in the hearts of his comrades in the profession of medicine, and Indiana is proud of her son on the honor roll of high service to humanity.

GEORGE A. REISNER

Who Now Bears the Archaeologist's Torch in Egypt

Indiana has a right to be proud of her son and scholar, George A. Reisner, now one of the noted Egyptologists of the world. He was born in Indianapolis in 1867 and was graduated from Shortridge High School. Upon entering Harvard he soon received recognition for his linguistic aptitude and to-day he is one of the most noted Egyptologists known. He has conducted expeditions for study, made discoveries, worked out inscriptions, identified a royal cemetery and excavated in many provinces of Egypt; besides, he has written books upon the results of his study. It enlarges the boundaries of Indiana when one thinks of so many of her sons so far away in so many fields of activities. Mr. Reisner is all too modest in the letter which follows:

HARVARD CAMP, PYRAMIDS, CAIRO,
May 2, 1916.

Dear ———: Your note of March 24 has just reached me after following me about for several weeks. I left Merawi, Dongola Province, Sudan, on April 24, and your note went up the river and was sent back again. I am very much pleased that

you have taken the trouble to tell me about the Indiana centennial year. It is impossible to escape the memories of school life at home or to forget how much I am indebted to the men and women who gave me my training.

But hard driven by my work (I am sure none of you realize how hard), and lacking the knack of popular narrative, I can only regret exceedingly my inability to write an article about our experiences. I say "our," for, as you will remember, my wife, Mary Bronson, was a high-school girl, while my daughter bears her mother's name. They share with me the camp life and the traveling, and take a proper interest in the excavations. One of the most characteristic signs of our long exile is the fact that my daughter speaks Arabic, as well as French, English and German—the English, I am afraid, without any trace of the real "Hoosier" accent, in spite of the good example of her father.

We have lived in tents on the Hill of Samaria and in a houseboat (dahabiyah) on the Nile in Nubia. We have wandered from Constantinople as far south as Sennaar on the Blue Nile. But it has always been the work which has carried us from place to place and landed us in strange camps. We have never "traveled" and I am the last person you should think of requesting to write a "picturesque" account of his experiences. If you had asked me to tell you about the methods of the expedition and its

wonderful organization of Egyptian workmen, the tale would have been a plain and easy one. But people have generally a mental picture of an archæologist as a person of mystery seeking out hidden passages, coming on magnificent treasures of gold, and communing with mummies dangerous with ancient magic. As a matter of fact, he is an ordinary scientist engaged in field work as a branch of historical research and he takes his treasures and his mummies, the latter not very gratefully either, as valuable by-products of his labors. When he attempts the excavation of a site, he regards it not as a repository of buried wonders, but as a human document compiled through centuries by the activities of ancient generations. His work is to take the mound apart in the inverse order to that in which it was built, observe and interpret every fact it may contain, and so finally reconstruct the history of the site. That history gives him in miniature the history of the country, possibly even of the ancient races which had lived and died there. Every piece of work, conscientiously performed, brings its contribution to the history of man.

One man cannot with his own hands move the thousands of tons of earth which even a single temple may contain, nor with his own eyes watch the breaking and removal of every foot of every stratum. It is necessary to train other men to act as one's hands and eyes. This is why the expedition

values so highly its trained Egyptians. They are the actual excavators. This winter we have been unearthing the temples and pyramids at Napata, the capital of Ethiopa, which is on the northern part of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. I may say in passing that our work there in this time of war was only possible through the security afforded by a strong and efficient English government and by the assistance and kindness of the English officials. To return to my point, the actual excavations at Napata were made by fifty of my skilled Egyptians; and it required three hundred local workmen of the Shagiah tribe to carry out the earth which the Egyptians removed. Egyptian overseers ran the gangs and three Egyptian boys took all the photographs and developed them. Thus my assistant, Mr. Dunham, and I myself were left free to direct the work and to make the mass of plans, drawings and notes necessary to a proper record of the work. The ideal in recording is to make it possible for the distant scholar to reconstruct for himself all which we did and all which we saw. This means very hard work, up before sunrise and to bed at nine. Sleeping in the open air makes a daylight day much easier than it is at home in a darkened house.

Successful, honest, hard work is, I believe, its own best compensation everywhere. The other rewards are equally personal and subjective and I doubt whether the special pleasures of the archæol-

ogist differ either in quality or quantity from those of other professions. Every profession has its great moments. One of my own came last winter when I realized that I had found a portrait statue of Ṭirhakah, King of Ethiopia (II Kings, xix, 9). But great moments pass and are quickly forgotten. The best that remains with me from my winter are quite common things, spray flying from the bows of the motor boat, a sunset at Nuri looking across the river to the bare hills and the desert screened by palm trees, just such memories as stick by me from the old days at home.

Give my affectionate regards to any of my old friends you may see and believe me as ever, yours most faithfully, GEORGE A. REISNER.

MARY WRIGHT PLUMMER

Torch Bearer in Library Science

IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Whatever be thy fortune or thy state
The way to high companionship is free;
Here are they all—the wise, the good, the great—
And their best thoughts they offer unto thee.
How canst thou give thy life to sordid things
While Milton's strains in rhythmic numbers roll,
Or Shakespeare probes thy heart, or Homer sings,
Or rapt Isaiah wakes thy slumbering soul?
If these "king's treasuries" were scant and rare
How wouldst thou yearn for all that they contain!
But they are spread before thee free as air,
And shall their priceless jewels shine in vain?
The choice is thine, the fancies of a day,
Or the bright gems that shall endure for aye.

W. D. F.

At a memorial meeting R. R. Bowker said:

We are to do honor and to give thanks for a friend, a helper, and a leader in a great profession; and that honor can best be done by emphasis on the work and the influence which her name means to all of us. A student of man must emphasize heredity and environment in the making of character. It is good to know that Mary Wright Plummer came of Quaker and pioneer stock, and that she was born—

"'twas sixty years since"—in that quiet Quaker town of Richmond, Indiana, which has sent forth so many men and women of worth into the larger world. Her quiet manner came from the Quaker stock, her energy and power from the pioneer stock. As you have journeyed down from among the hills, along a river made up of the rills from the mountainside, you have come sometimes to a lovely lake, calm and unruffled, mirroring on its placid surface the beauty of sky and shore. Then as you come farther down the valley you note where the reserve force from that reservoir is transformed into power, and in these modern days you see next those almost unseeable filaments which convey this power to far-off and varied fields of industry. It seems to me that this is peculiarly a simile and a symbol of our friend and her life, her work with its far-reaching influence, silent and invisible, which all of us know, which we in part only represent in this gathering here, and which will go on far beyond the life which is closed, the life of any of us now and here present.

It was not until the plenitude of womanhood, in fact, until more than half of her years as we now count them, had passed, that Miss Plummer came to her life-calling in this great library profession, which she honored, and in which we have honored her. But earlier she had come into touch with the literary life, for the magazines, at least early in the

eighties, were publishing poems from her pen, which were collected afterward.

She was a pioneer, as you well know, in library work, for it was only the pioneers who became members of that first class of 1888 in the first library school which called her and fitted her for the library profession. Before the Friends' Association, and later before this very club she read, in 1897, a paper which was reprinted in the *Library Journal* for November of that year, and which prophesied in a wonderful way the purposes and the methods of the children's library of to-day, in a development which then only the highest imagination could reach. In her library work, as you know, she reaped all honors of achievement and of fulfillment and of the highest usefulness. It was in 1890, after a year at St. Louis, and after her first visit to Europe, that she came to us in Brooklyn, and became associated with the Pratt Institute Library, where she remained either as the director of the library or of the library school until she came in 1911 to her great work in shaping the library school of the New York Public Library. I need only recall that she was president of the New York Library Club, of the Long Island Library Club, which was for a time separated from this, of the New York State Association, and of the American Library Association; and even our own country was not the only field for her work.

She was in every way great, a great woman, a great friend, and a great librarian. She was also in her way a great scholar, for she mastered not only French and German, but Italian and Spanish, and made herself so sympathetic with the latter country as to compile the volume from the modern Spanish novelists on "Contemporary Spain," as well as to compile for the children the "Stories from the Chronicle of the Cid."

There is always one thought present in my mind when I come to think of such a life as this. It is the doctrine of the apostolic succession translated into the secular world. In this our friend was a most shining example. We often hear the classic simile of passing the torch on from one to the other. Perhaps in these modern days the simile transforms itself, as I have suggested, into those invisible currents which reach far afield, which no man can see, and which no man can to the end measure. But I may mention one or two specific instances which will show you how much her life meant in such relation. In this palace of the people, the greatest public library of the greatest library system in the world, where she did the last of her great work, we may well remember that it was through her suggestion that the present director of the library made choice of the library calling and ultimately came to this place. It was from her lips that he learned of the library profession, and found in it his true call-

ing in turn. And when he went to Pittsburgh, there he started the school for children's librarians, as a specialization from the library school which she had developed from the training class at Pratt Institute. How much that means in library work, this first school for children's librarians in Pittsburgh, you know better than I. But there is a still more striking example. Among the students in Miss Plummer's classes was Miss Wood, whom you know as the librarian of Boone College, in China, a lighthouse for that dark empire, an empire ready to receive, not that civilization of the West which comes by force of arms, but that higher and finer civilization which this profession and this building and Miss Plummer and Miss Wood represent. The Boone College Library became at once the source of library inspiration for China; and last year Miss Plummer had the pleasure of graduating from this school Mr. Seng, who had no sooner got back to China with immense ideals, immense hopes, immense purpose for the deliverance of his people, then came Mr. Hsü, who is now a student in this school. You will see that there has been a leading out from this one woman, through one person after another, so that the antipodes are really to be helped and guided in large measure by her influence. Everywhere through the library world she is known and remembered, for in 1900 she represented us in the library councils of the Paris Exposition. Every-

where in Europe, she had friendships, as with Professor Biagi in Florence, her intimate friend, and with others in England, in France and in Scandinavia. All these count as her friends, catching up her inspiration and extending her work. It is a radiation of influence, this true apostolic succession that I would emphasize to you as the real meaning of this life which is closed after a generation of work.

I speak of the radiation of influence, but I think that in her case we should speak rather of the radiance of influence. For it was a shining light which went forth from her into the dark corners, into all parts of the library work, into all parts of the library world. That is a great thing to leave behind. We can scarcely hope for ourselves any greater achievement, any greater thing to leave behind us when we go; and now that she is gone we do not so much mourn her as we rejoice, not in her perfected work, but in the work which will always be perfecting through the many people who follow her and honor her.

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ELWOOD HAYNES

Torch Bearer in Invention—Creator of the First Automobile

It is a rare piece of good fortune to hear a man tell of his first inception of the idea of an invention and how it materialized into working shape for the world. Mr. Haynes has done this for us in a most interesting manner in the following letter.

Dear ———: I hope the following will answer your inquiry. In 1888, while living at Portland, Ind., I was superintendent of the Portland Natural Gas and Oil Company. We were obliged to pipe the gas a distance of ten miles from a small village called Pennville. This necessitated much driving back and forth between these villages and, as the horse frequently became tired, I thought something better could be employed in the nature of a mechanical carriage.

I thought about making a light machine with four wheels similar in general construction to the bicycle. At first I expected to use steam as a motor power, but after considering the matter for a while I thought there would be objections to a steam engine and water in connection with road travel. Afterward I considered using the storage battery in connection with an electric motor, but I could not get a storage battery light enough for the purpose.

. . . I next considered the use of the gasoline engine, and this seemed to hold out the greatest promise for success.

In 1890 I moved to Greentown, Ind., where I had charge of a large gas field which was to supply gas to the city of Chicago. The drilling of the wells and the laying of the pipe lines in this new field caused much more driving than before, and it was then that the idea began to assume definite form in my mind, and two years later, when I moved to Kokomo, I decided to begin the actual construction of a machine. I had only made some drawings before leaving Greentown, but I changed these from time to time. After reaching Kokomo I finally decided on a formal construction that I thought would operate to fair advantage when completed. I was so busy in the gas field, however, that I did not have time to begin the actual construction until October, 1893, five years after I first began to think about it. At that time I bought a little one-horsepower boat engine. I first fastened this little engine to the kitchen floor of my home and after a great deal of cranking succeeded in starting it. It ran with such vigor and vibration that it pulled itself loose from the floor and might have done some damage except for the fact that one of the battery wires wound round the shaft of the engine, thus cutting off the current, causing the engine to stop.

The vibration of the engine was so great that I

decided to build a stronger and heavier frame than at first intended. This framework was made of steel tubing and shaped like a hollow square.

When this machine, with its equipments, was nearly completed it was taken out into the street for trial. Up to this time the people living in the city knew nothing about the construction of the carriage, and as soon as they saw it they became interested and crowded about it in such large numbers that it became dangerous to start it, particularly as a large part of the crowd consisted of women and children. I decided, therefore, that we would attach the carriage behind a horse-drawn vehicle and convey it into the country. This was on the 4th day of July, 1894, and after reaching a point about three miles from this city the machine was started. Three persons got into the vehicle and drove about one and one-half miles farther into the country, when we stopped the machine and turned it about toward town. When we got back to where the horse stood, one of the men got off, while the remaining two of us rode on into the city, a distance, all told, of about four or five miles, without making a single stop. The power of the engine was small compared with that of modern machines, and the little car ran only about six or seven miles per hour. I was convinced, however, that a new form of locomotion for the highway would soon be developed.

Crude as it was, this little machine ran at very

slight expense. At that time gasoline was only about eight cents per gallon. The little engine used only about one pint of gasoline per hour on good roads, and it was thus possible to travel a mile on the small expense of only about one-eighth of a cent.

The same summer the one-horsepower motor was replaced by another having about two horsepower and soon afterward pneumatic tires were put on instead of the cushion tires. The speed of the machine was thus increased to about twelve miles per hour and under favorable conditions it would run fourteen or fifteen miles per hour.

In 1895 I formed a partnership with Mr. Elmer Apperson, in whose shop the first machine was built. Together we designed and built a four-passenger machine. This was entered in the *Times-Herald* contest. . . . It ran quite well, though an accident due to the skidding of the car and the consequent breaking of the rim of one of the wheels prevented us from entering the actual race. We were, however, awarded a prize of $150 for the best-balanced engine entered in the contest. . . .

In 1897 we built another four-passenger machine. This was a distinct advance over anything before constructed. It was fitted with a two-cylinder engine and attained a speed up to twenty miles or more an hour. It ran several hundred miles all told. I have always regretted that this machine was not preserved, since it showed a marked advance and

conclusively demonstrated that the horseless carriage had come to stay.

Other machines followed in succession and Mr. Edgar Apperson and the writer boarded one of these machines of the two-passenger style and drove from Kokomo all the way to New York in 1899. . . . We made the trip from Albany to New York in about ten hours' running time.

Even then the horseless carriage was such a novelty in New York that we were followed into a side street by a yelling crowd of small boys and were soon surrounded by a large crowd of curious spectators. The *New York Herald* gave me a royal welcome at their offices. We were covered with dust and grime, but this did not in any way dampen their enthusiasm; in fact, the dust-covered appearance of the machine and its passengers seemed to add to their zest and interest. Several columns were printed next day, together with a photograph of the unique machine and its dust-begrimed passengers, who looked more like a couple of tramps than occupants of a triumphal car.

A little more than two years ago the writer made a trip from Indianapolis to Los Angeles by the way of San Francisco, California, in a six-cylinder car, passing directly over the Rocky Mountains. This trip was so successful in every respect that the occupants suffered little or no discomfort except that due to too extreme heat and extreme cold and varying

climatic conditions. The motor ran even more smoothly at the end of the journey than when started. The car mounted the hills without the slightest trouble and was able to attain a speed of eight miles or more per hour on the steepest inclines encountered.

When I contrast the automobile of to-day and that of its early beginning I am impressed by two facts that stand out prominently: First, the rapid progress made possible by modern science and modern engineering; second, the great purchasing power of the American public and its capacity to utilize a new invention.

It is needless to add that the rapid development, utility and extensive use of the automobile has far exceeded the fondest dreams of my early experience. A marked contrast in mode of travel comes to mind at this point. "Back in the '50s" my father rode a horse through the woods from Portland, Ind., to Kokomo in three days. In 1907, my little daughter drove a four-passenger automobile carrying ladies—only excepting her little brother—on practically the same road in just four hours.

You ask me about my early life and education. I was born in Portland, Ind., and at the age of fourteen tried my hand at invention, succeeding with an apparatus for making oxygen gas and with several other things.

When twenty-one I entered the Worcester Poly-

technic Institute, from which I was graduated in three years, having for my thesis "The Effect of Tungsten on Iron and Steel." Returning to Portland, Ind., I was principal of the Portland High School during the years of 1883 and 1884. The next year I entered the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., and took a post-graduate course in chemistry and biology. Returning again to Portland, I taught science in the Eastern Indiana Normal School for the two following years. After this I entered the commercial and industrial world, where I now am.

A contemporary writer says of Mr. Haynes and his invention: "The crude carriage that was a curiosity twenty years ago and less was the beginning of the greatest transportation aid since the birth of civilization. Because of it our standards of living have become higher. For what he gave America, Elwood Haynes is entitled to honor along with Stephenson and his locomotive and Fulton and his steamboat."

JAMES BUCHANAN EADS

The Man Who Bore the Engineer's Torch in Two Worlds

The story of James Buchanan Eads is a true wonder story. He was born at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, on the Ohio river, May 23, 1820, and is called one of the first engineers of the world. Eads knew more about the Mississippi river system than any other man in America. He said, "There is not a space of fifty miles in the long stretch from New Orleans to St. Louis over some part of which I have not walked on the bed in my diving bell." He had the scientific mind and he looked upon this great river system as an evidence of the Creator's law as eternal as the law of gravitation, and told the commissioners in his great project of the jetties that not a grain of sand was left in place by the water, or an eddy in the current but was there by the great law that had existed from the beginning. He can be called "the master of the Father of Waters," for he connected its banks by the great bridge, he cleared its channel by his jetties, he relieved it from the snags of sunken boats as a menace to travel, and died with great schemes still in his mind.

The Eads family went from Lawrenceburg to Cincinnati and from thence to Louisville, all on the great Ohio, for it was a great river to the inventive

mind of the growing boy who had at the age of ten constructed models of saw-mills, fire engines, steamboats and other machines. At the age of thirteen Eads went with his parents to St. Louis, the place which was to be the scene of his great achievements and triumphs. Just before reaching that place the boat upon which they traveled burned and the Eads family landed in the city without the necessities of life. The young boy came forward as the man of the family, and peddled apples from a basket, passing often over the spot where he was to place one of the piers of his great bridge later in life. By some chance a man at the boarding-house saw the promise of Eads and gave him employment. Upon acquaintance he became further interested in the young boy and opened to him his library, where the lad reveled, and single-handed made himself acquainted with the world of letters.

The first great scheme in which Eads became interested was that of removing the cargoes of sunken boats from the Ohio and Mississippi.

He had in the meantime appeared before Congress offering to relieve the Mississippi and its tributaries of snags and debris and other hindrances to boat travel, for a specified consideration; but Congress rejected his plan. One result, however, of this appearance before Congress was that he was made acquainted in Washington, and when the great Civil War broke out and the president sought some one

who could go forward and advise regarding a way to secure the Mississippi river to the Union, Eads was sent for, and upon going to Washington, signed a contract for seven iron-clad boats to be made in sixty-five days. No fairy tale is more wonderful than this feat by the great engineer. When he signed the contract many of the trees to make the boats were standing in the forest; the iron, some of it, was in the mine, and yet within two weeks he had engaged four thousand men and stopped neither for the darkness of night nor the sacredness of Sunday. He put the choppers and the saw-mills and the foundries and the laborers all to work, and within one hundred days he had not only completed the seven boats stipulated for, but built an eighth. This was before Ericson's Monitor encountered the Merrimac.

The plans set forth for these iron-clad boats are still considered to be scientific. After this the idea of spanning the Mississippi with a great bridge attracted his attention. He proposed in this plan an arch of five hundred and twenty feet span, the largest arch proposed in the world at that time. His fellow engineers fought his scheme bravely and tried to show the inadequacy of such an undertaking, but the master engineer had covered the ground and studied the situation and knew whereof he spoke. The St. Louis bridge to-day is considered one of the greatest feats of bridge engineering in

the world. He sunk the great piers down to a bed rock under the Mississippi river, one of them extending one hundred and thirty feet below high water mark, sixty feet of which was down through the sand. The great bridge was completed in seven years and Eads, unaffected by the glory showered upon him, was ready for another undertaking. All this while he had been thinking about the choked mouth of the Mississippi river and he had seen that in obedience to the law of deposit and the law of river current, the obstructed channel could be opened and make this river what it should be as a highway of water travel. He worked out the schemes for the jetties and presented them to Congress, showing the feasibility of his plan and proposing to attack the deeper current; but Congress agreed with him to place the first jetty in the shallower current, which meant a great deal more labor for the engineer and, to his mind, a far less effective result. By the simple process of placing willow mattresses in the jetty, and by working with patience, he proved to the world the sanity and value of his undertaking when the first great ship sailed through. In later years Congress had a second jetty made in the deeper current in obedience to the original plan of Eads. So thorough was he in this undertaking that he examined by way of preparation the mouth of every river in the United States from the coast of Florida to that of California. He also examined the mouth

of the Danube, and was called to England to examine the Mersey, for which the Parliament of England gave him thirty-five thousand pounds; and later England gave him the Albert medal which is the only one ever given to a native born American. The Canadian government called him to Canada to consult with the master engineers of that country, an honor which had never before been conferred upon an American.

But this is not all of his great story. After the finishing of the jetties and a retirement of four years, while De Lesseps was appearing before Congress with a plan for the Panama canal, Eads appeared there also and proposed his plan for a ship railway across Mexico at Tehuantepec connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific. This he showed would be cheaper, fraught with less danger and far more effective than the proposed Panama scheme. The plans for this great undertaking are still referred to in the schools of technology. It specified that the road should consist of many rails and extend into the water on a trestle mounted by a great frame or cradle in which the ships could be launched and hastily drawn by a giant engine to the opposite coast over a distance of about a hundred miles. He brought to this, as to his other undertakings, great knowledge; and in preparation for it he had studied the Suez as well as the Panama canal and felt himself sure in what he proposed. Ill health came on

before this scheme was finished. He said, "I can not die until this is done, I must finish my work;" but death overtook him in the year 1887. He passed away having done his work in the spirit of generosity, patriotism, devotion, and self-abnegation. His personal qualities were of the highest kind; he was courteous and manly, of wonderfully persuasive tongue, devoted to his family, and a citizen of the highest rank. Though self-educated, he was a master of English, and the contributions made by him to scientific journals and reviews are numberless.

Eads was also one of the greatest of dreamers in the sense that the real dreamer sees the future so vividly and so much farther than other men that it becomes present to him and regulates his conduct and his plans in the present moment. The great dreamers of the world have been the great helpers of men. They are the men of vision, just as Whitman says, "Ah, Genoese, thy dream, thy dream! Centuries after thou art laid in thy grave the world verifies thy dream."

The name Indiana now appears thousands of times in print because James B. Eads was born on her soil to carry forth to other places the great torch of the engineer, and to reach phenomenal success, based upon the laws of intelligence, persistence and obedience to scientific laws.

CHAPTER VI

Torch Bearers in Kindness

INDIANA has never been without the element of kindness and self-forgetfulness. Stories might be multiplied to show this. We think of how the neighbors helped one another in the making of their homes and the building up of the community—they rolled logs together, made sugar, harvested, spun and gave of their labor in the spirit of kindness, free of charge. When sickness or death came they nursed at the bedside and performed the last kindly acts for the dead. Many instances are given where hostile Indians have been softened and made friendly by the kindness of the white man. While the following sketches portray all the elements mentioned above, they have in addition a public spirit and a magnanimity on the part of the receivers of the kindness that is unparalleled.

The second instance under this chapter shows an example of a private nobleman, and there are doubtless many others in our state, but it is well to mention names and relate deeds that stand out like the witness pillar in excavations of ancient times, to show how deep the treasures have been buried.

Richard Owen and George Merritt practiced their kindness as a matter of fact along with their daily

duties without ostentation; and of George Merritt it may be said he did "good by stealth and was found out by accident."

RICHARD OWEN

The Man Whose Torch of Kindness Made Friends of His Enemies

THANKS

Brothers in gray, we thank you;
You have left old scars behind,
For one whose larger vision
Saw the need of being kind.

Brothers, you had your heroes,
And the Blue had heroes, too;
But one man's heart was big enough
To hold both us and you.

Deep in that bitter darkness
A small soul could not know
A man could be so much a friend,
He could not be a foe.

Friends, our birth of freedom
Left ugly wounds to bind,
But one great vision triumphs,
The need of being kind.

—FRANCES MORRISON.

On the first floor of the State Capitol, in the southeast supporting pillar, near the room of the gov-

ernor, a niche is filled with a bust of Col. Richard Owen. Under the bust is the inscription:

COLONEL RICHARD OWEN

COMMANDANT
CAMP MORTON PRISON IN 1862
Tribute by Confederate Prisoners of War and Their Friends for His Courtesy and Kindness.

The unveiling of this bust June 9, 1913, was one of the most extraordinary occasions in the annals of the state of Indiana and in so far as we know of any state in the Union. It was not a great occasion because of the distinguished guests gathered there from North and South to witness the ceremonies and admire the bust; it was not great because of the eloquent speeches made on that day, nor because a splendid work of art had been given to the state of Indiana. It was a great occasion because enemies on different sides in a great civil war had come together again as friends; it was great because those who had been prisoners of war had come back to the scene of their imprisonment bearing a noble gift in honor of the commandant, Richard Owen, who had been placed over them as prisoners, when 4,000 Confederates were sent to Camp Morton after the battle of Fort Donelson, in 1862.

The interest in the occasion on that day was in-

tensified by the facts that it had been more than fifty years since the "high tide at Gettysburg," that all traces of the prison camp were gone and happy homes covered the ground where the sentinel kept watch in 1862; Richard Owen himself had then been dead for twenty-three years, and many of the prisoners under him had also passed away. So the crowning greatness of the occasion was in the lasting appreciation of the kindness of Richard Owen that brought back these remaining Camp Morton prisoners and their friends half a century after to bear witness to enduring gratitude, which is the rarest of the virtues; and to prove that noble service, like mercy, enriches both the giver and the receiver, and also to show that in Indiana that old term from the middle ages, "noblesse oblige," still lives.

The men under Colonel Owen as prisoners tell that he cared for them as a father; that he was humane, and his humanity communicated itself to them; that he commanded through love so to make the people under him feel its power. The universal comment of him is that he thought only of others and not of himself. An incident showing the way he was regarded took place at Mumford, Kentucky, after Colonel Owen went again to the front. He and his men were captured. The Confederate officer rode up to him and said: "Colonel Owen, because of the kindness you showed our men imprisoned at Camp Morton you are free

to go where you will." He was criticized for his leniency toward the prisoners, but it was the leniency of law and honor such as Lincoln would have practiced, and not that of the war spirit.

Colonel Owen took a trained mind as well as a trained heart to his work in the army. He was educated in the best schools of Europe, and belonged to an illustrious family.

When the civil war broke out Richard Owen was teaching in Tennessee, but he answered true to the call of the Union and came home to join the army. When he retired from the army he taught in Indiana University.

Among the little touches that give glimpses of his neighborhood and family life is one telling of the way the children of New Harmony loved Colonel Owen and went to him for help. His family never thought of intruding upon his hours sacredly set apart for study; but the children would come to him at all times and he would smilingly lay aside his work and help them, taking the greatest care to make plain the point in hand, and then resume his work without mention of the interruption.

Miss Belle Kinney, the sculptor of the Richard Owen bust in the State House, writes:

"My commission to make the Owen bust was one of the most pleasant commissions in every way I have ever done, as it was made for my old family friend, the late Mr. S. A. Cunningham, who had

been a war prisoner under Colonel Owen. My friend told me most touchingly of his desire to honor Richard Owen as the commandant who had shown humanity toward his prisoners. He handed me two pictures of Colonel Owen, both taken at the age of eighty. As I wished to portray Colonel Owen at the height of his career at the war time, the pictures were of little value.

"These facts I had to build upon. To begin with, the proportions of the niche were gigantic, and to offset this my subject was a slender man. The season at Camp Morton was a bitter one. This permitted my using a big military cape overcoat. Colonel Owen's characteristic attitude was with his arms folded. My problem was to build a bust which represented the soul of my subject. Owen was a Scotchman, who had come to America and joined the Federal army, but had known and loved southern people; had treated his southern prisoners in a manner humane as a commandant; had later resigned from the army, saying military life was not suited to his nature. I could find out little until one night I picked up the autobiography of Robert Dale Owen, a dull-looking little volume with yellowed pages, but vitally interesting and delightful in every line. It gave the entire history of the Owen family. They were wonderful scholars and teachers, people of highest culture and achievement, of vast wealth —and Socialists—and it was interesting to note that

the boy, Richard Owen, was a great favorite of the father of the present Czar of Russia, so much so that the Czar wished to adopt him and rear him as a prince in the court of Russia.

"The book gave me the keynote of Owen and his family. They had given of thought, power and wealth for humanity. Every influence and act of Owen's life had been democratic and humanitarian. My problem was solved. His ideal of one great union of democracy had forced him to join the army. His humanitarianism had made him kind and just to his prisoners. This same dominant factor in his life made militarism obnoxious to him. I have conceived Owen as he might have looked on some bitter morning as he entered the camp and gazed at his poor wounded, half-starved prisoners, who were men of the highest civilization fighting and being fought by men of their own culture, blood and civilization, and pondered if the end justified hatred, bloodshed and suffering.

"It was a great pleasure, after making this bust, to hear later from Colonel Owen's son that the bust was more like his father than any picture ever made of him and that it represented his father as he knew him in character—that it was his father!

"I can not finish my letter to you without recalling the words and face of my old friend, Mr. Cunningham, as he stood in the office of your great-hearted Governor Ralston. He was thanking him

for the interest he took in making the unveiling a successful tribute to your splendid Indianian, Colonel Owen. Tears were streaming down his face as he said: "Governor Ralston, to tell you how important I feel that this honor should be paid to Richard Owen, I will tell you that I am a poor man, and the grave of the son whom I worship has not yet a marker; but I can not die without the South's paying this honor. I shall feel content now.' He died not many months later.

"But aside from my ideal work, I find great happiness in being an instrument in paying honor to the great, brave, romantic, chivalrous and splendid characters of our great Americans of history. America, with her extensive country to decorate and vast wealth, offers tremendous opportunity for great sculpture."

The memorial booklet published by the givers of the bust is full of meaning. There were nearly four hundred subscriptions to the fund, and with one or two exceptions the sums were small, showing the devotion of the people who made the gift.

The presentation speech was made by Gen. Bennet H. Young, commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans. He said of Colonel Owen:

"He rose higher than the passions and prejudices of the hour in which he lived and acted. He was impelled by the highest, greatest, noblest instincts of philanthropy in his treatment of others who had

by the misfortunes of war been placed in his charge. He was so patriotic that early during the war he offered his life to his country's call, and over and above this superb patriotism there was the gentle impulse for his fellow men in his great soul."

GEORGE MERRITT

Torch Bearer in Altruism

The Civil war was over. The famous telegram from Grant, "The enemy are our Countrymen again," had been received at Washington. The boys in blue were coming home, some gaily, some disabled; but many, looked for, never came. In the early summer following that awful 14th of April of the year 1865 Oliver P. Morton, the great war governor of Indiana, patriotic then as he had been in the early days of the great conflict, called a meeting of the citizens. This time it was to devise means to care for the soldiers who had been disabled and could no longer care for themselves. Among the fifty citizens who responded to this call was George Merritt, torch bearer in altruism. Mr. Merritt had been in the service of the Sanitary Commission in the Civil war, and came to this meeting with knowledge and experience as to the needs of the situation. After Governor Morton had unfolded his plan for founding an institution for tak-

ing care of the soldiers by private donation, as there then were no available funds, Mr. Merritt stood. He told the members present at the meeting that he came to them with numbers of unfulfilled promises made to dying soldiers whose only care seemed to be for their families, and especially their little children. He said he felt a deep responsibility in making good these promises to the dead. He said to the governor, "If you will permit, I myself will be responsible for five thousand dollars toward the maintenance of a children's home." Time proved that he made good this promise to the payment of the last dollar.

The governor and many of those present thought that since funds were so scarce the first undertaking caring for the disabled soldiers would be crippled by trying to forward another project. This decision left Mr. Merritt free to carry out his plans in his own way. He decided to have a home instead of an institution. In order to carry out this plan, Mr. Merritt felt that a woman of the highest type of character should be secured. Fortune favored him in this, and Miss Susan Fussell, a Philadelphia Quaker, was found to fill the office of mother and homemaker to this little family. Miss Fussell also served in the Sanitary Commission of the Civil war as nurse, and no one knew better than she what it required to take the responsibility of the place offered her, but she was very glad to assume it. Rooms were at once fitted up by Mr. Merritt in

the Military Hospital at Indianapolis in the same building now occupied by the City Hospital.

It was agreed that the first family formed under this plan should consist of ten orphans of soldiers. The home was well on the way by the last of November and continued in the same quarters until the next spring, when they went to Knightstown Springs.

The success of this experiment turned out far beyond any dreams that either had in the beginning, and the children that grew up in this family kept track of each other as if they had been blood relations. The institution was finally made a corporate part of the soldiers' home.

Mr. Merritt's work for children did not cease with the little family of orphans that he supported after the Civil war. Long before the days of kindergartens he established a public playground in Military Park where he hired a trained teacher to take charge of the children. He is said to be the unrecognized founder of the playground movement in Indianapolis.

Mr. Merritt was for many years a member of the Indianapolis School Board, and is responsible for one unique feature in the administration of Indianapolis Public Schools in conserving the fund arising from the bequest of Thomas Gregg. This man was a New England school teacher. He came to Indianapolis and taught for a number of years,

then went away. But when he died he left to the Indianapolis Schools a bequest of twelve thousand, eight hundred fifty dollars. To-day the Gregg Fund has become known throughout the middle West, and this is because it was so wisely handled by George Merritt, who proposed, when it was received, to take charge of it and husband it in such a way that it would revert a benefit on the schools without making it necessary to touch the principal. The income from this fund, now amounting to over one thousand dollars a year, is used to educate teachers, who are allowed a leave of absence for the purpose. Several teachers have gone to Germany, and many have been sent to the leading universities of the United States as beneficiaries of the Gregg Fund—thus bringing back to the Indianapolis schools broader ideas, better methods and greater efficiency.

Those who know the inside workings of the Gregg Fund say that no more is due to the fund originally given than is due to the guardianship of that fund by George Merritt until it became a source of income, and the benefice deserves the name of Merritt Fund as much as it does Gregg Fund.

George Merritt was one of the most democratic of men, and the colored people found in him a fast friend. While he was a member of the school board, not a great while after the Civil war, when numbers of colored people looked upon Indianapolis as a place of opportunity, Mr. Merritt, at the request of the

colored citizens, was instrumental in granting their petition for separate schools. He saw the justice in their plea for provision of teachers of their own race, who could better understand them and who could thereby educate themselves into lives of greater usefulness. This system of separate schools, founded by George Merritt, is in existence to-day.

The introduction to this chapter spoke of Mr. Merritt as one who did good by stealth and was found out by accident. This is clearly illustrated in the following story:

Aunty De Hodey at this time was a washerwoman, but she had been one of the fine black mammies of a splendid Virginia family, and she had brought to Indiana with her the manners that are so often found in the South. She knew as if by instinct that George Merritt was a man of altruistic principles and all that goes with it. This in the terms of her childish mind was expressed in the phrases, "He's a mighty good man, Mr. Merritt is. He's awful good-hearted. He makes me think of my mas'er in Ole Virginny."

Mr. Merritt was not Aunty De Hodey's only patron, and that is why she had so many opportunities to make known the nobleness of this man. Once Aunty came in to Mrs. Jones's in high spirits, saying, "You heard me speak of Mr. Merritt all these years. I ain't said half enough. What you think he gone done? He gone deeded my little house and

lot to me all for my very own, cause my boy George is twenty-one years old and Mr. Merritt says George must pay the taxes now cause he's been payin' 'em all this time while George has been a growin' up and Mr. Merritt never bothered me once about them taxes, an' I guess George'll do that cause I'se always sayin' to him, 'George, you must try to be a good man like Mr. Merritt, an' den I'll die happy.' "

Mrs. Merritt was in full accord with the altruistic spirit of her husband, and like him, did many things for many people without ostentation. Among the larger things she did was the founding of a home for aged colored women, where her benefice is now increasingly enjoyed.

Mr. Merritt's altruism permeated his entire life. The examples herein given were only expressions of his good feeling and came to the surface as he went about his business, which was for many years the operation of a woolen mill. The products of this mill had a reputation for their genuineness. A man in Ohio once wrote to Mr. Merritt asking if he did not manufacture some cheaper goods where the wool and the cotton were mixed, thus making a lighter and less expensive fabric. Mr. Merritt answered that he had no such goods, that all the products from his mill were genuine in obedience to the name that he had chosen, "Woolen Mills."

Until his removal to California, every child in the vicinity of the George Merritt School, named

for him, knew his familiar figure, exchanged cordial greetings with him and looked up to him with the respect due to a patron saint.

His face was always beautiful and benign and illuminated by a light that never was on "land or sea." His white hair reached to the top of his cape collar, as he usually wore a cape in winter.

In manner he was gentle, always inspiring confidence in those he met. He was sympathetic to a degree.

Mr. Merritt came to Indianapolis from Ohio and to Ohio from New York. He belongs in a class with the man who helped the Greeks against the Persians, and when victory was won by the Greeks, they hunted everywhere for the one who had done so much to win the day, but he could not be found. They had to be content with a word from the Oracle which said, "No name at all. The great deed ne'er grows small."

CHAPTER VII

Torch Bearers in Civil and Social Progress

THE activities mentioned in this group furnish an example of the growth of an idea. A thought entering one mind communicates the contagion of its enthusiasm to other minds, then follows co-operative effort, and organization, which in turn grow into nation-wide and world-wide movements.

It is worthy of note that the people of Indiana can look back over a hundred years to the civic service rendered by General John Tipton; that they can look back over half a century to the work in prison reform headed by Timothy Nicholson, of Richmond; that the leader of one branch of the Red Cross movement of the United States was born and reared on Indiana soil; that advance laws for better housing have been worked out by one of our Indiana women, living at Evansville; that the national pure food movement originated with the distinguished physician and chemist, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley of our state.

Two men who are real Torch Bearers in Civic Service and Social Reform are Levi Coffin of Richmond, who stands for the part taken by the Quakers in the Underground Railroad movement in Indiana,

and Dr. John N. Hurty, who has made as valiant a fight for health in the state of Indiana as Dr. Wiley has made for pure food in the nation.

The Woman's Literary Club movement of the United States, it must also be remembered, had its birth in Indiana, and one of the organizers for women of the nation is a loyal daughter of Indiana.

This stirs us with pride, not the pride of arrogance or vanity, but of patriotism which lends itself to respect for our state and its people.

JOHN TIPTON

Among the First to Bear the Torch of Civic Service in Indiana

No part of the continent was more densely wooded than eastern and southern Indiana. It was the region of the hard woods. Great trees, sometimes five or six feet in diameter, lifted their heads above a thick undergrowth, where the sun never reached the ground in summer. Beyond the Wabash the great billowy prairies began, stretching west to the foothills of the Rockies. Into this almost impenetrable forest came the pioneer. In his hands the axe, the tool with which he will clear the forest and build his cabin. Over his shoulder the rifle, which will furnish him almost all his food

from the woods filled with game until his crops are planted and gathered.

Among those entering the territory in the Fall of 1807 was the Tipton family from East Tennessee, a mother and her fatherless children. Fourteen years before, Joshua Tipton, a man of distinction in his region, had been killed by the Indians. His son John, at that time a child of seven, was now a young man of twenty-one years. They settled in Harrison County, near the Ohio, on a farm of fifty acres, and here began that rich civic life which places John Tipton among the constructive forces in the State of Indiana. He had great native ability but his educational advantages had been few.

More than half the State was still in the possession of the Indians, who had not voluntarily relinquished their rights, theirs by inheritance and occupation. They looked with alarm at the increasing settlements of Palefaces in the south, and the settlers grew more and more anxious. In 1811 came General Harrison's campaign, ending in the battle of Tippecanoe. In this expedition John Tipton served as a soldier, and he kept a daily diary which is to-day the completest account of the campaign at the service of the historians.

He left home an ensign. He returned a captain. Later he became a brigadier-general, and from that time on was called General Tipton. He was master of the art of border warfare. He had

been trained to it from a child, but this was only one of the things that he could and wanted to do.

His first civic office was that of justice of the peace in Harrison County. Men soon came to know that the first word in the title had reality back of it. The horse-thieves, counterfeiters and marauders left the neighborhood. When the Constitution went into effect he was elected sheriff of the county and held this office until he was chosen representative to the State legislature. Here his constructive ability was soon recognized. Whether nominally the head of a committee or not, he was its unifying force. His intellectual decisions passed at once into deeds.

In January, 1820, he was one of ten commissioners appointed to select a site for a new capital. Vincennes had been the territorial capital, Corydon the first state capital. Although the Indians were still in possession of northwestern Indiana, the settlements were moving north from the river counties, and the feeling that the permanent capital should be near the geographical center was strong. In addition to being near the center of the State, the new capital must be on a river, for the waterways were the highways in the early wilderness. The West Fork of White river, then called in official records "a navigable stream," in a way located the site. The commissioners were "to meet and qualify" at the Connor settlement south of the present site of Noblesville.

Three sites were proposed, Connor's Prairie, the mouth of Fall Creek and the Bluffs near Waverly. The commissioners were divided in judgment in regard to their advantages. Tipton and Governor Jennings, who, while he had no vote, was present and advised, favored Fall Creek, and on June 7 the selection was made, the commissioners then being in camp near the mouth of Fall Creek.

Tipton was re-elected to the next legislature and appointed a commissioner on the part of the state of Indiana to serve with one commissioner from the state of Illinois to locate and fix the boundary line between the two States. Their report was confirmed by the legislature in the session of 1822-23.

In March, 1823, General Tipton was appointed by President James Monroe, General Agent for the Pottawattomie and Miami Indians not yet removed from northern Indiana. He at once removed to Ft. Wayne, the location of the agency, and from this time on his interests were with the northern rather than with the southern part of the State. He was now a representative of the United States and in this office he showed great diplomatic and administrative skill. He negotiated treaties with the Indians, purchased their lands, paid them the price, and finally in 1838, when they refused to act on the terms of the treaty of 1826, at the head of a military force, he escorted them out of the State

to their new home beyond the Mississippi. It is said that he accomplished this with great skill.

Early Indiana had two great highways crossing each other at right angles, the National Road from east to west, the Michigan Road from north to south. It was Tipton who negotiated with the Indians for a strip of land one hundred feet wide through their reservation upon which to build a road which extended from the Ohio river at Madison to Lake Michigan, taking its name from the northern terminus.

In 1828, upon the suggestion of General Tipton, the Indian agency was removed from Ft. Wayne to Logansport. Here he showed a new kind of power as organizer of a town, with its educational and civic interests. He was particularly interested in building school-houses and raising money to pay teachers. He was the president of the Eel River Seminary.

When in 1831 a vacancy in the United States Senate, caused by the death of Senator Noble, was to be filled by vote of the Legislature, General Tipton was urged to be a candidate. For some time he refused. The following letter explains itself and shows some of the finest traits of this man's character, his modesty, his self-respect, his desire to serve.

At Home, July 23, 1831.

"Dear Sir—Your note of yesterday has been received, and in reply I have to inform you that I would greatly prefer remaining in the situation I now hold, as Indian agent, to any other that could be given me. I have many letters on this same subject, and am of opinion we should weigh well this matter before we act. If, after the election, it is found best to use a name, and mine is best (strongest), I will go with my friends for the cause and for our country, but believe me, that I am not seeking office, and will esteem it a sacrifice of peace and property to do this. My talent is not of the kind that I wish to see in the United States Senate."

John Tipton.

He was elected for the short term and re-elected for the full term of six years. He favored the United States bank in opposition to his party and worked for it with all his power. He was at the head of all committees on Indian affairs, and here, as everywhere, he commanded respect.

After the northern lands were open for sale he bought great tracts and he knew which the best lands were. When the State of Indiana was ready to accept and care for the Tippecanoe Battle-ground he deeded the land to the State.

He had the qualities which are valuable in all times and all places, honesty, intelligence, and the

imagination which gives power to work for future ends. He was a man among men and can be called a Constructive Pioneer.

TIMOTHY NICHOLSON

Torch Bearer in Prison Reform in Indiana for Over Fifty Years

One has but to read the story of prison reform in Indiana to learn how faithfully and how well Timothy Nicholson has labored in the service of his fellow men. Timothy Nicholson himself says that the chief credit for the high character of our more recent laws and their efficient administration belongs to the three men who successively served as secretary of the Indiana Board of State Charities—Alexander Johnson, Ernest P. Bicknell and Amos W. Butler. And each of these three men in turn declares that Timothy Nicholson is Indiana's most useful public servant. Certain it is that all four have immeasurably influenced the state's penal and correctional service, and in much that was undertaken Timothy Nicholson was the moving spirit.

Long before the Board of State Charities was created by the Legislature of 1889, Timothy Nicholson was working for prison reform. He was a charter member of a committee of Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends, appointed at the suggestion of

Charles F. Coffin in 1867, "to organize a system for the reformation of juvenile offenders and the improvement of prison discipline." Persistently, aggressively, this committee worked, and among the results obtained, which those who know say are due largely, and in some cases almost wholly, to the efforts of the Friends, are to be mentioned the establishment of a separate state institution for delinquent boys and another for women and girl offenders, who previously had been confined with men criminals in the State Prison at Jeffersonville; the correction of many abuses in state and county institutions, and the establishment of homes for dependent children, whom the committee found by the hundreds living in most unfortunate surroundings in the county poor asylums. For the passage of the Board of State Charities law, credit is due, in perhaps equal measure, to Timothy Nicholson and the Rev. Oscar C. McCulloch, and both men were appointed charter members of that body. Through the activities of the board, the crystallization into law of the humane principles for which it has stood, and the support of an enlightened public opinion, there has come into existence a system of public charities and correction which is an enduring tribute to the wisdom and the courage of its founders. No one will contradict this who remembers or can read of prison conditions in Indiana less than a half-century ago.

Those were the days when the state wrought vengeance upon the offender, notwithstanding that noble clause in the constitution which declared that the penal code should be "founded on the principles of reformation rather than of vindictive justice;" when the prisons were the scenes of much that was vicious and brutal, degrading alike to prisoners and their keepers; when mere children in institutions were subjected to influences which could but make criminals of them.

Under the laws of the past quarter of a century the state penal and correctional institutions have been transformed. They are now more like great schools in which men and women, boys and girls are learning to be good citizens. Read the long list of laws—the establishment of the Indiana Reformatory; the non-partisan management of state institutions; the regulation of prison punishment; the installation of trades teaching; the indeterminate sentence; adult probation; court, police and jail matrons; the separation of the Indiana Girls' School from the Indiana Woman's Prison; the establishment of state institutions for the class of offenders who heretofore have served their sentences in idleness in county jails; the better care of dependent, neglected and abandoned children; the board of children's guardians; the juvenile court (it was Timothy Nicholson's suggestion which led Judge George W. Stubbs to establish a separate court for children

in Indianapolis long before the juvenile court law was passed). These are some of the more important. And it is not too much to say that all of them are part of the movement that was started fifty years ago by the committee of which Timothy Nicholson was one of the leaders.

It is pleasant to be able to add to this sketch a bit of autobiography. The following notes are taken from a letter written by Timothy Nicholson, in his own hand:

"I was born in North Carolina in 1828 of religious parents, both of them elders in Friends Church (Orthodox). I was educated at a Friends Academy in the neighborhood in which we lived; afterward at a Friends School in Providence, R. I. I returned home and took charge as principal of the academy in which I was once a scholar, and remained principal for six years. In 1855, with my wife and child, I went to Haverford College, a Friends institution near Philadelphia, as an instructor for four years and for two years as its superintendent and treasurer. In 1861 I came to Richmond and joined a younger brother in a book store." (Here follows mention of his connection with the Friends Committee on Prison Reform, of which he was a member from 1866 to 1909, when at his own request it was released; also his membership on the Board of State Charities.) "By the work of this Board of State Charities," Mr. Nicholson continues,

"all the state institutions were rescued from partisan-political management, and the result was great improvement. Now, all our state institutions will compare favorably with the best in the United States, or in the world. After serving on this board for nineteen years (1889-1908) without any pecuniary compensation, giving an average of forty days a year from home, beside a vast amount of correspondence, in 1908, in my eightieth year, I resigned. But I still keep in active touch with the work and attend the annual conferences.*

"The Indiana Anti-Saloon League was organized twenty years ago, and I have been its president all this while. And I spent several days around the Legislature this winter,† using my influence to secure state-wide prohibition, a constitutional convention and woman suffrage, though I am now in my eighty-ninth year."

* Mr. Nicholson was president of the State Conference of Charities and Correction in 1896 and of the National Conference in 1902.

† 1917.

ERNEST P. BICKNELL

Who Now Bears the Torch of the American Red Cross in the Wake of Disaster and Distress.

There is a beautiful white marble building in the city of Washington, in which one may find a tablet bearing these words:

> "A memorial built by the Government of the United States and patriotic citizens, to the Women of the North and the Women of the South, held in loving memory by a now united country. That their labors to mitigate the suffering of the sick and wounded in war may be forever perpetuated, this Memorial is dedicated to the service of the American Red Cross."

In the same spirit in which this splendid memorial was created and then dedicated to the service of the Red Cross, the Red Cross itself is dedicated to the service of humanity. In time of war, it is at the front on errands of mercy to suffering soldiers. When some overwhelming disaster leaves a community stunned and prostrate, the Red Cross comes to restore hope and courage. And always its preventive work goes on—its department for instruction in first aid, its nursing bureaus, and its Christmas seal, the income from which is helping enormously the nation's fight against the scourge of tuberculosis. To each of its tasks it brings knowl-

edge and skill of the highest rank, and tireless devotion.

In the language of one of its officers, the Red Cross is "the great volunteer aid department of our country, to administer the generosity of the people in time of national or international need. Its accounts are required by law to be audited by the War Department; it must make an official annual report to Congress; if unworthy of its high calling it may be dissolved by that body, which created it; it has government supervision without government control; and under an international treaty it has received international recognition."

The history of the society dates back to 1864, when a treaty was entered into at Geneva, Switzerland, by which the principal nations of the world pledged themselves to aid the wounded in time of war, without distinction of nationality. In honor of the country where this memorable meeting occurred, the reverse of the Swiss flag, which is a white cross in a red field, became the emblem of the new organization—a red cross in a white field, and the organization took its name from its own flag. From time to time national societies came into being. The American Red Cross was first organized in 1881 as a private society, but this was dissolved shortly before the present corporation was created by act of Congress in 1905. In this land of peace, it has directed its activities to disaster relief more gen-

erally than is the case with the Red Cross of any other nation. During its first year, 1906, it participated in relief made necessary by a famine in Japan, an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, a typhoon in the Philippines, an earthquake in Chile, and in our own land, a violent storm on the coast of the Gulf States and the terrible earthquake and fire which devastated the city of San Francisco. This illustrates the variety of disasters which make demand upon the Red Cross, both in finances and in personnel. It must be ready for any and every emergency.

In 1916 a complete reorganization of the work of the Red Cross was effected, by which its various activities are now classed under three divisions, one having to do with business matters, one with military relief, one with civilian relief. Under "military relief" comes the department of first aid, also all activities for the relief of the sick and wounded in time of war. Under "civilian relief" are relief in disasters, the town and country nursing service, the Christmas seal, the membership bureau, and the entire network of state and local branches through which the office at Washington keeps in touch with every community in the whole broad land. Of the last-named division Ernest P. Bicknell, a Hoosier born and bred, is the director-general.

Mr. Bicknell first became connected with the Red Cross at the time of the San Francisco earthquake and fire in 1906. He was then superintendent of

the Chicago Bureau of Charities. Immediately after the catastrophe, a great committee in that city began the raising of a relief fund, and it appointed Mr. Bicknell its representative in the distribution of the money. Shoulder to shoulder with Dr. Edward T. Devine, who went to San Francisco as the special representative of the Red Cross, Mr. Bicknell worked for the relief of that stricken city. When, later, Doctor Devine returned to his duties as secretary of the New York Charity Organization Society, Mr. Bicknell became Red Cross agent, and his intended stay of two weeks lengthened out into six months. The next spring he went to England to attend the International Red Cross Conference, as a delegate from the United States Government. These experiences gave him an insight into the wonderful possibilities of the Red Cross in the field of emergency relief. Suggestions which he made to the society for the development of this work were adopted and he himself, in 1908, was placed in charge.

Ernest P. Bicknell was born near Vincennes in 1862 and is a graduate of Indiana University. He left Indiana to become superintendent of the Chicago Bureau of Charities. The wide range of his interest in matters of social welfare is indicated by a long list of committees and organizations on which he served in Illinois, while the presidency of the National Conference is the highest honor which social

workers of the United States can bestow upon one of their number.

In his present position it is part of Mr. Bicknell's duty, in time of some great calamity, to act in an advisory capacity to local relief bodies, or if desirable, to take charge of relief operations. Ordinarily his work is confined to the United States, but at the time of the Italian earthquake, when the homes of 500,000 persons were destroyed and near 100,000 persons perished, the Red Cross sent him to Sicily and Calabria, to study the relief methods and to cooperate with the agencies already on the ground. A part of the assistance rendered there by the American committee took the form of little frame houses, designed as temporary shelters for the homeless. There were between two thousand and three thousand of them. A street in one of these "American Villages," as they were called, is a silent testimony to the director of the American Red Cross. It bears the name "Via Bicknell."

In our own land Mr. Bicknell has personally directed relief occasioned by a long list of calamities—tornadoes, forest fires, mine disasters, floods. Perhaps the most disastrous of these, certainly the most widespread, was the flood in the Ohio River valley in 1913, when 65,000 families were driven from their homes and more than 300,000 persons were temporarily compelled to depend upon relief supplies for food. A stupendous task of rehabilitation con-

fronted the relief workers. Mr. Bicknell devoted five months to it before it was possible to leave the several communities to their own resources.

But all these calamities—all indeed that America has witnessed in a hundred years, do not, combined, present such a frightful picture of distress as Mr. Bicknell has witnessed at different times in the past three years in war-torn Europe. He tells about it in "The Survey," in the Red Cross Magazine and in the proceedings of the National Conference of Charities and Correction. Twice he has crossed the seas since the war began, not in his official capacity, but as a member of special commissions. One of these was sent by the United States government to assist Americans to return from the war zone. The other went under direction of the Rockefeller Foundation, to help non-combatant sufferers in the countries devastated by this most terrible of wars.

At the present time Mr. Bicknell is busy in Washington City helping to organize the forces all over the country, to meet any emergencies that may arise from the bursting of the war cloud that now hangs over us.

MRS. ALBION FELLOWS BACON

Torch Bearer in Housing Reform

Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon has so beautifully given the inception of her ideas in housing reform, that it is only necessary to mention a few of the activities with which she has been engaged from early girlhood. As we read over the pages of the "Who's Who Book in Indiana," we despair of naming the catalogue of what she has done. She was born April 8, 1865, in Evansville, Indiana; educated at the Evansville High School. Either in the position of organizer, leader or member, she had vital connection with the following organizations: The Men's Circle of Friendly Visitors, the Flower Mission, Anti-Tuberculosis League, Monday Night Club, Working Girls' Association, all of Evansville; the Indiana Housing Association, of which she was secretary; the National Housing Association, of which she was a director; the District Nurse Circle, the Civic Improvement Society, the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and is a lecturer and writer on tenement reform. All of these show the many angles of approach which this frail woman has looked upon and practiced in connection with her beloved theme of social amelioration through housing reform.

The following article, written by Mrs. Bacon, is full of the pulse-beats of a sympathetic soul.

"What led you into Housing Reform?" I am often asked. Every force that shaped my life, I might answer, from those

> "Shadowy years too distant to remember,
> Where childhood merges backward into night."

My first dim memory is of Arcadian beauty that lay all about me. Those wide free fields made the congested ugly city slums unbearable.

My mother's influence was a strong force. Her spotless purity of life and language extended to her material surroundings. She was one of the earliest sanitarians. The whitest garments, the most wholesome food, abundance of sunshine, air and water, she would have. Her fine public spirit, her humanitarianism and religious devotion, impressed us deeply, even as children, with our responsibility to our community and to the poor.

Directly, it was the divine command, "Follow Me," that sent me into the homes of the poor. Seeing their misery and wretched condition, I was never able to turn away from it, but plunged into one phase of social service after another, in an effort to better their conditions. Still, whatever I undertook, the conclusion was forced upon me that only temporary relief could be given, so long as the

people lived as they did. Why should we nurse the sick, and allow the unsanitary conditions that breed disease? Why engage in anti-tuberculosis work when we permitted "tuberculosis factories" to stand? Why work for child welfare and social purity, when children were being reared in overcrowded dens that were schools of vice? Why work for community health, when we ignored centers of epidemics? Why fight for public morals, when the stream was poisoned at a thousand sources? Why dream of a higher citizenship when, all over the state, voters were growing up in "homes" that encouraged lawlessness and indecency, that accustomed them to low standards and furnished no ideals?

Year after year it was borne in upon me more irresistibly that *the homes of the people* mold the life of the people. That the homes are more important to public health than are any public places or conditions. That the homes affect life and character as do neither church nor school.

As I investigated conditions among the poor and the working people, first in my own city, and then throughout the entire state, *the homes of Indiana* came to be the burden of my heart. I took upon me, in 1908, what has become my life work, of wiping out the slums of Indiana, and of planting in their places homes worthy of the name.

It is a long, hard task, one I have faced with no

illusions. It cannot all be done in one lifetime, yet I am glad to devote my life to that part which it is given me to accomplish, feeling sure that others will be raised up to succeed the noble men and women who are working with me.

The result of my investigations showed me that much of the sickness and misery of the poor, much, indeed, of the preventable disease of the state, was due to unsanitary living conditions. Dark, damp, foul, over-crowded rooms, with little or no light and air, no water, no drainage, no sewerage, no provision for ashes, garbage and other waste, prevailed in all of our cities and towns. It was a shock to find hundreds of families sleeping in windowless rooms. It was amazing to know that a large percentage of families—families of from three to ten persons—lived, ate, slept, cooked, washed, in only one room! We found unspeakable degradation, due to congestion and promiscuity, where vice was inevitable. I found that "housing reform" was the first step that must be taken—the requiring of safety and decency in dwellings, by law, since slum owners defied us to get changes without a law.

The story of housing legislation in Indiana is a long one, dealing with five sessions of the legislature, from 1909 to 1917. As I have given the story of three sessions in my story, *Beauty for Ashes,* with the names of those who took a prominent part, this limited space must be used for other facts. Suf-

fice it to say, we have passed three laws, in these five sessions.

The bill submitted to the legislature of 1909 was for a tenement law to apply to all the cities and towns in Indiana. Much as we desired a law to regulate all dwellings, it was considered inexpedient to attempt it, so the "multiple dwelling," in which two or more families lived, was dealt with. It provided that every tenement should have at least one window in each room, with enough vacant space on the lot to admit sunlight and air to that window. It regulated the minimum size of rooms, yards and courts; required water, drainage and sewerage (where possible) with separate toilets for each family, in new houses—but no bathtubs! Would we could! Fire hazard was provided against, and promiscuity prevented by requiring separate conveniences for families. Lighting of halls was required, congestion provided against, and other measures taken to prevent vice.

After a long fight the bill passed—only applying to Indianapolis and Evansville! However, it went into strong effect in both cities.

In 1911 we fought another long, hard fight, winning a state-wide tenement code—only to lose it, at midnight of the last night of the session, by the change of one vote!

In 1913 we won the law, lost in 1911. It is an entire code, and applies to the one hundred cities of

Indiana—but not to its 373 towns. We were not able to get them included.

In 1915 I was obliged again to spend most of the session at the capitol fighting efforts to repeal or injure the tenement law. At the same time we made an effort to get a brief supplemental law, giving the state control of all dangerous and uninhabitable dwellings, in the entire state. The senate passed it with only two votes against it, the house killed it by only two votes. This year we have won that same law, by a unanimous vote in both houses.

The bill is of far-reaching effect, and if it regulated the construction of dwellings hereafter erected, it would be next to the last word in housing legislation.

The last word will be spoken when public sentiment demands that *every building* shall conform to such regulations as are necessary for the safety and welfare of the public.

The last word spoken by law is the beginning of the sentence for housing betterment. Upon the foundation of decency and safety—which is all that law can require—the homes of Indiana can be built, with all those desirable attributes that people can be educated to give. Education, indeed, there must be, so that the needs of the people may be known. We must know the exact conditions of our cities, our towns, our rural communities. We must realize what these conditions mean to the people in

the home, what the home means to the community. Home economics must be widely studied. Architects and sanitarians must take their part in educating the people. We must know the value of beauty of form, line and color, of space and outlook, of cheerfulness and agreeableness, and their effect upon morals and efficiency, as well as knowing the value of convenience. Then, we must apply the most rigid common sense and business principles to the work of finding out how we can house our people in structures that are durable, sanitary, safe, convenient, comfortable and attractive, at a cost that can be afforded by the builder, owner and renter. When this is brought home to Indiana, as it has already been accomplished elsewhere—we must find the men who are willing to build such houses. Nor will our task then be finished. The care and management of the homes for the poorer classes will always need our interest. "Teaching the tenant" must be done in all of our communities, until the grievances of rental owners and the anarchistic tendencies of tenants find adjustment and removal.

For some years to come the enforcement of our existing housing laws will be a matter of first interest. Already men in some of our cities are taking up the question of housing the workmen, who have been called to our cities in such large numbers that a "house famine" results. It is with deep joy that I hear, in the far distance, the busy hammers at work upon model homes for our people. The only sound

that approaches it is the fall of decaying timbers when our slums are razed.

There is an accompaniment in my heart of the wailing of sick babies, and the groans of suffering women, that I trust will some day be drowned entirely by the shouts and laughter of happy children, on the recreation fields of a garden city "in our own Indiana."

One comes to understand, at least in our humble, mortal way, how the Master was moved to weep over his beloved city. Who can go through the crowded slums of our cities, and see their congestion growing year by year, without a deep, dumb ache for all the misery that we have seen? And who can work for one's state without a growing love for it, and a growing pride in its name, its institutions, its people—its very soil? Long ago I put this consuming feeling into words, which have been published elsewhere, but I may quote here:

THE TORCH

Make me to be a torch for feet that grope
Down Truth's dim trail; to bear for wistful eyes
Comfort of light; to bid great beacons blaze,
And kindle altar fires of sacrifice.

Let me set souls aflame with quenchless zeal
For great endeavor, causes true and high.
So would I live to quicken and inspire,
So would I, thus consumed, burn out and die.

ALBION FELLOWS BACON.

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DR. HARVEY W. WILEY

Torch Bearer in Pure Food Reform

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley is not only an expert chemist, but a figure of national renown. He affords an example of a man who became so deeply interested in his life work that it turned him into a reformer, not for the saving of men's souls alone, but for the preservation of their bodies. Dr. Wiley was born in Kent, Indiana, in 1844. He is an alumnus of Hanover, and prepared himself for his work at Harvard and in Europe. Before starting the pure food movement, he had given some of the best years of his life to teaching in Indiana high schools and colleges.

Dr. Wiley's interest in the pure food movement was not sporadic, but of natural, steady growth, and led him to a work that he did not foresee in the beginning, but which he could not abandon until he had followed out the inevitable conclusions which carried science from the laboratory into a nation-wide humanitarian movement.

Except for his own good will in telling his story, the readers of this book would have lost much that is above price in the history of the social and civic progress of Indiana. Here follows Dr. Wiley's own account of his work in the pure food move-

ment. He says: "The story of how I came into the pure food work is as follows:

"From early boyhood I have always been interested in matters relating to nutrition and health. While a sophomore in Hanover College, in 1865, I read an essay on 'The Importance of Health.' In those early days I, of course, knew very few of the fundamentals of the necessity of good food but I did realize that efficiency in any kind of an undertaking, whether in the class-room or in the cornfield, depends on health. During my medical studies I realized how little was known of the science of nutrition. Eminent physicians prescribing for the same kind of a case would give diametrically opposite opinions respecting the food supply and its importance. It was not until 1878, however, while I was a student in the University of Berlin, that I really undertook a systematic study of foods in their relation to health.

"Through the courtesy of the Imperial Health officer of Berlin, I was admitted into the public health laboratory, and did work therein on foods and food analysis. I also took a very elaborate course of lectures from Professor Eichhorn on the food of plants, he at that time being professor of plant physiology. On my return to Lafayette, Indiana, in 1879, I made arrangements to continue these studies and I began by studying the sugar, molasses and syrup supply of the state. In 1880 I interested the Indi-

ana State Board of Health, through Dr. Vinnedge, of Lafayette, who was a member of the board at that time, in these studies. They made me a grant of fifty dollars for expenses in connection with these studies in the adulteration of sugars and syrups in the state. I made quite an elaborate study with the aid of this small fund, and made a report to the State Board of Health on the subject, which was published in 1881. This publication, though not of very large extent, is therefore an epoch in my career in connection with the food supply of the country.

"These studies in sugars and syrups, together with my connection with the agricultural college of the state, attracted the attention of Dr. George B. Loring, who was commissioner of agriculture at Washington. In January, 1883, I was invited by him to attend a meeting of agricultural chemists and directors of experiment stations in Washington and to deliver an address on the relations of science to agriculture. In about a month after my return from Washington I received a letter from Dr. Loring offering me the position of chief chemist in the Department of Agriculture. I accepted this position and was sworn in on the ninth of April, 1883. Dr. Loring granted me leave of absence until the end of the college year at Purdue. I finished the year and resigned from Purdue on Commencement Day, 1883.

"Immediately on taking up my residence in

Washington, D. C., I organized the campaign in the study of food adulteration, and the first bulletin on that subject was published in 1884. This work was continued with increasing vigor and in collaboration with similar work which was going on in some of the states. An increasing interest was soon manifested in this subject all over the country. This interest led to the introduction into Congress of various bills intended to regulate interstate commerce in adulterated and misbranded foods. The interests engaged in the adulteration and misbranding of foods and drugs were not idle. A vigorous campaign was inaugurated to defeat all legislation of the kind proposed. These efforts were uniformly successful. It was not until the thirtieth of June, 1906, that a food and drugs law was finally enacted by Congress and approved by the President of the United States, and what happened subsequent to 1906 is still modern history. The Congress of the United States imposed on the Bureau of Chemistry the duty of enforcing the food and drugs act. As head of that bureau I proposed to enforce it to the letter. I had just finished the experiments in feeding young men over long periods of time certain food preservatives and coloring matters, and the results of these studies were such as to indicate that all bodies of this kind were harmful. A storm of opposition arose against my work on the part of persons interested in the use of preservatives and

colors. As a result of this protest my further investigations were ordered to be stopped. The publication of two of the series of investigations was suspended and has remained suspended ever since. The results which I had obtained were ordered to be placed before a separate board not recognized by the law but created for the express purpose of delaying or preventing action against the users of food preservatives and colors. This board was created by President Roosevelt in direct violation of the food and drugs act, which provided the machinery for its own enforcement. The Remsen Board created by President Roosevelt was a different machinery not recognized in the law. It, however, prevailed. The decisions of the Remsen Board were in all cases accepted in opposition to my own. As a result benzoate of soda, around which the battle raged most fiercely, was declared to be a harmless substance and that decision still stands. Thus the adulteration of food, forbidden by law, was established by executive act. The Remsen Board has died but its evil works still live.

"Perhaps the greatest battle in which I was engaged was with reference to alcoholic beverages. The question, 'What is whisky?' became of world-wide interest. President Roosevelt, after a long battle, decided the whisky question in my favor. Those who believed in bad whisky took their case into the federal courts and uniformly were defeated. When

Taft became President he reversed the ruling of Roosevelt and re-established rulings which recognized adulterated whisky as the genuine article, and to-day benzoate of soda and impure whisky sail under the direct approval of the highest officials of the United States."

CONSTANCE FAUNTLEROY RUNCIE

Torch Bearer in Founding the First Woman's Literary Club in the United States

"Upon my return to New Harmony from Stuttgart, Germany, where I had been studying for five years, I heard of a secret society in the school of our town. With all the longings for a larger life, and filled with the spirit of helpfulness which I had breathed in from the traditions of the Owen community, I said, 'Let us organize a literary society,' and the response resulted in the formation of 'The Minerva' in 1859, the first woman's literary club regularly organized in the United States. We called it 'The Minerva' because we wished to become wise. The membership of this club consisted at first of young married women and single ladies. We listened to poems, papers, essays, readings and debates, and one of our members, Mrs. Ella Deitz Clymer, afterward became president of the New York Sorosis, a club which claimed to be of earlier origin than the Minerva."

Constance Fauntleroy was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1836, and died in St. Joseph, Missouri, in 1911. She was the grand-daughter of Robert Owen and daughter of Jane Dale Owen Fauntleroy. She inherited the gifts of her illustrious ancestors and was most proficient in music and literature. During her stay in Stuttgart with her widowed mother, brothers and sister, she gave much of her time to the study of music. To show how the education started by the Owen experiment in 1825 lived on in New Harmony, where she spent most of her girlhood, Mrs. Runcie told a news reporter that she played ball in the field, set type at the bench, looked on at the dance before she was old enough to take part; and as she grew, took to dancing as naturally as she did to walking when a child. She was reared in the society of scholars and thinkers, being left free to form her own religious opinions; her genial manner and openness of mind, along with her kindly humor endeared her to all friends. After her marriage to the Rev. James Runcie, she went with her husband to live in Madison, and there, as in New Harmony, her home became a center for literary culture and social uplift. She founded a club soon after going to Madison, and its members received from it delight and growth. Her name came to be revered in Madison as a great leader and to this day her benign influence is felt.

At the end of ten years, Mr. and Mrs. Runcie

moved from Madison to St. Joseph, Missouri, where a call was extended from an Episcopal church. During these years Mrs. Runcie kept her pen busy and a volume of lyrical verse, written by her, has been published. She also continued her music and soon came to be known here, as she had been in other places. The Runcie Club, whose president she was in St. Joseph, still exists.

She often spoke of the spirit that actuated the formation of the Minerva and of the Sorosis. The New York society grew, she said, out of a very different spirit from that which actuated the forming of the Minerva. When Charles Dickens visited America and the tickets were being given out for the dinner of journalists in his honor, a newspaper writer, Mrs. Croly, applied for a ticket, but was refused because only men were to be present. Thereupon she immediately formed a club, naming it the Sorosis. No doubt existed in the minds of any of its members as to its being the mother club of all others, until Mrs. Runcie brought to light the indisputable fact that the Minerva Club was several years older than the Sorosis.

Upon the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of New Harmony, 1914, a surviving member of the Minerva Club, Mrs. Fauntleroy, presided. She was then in the glory of her years, and gave a beautiful and simple recital of the little group that had gathered there over a

half a century before in the interests of the larger life. While she was speaking, a telegram from Chicago, sent by the president of the Federated Clubs of the United States, then in session, in greeting to New Harmony, was read to the audience. Many who were present made the connection between the small beginning which had just been recited and the immense conclave assembled in Chicago, and decided in favor of the early simplicity represented by this pioneer of the Minerva Club.

The candle-light from this little group in New Harmony in 1859 lit a torch that in turn lit beacon-fires in forty-eight states, which to-day shine from shore to shore on a great continent.

MARY GARRETT HAY

Torch Bearer as Organizer of Woman's Work

As organizer in woman's work, Mary Garrett Hay embodies in herself all the attributes required for such a position and fitly deserves a place in the procession among torch bearers. She has a deep insight into the needs of the situation and of the means by which she can accomplish the ends desired. She is a splendid judge of character and can, as if by instinct, see what place a person fits and how to put him to work in it. She has an unbounded enthusiasm that communicates itself to all her co-workers.

She is magnetic and her winning manner commands both love and respect wherever she appears. As a presiding officer she is unsurpassed, and by a wave of the hand can still a disturbance. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, leader of the suffrage movement in the United States, has not been slow to recognize this, and Miss Hay now works side by side with Mrs. Catt in the suffrage body of which she is a member. Miss Hay is also president of the New York Woman Suffrage party and a board member of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, in which she is a recognized leader.

All unconscious to herself, Mary Garrett Hay was trained to her work from earliest childhood. Her father was, as his father before him had been, an eminent physician. He was also a man highly respected in politics and presided over conventions and meetings which gathered in the village of Charlestown, where Mary Garrett Hay was born. She went with her father to these public meetings and often stood by him on the platform while he presided. What she heard here was a shaping influence in after life.

One of her ancestors surveyed the ground and laid out Charlestown. It was here that Jonathan Jennings, first Governor of Indiana, came to claim his bride, the beautiful Anna Hay, great-aunt of Mary Garrett Hay. In her young womanhood, Miss Hay came with her father, Dr. Hay, from Charlestown to Indianapo-

lis to live and soon became interested in the temperance work, where after a time her organizing ability brought her in close touch with Zerelda Wallace, Mrs. Luella McWhirter, and other prominent workers in temperance. Later, she was discovered by Miss Lodie Reed, editor of a temperance paper called the *Organizer*. Miss Reed also recognized the ability of Mary Garrett Hay and made her an assistant on the paper. While in this work, Miss Hay was fully abreast of the temperance movement, as indeed she is at the present day. She soon learned, along with Frances Willard and many others, that if women were to work effectively in temperance they must have the ballot. Long before Miss Hay was born, Frances Wright had lifted up her voice for the enfranchisement of woman in southern Indiana. Her voice was the first to be heard before public gatherings on this subject. The Quakers, in northeastern Indiana, had declared that woman should have a voice in the law as elsewhere. Memorials to the Indiana legislature had been sent by the Eastern Suffrage Association without avail, but the cause then had no strong footing in this state. It was looked upon rather as a novelty than a possible reality.

As time went by, Mary Garrett Hay went to New York city to help as organizer in a larger field of suffrage work. She was at once associated with Susan B. Anthony, with Elizabeth Cady Stanton,

and later with the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, and, as has been said, with Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

In the official rooms of this New York suffrage movement, where Miss Hay works early and late, there gather women of the rich and the poorer classes, those of leisure and of labor, native and foreign born, all to discuss together ways and means for the furtherance of suffrage in the city and state of New York, and indirectly in the non-suffrage states. Miss Hay makes frequent trips as suffrage organizer wherever she is needed in the United States. She went to California on such a mission in 1896, to aid in the suffrage campaign there in that year. While the work did not result in a triumph, it placed the wedge and success was won a few years later. To-day the California women feel as if they had always cast the vote.

Miss Hay is a true daughter of Indiana, and is now president of the Indiana Society of New York. She wrote to a friend in Indianapolis upon learning of a part-suffrage bill passed by the last legislature, that she kept close watch upon everything that her sisters in the old Hoosier state were doing. She spoke of the great gratification given her by the part-suffrage bill, and trusted that in the making of a new constitution of Indiana there would be granted to the women of the state full suffrage.

Indiana has no more loyal daughter on her soil than this woman, Mary Garrett Hay, now trans-

planted in New York, but ever cherishing her love for the state of her birth, and at all times seeking opportunity in her service to the world to do something for the women of Indiana.

CHAPTER VIII

Torch Bearers in Art and Music

THE men and women who founded Indiana brought with them memories of the old homes which they left and the art instincts that belong to the human race. Before the days of the daguerreotype or the chromo or the illustrated paper, and much else that is cheap, born since that time, they found joy in the song of the bird and the whisper of the winds and found strength in the giant trees and in the on-going processes of nature. The housewife brought in the jar of wild roses for the mantel and filled the fireplace in summer with asparagus. Her snowy curtains and clean floor, the wall spaces, the homemade furniture of good material, good line, good workmanship, and the old-time cradle, along with the "candle stand" on which was found at all times the family Bible, gave the home the spirit of peace, and filled out the dictum of William Morris, "Have nothing in your house that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." Indeed, some of these homes formed a great contrast to the dynamic effect experienced upon looking at the walls of the modern college student, where there are banners and cartoons and all manner of souvenirs. The

American tapestry, the coverlet, and the artistic quilts and textile fabrics came later to satisfy the taste for industrial arts.

Mr. William Forsythe has placed before the public an instructive pamphlet in which he gives sketches and records the names of the artists of Indiana along the various lines. Among those mentioned we have been interested to read of the training and life of such men as Theodore C. Steele, who has put Brown County on canvas so well that a neighbor of Mr. Steele's said to the writer: "It is very strange that I have lived here all my life and never saw Brown County until I went to Mr. Steele's studio on the hill. We have been interested in looking at the portraits of Wayman Adams, who is already reckoned among the first of the artists in this branch of painting; at the marvelous beech trees of J. E. Bundy; at the lifelike children of Otto Stark; at the sea-views of the late J. B. Gruelle; of the landscapes of William Forsythe, J. Ottis Adams, and of many others who exhibit yearly in the John Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis.

In the illustrator's art, beside Fred C. Yohn, are Franklin Booth, who has won national reputation, and Will Vawter, who is said to be one of the most sympathetic illustrators of Riley's poems.

Upon approaching the State House from the Washington street front one thinks with gratitude of Frances M. Goodwin, of Newcastle, for her

sculptured bust of Robert Dale Owen. The sculptors, Melza B. Wilson, of Madison, now working on great cathedral sculptures in New York, and Myra Talbot Richards, who is coming to be known as a sculptor of portrait busts, deserve mention here.

The architecture in Indiana bears the stamp of the Middle West. One of the later architectural features observed in passing over the state is the new school-houses erected in almost every county. These buildings, for the most part, have sunken roofs, which lend to them an unfinished appearance. Architecture is one of the noblest of arts, and it is to be hoped that some one in Indiana will arise to give it distinction in the buildings and homes of the state. As yet the most pretentious building in every county seat is the courthouse, and there are some churches and bank buildings that deserve commendation.

The singing in early Indiana lent itself mostly to the service of religion and was cultivated at the singing-schools, which in a way corresponded to the modern chorus. Indiana now boasts of teachers in all branches of musical art. There are pioneer chorus and orchestral leaders like Professor Ernestinoff and composers like the late Clarence Forsythe, to whom we are indebted for an arrangement of folk-songs. There are also the Riley-songs, arranged by Frederick Krull, Barclay Walker, Elizabeth Cotton and others. And thus we see that the growth of

music in Indiana has steadily progressed. Thaddeus Rich and Eddie Brown have made Indiana known by their violin playing. Oliver Willard Pierce is a great pianist and a great teacher.

WILLIAM MERITT CHASE

Torch Bearer as Painter and Teacher of Art

"I happen to be a member of the most magnificent profession that the world knows. . . . It has a standard, established for all time, of the highest dignity; so much so that I believe I am voicing the opinion of every member of my profession when I say that one of the thoughts in our minds is that when we pass away we will leave a record of having lived here.

"I am happy in the thought that interest in art is increasing in America; that whereas a few years ago we had scarcely any art museums, we now have many. There is no influence of so refining a nature as really pure, great art."

The foregoing words spoken by Mr. Chase at a dinner before the American Federation of Arts in Washington, D. C., in 1916, not many months before his death, are full of significance. They came from the full heart of one who was voicing his highest ideals; first, in taking his art seriously; second, in the belief that the real masters wrought for

all time and are thus bound to leave their mark. In the next place he voiced his pride in American art, in which he was a pioneer, looking back from more than a quarter of a century to the time when he refused the offer of a six years' position in Munich to return to America and cast his lot with the new art of the New World. This also sounds the key-note of patriotism, which was one of his marked characteristics. He always insisted that American art was to be the art of the future; that here was life, opportunity, material for the artist and, above all, a great national inspiration.

William Meritt Chase was born in the town of Franklin, Indiana, in 1849. He always had what he called a knack for drawing, but it was not until the age of nineteen that he dedicated himself to the art of painting. In that year he came to Indianapolis and entered the studio of B. F. Hayes, where he made rapid progress and where he met Jacob Cox, a well-known artist of Indiana at that time.

A two years' study in New York was followed by residence in St. Louis, where he developed remarkable skill in painting still-life; thence to Munich for six years under Piloty and the inspiration of the old masters in the galleries; thence to Paris and back to New York. Here he began work in earnest; his apprenticeship was ended.

He was most faithful in all of his technique and

handled his brush with the stroke of a master at all times. He was equally at home with crayon, pastel, water colors or paint. His subjects ranged from still-life through landscape to portraiture. His first fondness for still-life never left him. Portraits from his brush hang in many galleries in the United States. Among some of the favorites are "Alice," "Dorothy," "The Lady with the White Shawl," and "My Mother." He also made portraits of many college presidents and various other personages.

In landscape he made some of his most charming sketches at Shinnecock, a point on Long Island where he went in 1891 and founded a summer school, which continued through eight years.

In future verdicts of Mr. Chase's service in art, his teaching will perhaps stand forth more than it does to-day; for he was a born teacher. Much of the time in which he had charge of the Art League in New York he was conducting summer tours abroad, and once met forty students in Florence for a term. As a teacher he was severe in his standards, critical in his judgments and penetrating in his insight into the character of his students. His piercing eyes could tell at a glance what was wrong with the work before him. He had days for certain work and always reserved a time for tramping. Both when he painted and when he taught he found marvelous inspiration in nature, and revealed New York and Franklin Square to people who had looked

upon their vistas and parks and mists so many years yet had seen nothing.

To show how this spirit permeated his family life, his little daughter, standing at the window, once said, "Papa, come quick; here is a cloud posing for you."

He made many trips to Spain to place himself under the spell of his beloved Velasquez. It was on one of these journeys that he stopped in England, and there at Grosvener Gallery saw Whistler's "Miss Alexander." The painting had a charm for him that he never forgot. But he did not make Whistler's acquaintance until the next year.

Among Chase's other friends were George Inness, Walter Shirlaw, La Farge, Manet, Homer, and others. One will have to refer to the "Who's Who?" book to read of the great number of medals and prizes received by Chase for his works and the great honors conferred upon him at home and abroad. His own country honored him at the Centennial Exposition with a medal for a painting sent at that time from abroad, and the Paris Exposition gave him a medal in 1900.

There was a strain of idealism running through Mr. Chase's nature. This is illustrated in the little story of the "White Canvas." He told one of his friends that always beside the easel upon which he worked, there was a "white canvas," untouched. When he thought out his pictures, he thought of

them as on the "white canvas," but he painted them on another canvas by the side of it. He remarked that many people did not understand this, and indeed, some interpreters gave it out that there was a literal white canvas, visible to the eye.

"When the story of American art is finally told, Chase's name will be high on the list of the great."
—Gifford Beal in the January *Scribner*.

JANET SCUDDER

Torch Bearer in Sculpture

The name of Janet Scudder, engraved on the Indiana Centennial Medal which she designed, is now spoken familiarly in the homes and schools of our state, and her high rank among the sculptors of America rightly gives her this honor.

Janet Scudder was born in Terre Haute, Indiana, October 27, 1873, where she was educated in the graded and high schools. Her art training began in Cincinnati under Louis F. Rebisso; she spent three years in Chicago under Lorado Taft and afterward continued her studies in Paris, finally becoming the pupil of Frederick MacMonnies.

Miss Scudder is the only American woman sculptor who has been honored by having specimens of her art bought by the French government and placed in the Luxembourg Museum, Paris. One of these

pieces, a portrait bust, has been reproduced in gold and another in silver. She has had studios in Chicago, New York, Paris and Florence for a number of years at different times. During her stay in Italy her interest in fountains became so great that she has given much time to this form of sculptural art, which exhibits her power of making her frogs and children harmonize in the places they occupy in her designs. She has embodied the joyous nature of children and made them gay without making them trivial and her whole structure bears the marks of dignity and grace.

Miss Scudder's first order was for a lamp-post; following this was one for a seal for the New York Bar Association. While she was studying in Chicago, she was given orders by the Columbian Exposition Board for heroic sized figures to be placed in the Illinois and the Indiana state buildings, and it was at this exposition she was awarded a bronze medal for her exhibits. In 1904, at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, she exhibited a bronze sun-dial, for which she again received a bronze medal. Her work ranges through medals, seals, sun-dials, cinerary memorials, fountains, portrait busts and heroic-sized figures.

Miss Scudder has the distinction of producing one of the thirty illustrative statues of Oriental and classical ideals for the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Her figure, placed on the façade, was

the only contribution by a woman. This piece of work is twelve feet high and represents a Japanese sun goddess; it is highly praised as being a gravely dignified sculptural creation.

Miss Scudder's specimens of work in the United States have been purchased and placed as follows: In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City; in the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C. In her native state, Indiana, besides the Centennial Memorial Medal, she is represented by a Frog Fountain and medals in the John Herron Museum of Fine Arts at Indianapolis; by a bronze memorial tablet to Arthur Middleton Reeves, at Richmond; The Wood Nymph, a colossal statue in plaster, in the Emmeline Fairbanks Library of Terre Haute.

In appearance, Miss Scudder is large and graceful, with hands that speak capacity. She herself would make a fine model for a Greek goddess. She is approachable, genial in manner, and kindly in temperament, but withal showing critical judgments in art, and with an artistic conscience which cannot be made to accept an order for work unless it be placed in a suitable environment, which would form an organic part of the composition.

Miss Scudder relates an interesting anecdote in connection with her early study. It was at a time when she was taking up wood-carving as a profession, and had been employed to do its finer work by

a Chicago firm. Shortly after her establishment there, she was waited upon by a walking delegate who declared she must be put out because she was a non-union worker and a woman, and that she had no right to compete with the men who ought to have the job. From this encounter, she left wood-carving and at once turned her attention to sculpture. For this she has always been grateful, and in looking back over the steps in her early career she feels her indebtedness to the walking delegate.

At the outbreak of the present European conflict Miss Scudder was working in France and offered her estate at Ville d'Avray, near Paris, to the ministry of war as a hospital, for which purpose it was used. She then moved her studio to Paris, and assisted in the Red Cross work of France before she came home to resume her work in New York City. She is at present designing a commemoration medal for the United States government to be presented by the latter to the commissioners who represented South America in the Mexican mediation.

Some art critics have associated the name of Miss Scudder with those of Augustus St. Gaudens in America and Victor D. Brenner in France, as sculptor medallists.

AMALIA KUESSNER COUDERT

Torch Bearer in the Art of Miniature Painting

"What old masters did you study?" was asked. "None; who taught the old masters?" was the answer given by Amalia Küssner as she stood in the wondering crowd which was admiring her work, exhibited in New York, whither she had come a few weeks before.

Paints and oils, a brush of not more than six hairs, an eye with an unerring artistic power to see the true and the beautiful, a hand able to place the most delicate lines on a porcelain surface by the aid of a magnifying glass, a few samples of her work and a sublime assurance of her ability to carry out her life purpose of miniature portrait painting, these were the only equipments taken by Amalia Küssner when she left her home to try her fortune in the great metropolis of New York. Upon her unheralded arrival there, she entered the studio of a social leader and art connoisseur and showed him some of her work. Upon looking at it he shook his head and told her there was no demand for such work as that. It was not what the world wanted. It was too fine and too costly. He then held before her a portrait of his daughter, photographed on porcelain and touched up in color, saying, "This is what the world wants." She left his studio disap-

pointed but not discouraged. This same man later stood before her work and must have seen that his first judgments were not well founded.

Soon after this exhibit of her miniatures in New York, doors were opened to her as if with magic keys. Orders came in abundance from the wealth and beauty of the great city, and the artist, with the divine passion for her art, painted night and day, receiving for her portraits a liberal remuneration. Among the New York admirers of Miss Küssner's work was Lady Paget of England. She invited the young artist to come across the water, promising to place her work before the British public. When she responded to this invitation, Miss Küssner found a willing champion in London for her art in Sir John Millais. In London, as in New York, orders fairly flowed in. She made miniature portraits of the Duchess of Marlborough, the King of England and many of the English nobility.

In 1899 Miss Küssner went to the Court of Russia, where she made miniature portraits of the Czar, the Czarina and some of the Russian nobility. In the autumn of the same year, she went to Africa to paint the portrait of Cecil Rhodes.

Upon her return to New York in 1900, she was married to Charles D. Coudert of that city. Her marriage did not stop her life-work, but left her free to paint such studies as she chose on account of their artistic value. Here she has since practiced

miniature portrait painting, going abroad when she desired.

Though the name Küssner is German, her style is more after the manner of the French. She clothes her figures in some general fashion which will not fade with the passing hour. The prices for her miniatures range in the thousands.

Those who know only the *finished* miniature can not conceive of the concentrated effort, care and delicacy of touch, and the patience required to make this gem of portrait painting.

Amalia Küssner is well remembered in her native town, Terre Haute, Indiana, as a most beautiful woman, full of life and spirit, engaging in manner, a most fairy-like dancer ready to take part in any of the joyous sports of youth. However, there are evidences also of the genius lying beneath this apparent levity. Upon the occasion of her graduation from high school, she startled the audience which had been listening to the previous speakers settling the problems of life and art and literature, by the announcement, "Money lost, nothing lost; Honor lost, much lost; Courage lost, all lost." Many of her friends also recall her skill in drawing at "St. Mary's of the Woods," where she went at the age of six, carrying with her her little stove and dolls.

Indiana has no prouder character record than that of the young girl, Amalia Küssner, who, with a divine determination, followed the life-work which

came to her as a necessity which she could not but follow.

FRED COFFAY YOHN

Torch Bearer in the Illustrator's Art

Fred Coffay Yohn was discovered through an exhibition of his work at the Art League in New York in 1894, where he had gone to study under Siddons Mowbray.

The Harper Brothers at once gave him employment as illustrator on the pages of their magazines. During the twenty-three years since that time he has enjoyed increasing appreciation as an illustrator by the reading public of the United States, and unsought opportunities have come to him.

Fred C. Yohn was only eighteen years of age when he started to New York and his marked success was no surprise to his friends back home in Indianapolis, Indiana, where he was born in 1875, and where he had lived up to that time. As his illustrations began to appear in the magazines, his former teachers called to mind the wonderful exactness and care with which he illustrated his lessons in English and history and geography, and more than one of them said, "Truly 'The child is father of the man'."

For the characteristics which mark him to-day, accuracy in drawing and truth in portrayal of sub-

ject, linked with an enormous patience, were all noted in his class work, and later at the Indianapolis Art School, where he studied for one year.

As an evidence of his painstaking method in his work, he told the writer of his year in England while making his illustrations for the "Life of Cromwell," by Roosevelt. It was easy to see from his account the conscientiousness with which he visited museums and took down the old armor and time-worn costumes, and sat before figures posed in them from day to day, till he was satisfied that his illustrations were true to life.

A further example of his painstaking is shown in the splendid illustrations which brought him renown in Cabot Lodge's "Story of the American Revolution." These pictures, though continuously telling the story, stand out as individual art units, each of worth by itself and for its own sake.

In preparation for this book, he went to Chickamauga Park, where a large number of soldiers were stationed, making ready for the Cuban war. This opportunity enabled him to mass the men and draw from life, often placing single individuals in the background for artistic effect. His sketch for the battle of Brandywine was done in oil, and a camp scene at Valley Forge done in black and white. While he can work in any medium, his latest preference is for oil, and following the natural course of many illustrators, he has developed along the

line of painting. His taste leans toward battle scenes. Some of his earlier illustrations were for the frontier sketches of Theodore Roosevelt; for serials by James Barnes and Molly Eliott Seawell; *Scribner's* and *Harper's Magazines* and *Collier's Weekly*.

Mr. Yohn married Gertrude Klamrock, of New York, in 1908, and now lives in New York.

It is said that no other man in this country has achieved so great success in his art at so early an age, nor sustained himself more creditably. Indeed, some critics say he has but one superior in the illustrator's art, and that is Howard Pyle. Indiana is proud to have one of her sons achieve such rank.

EDWIN MAY

Torch Bearer in Architecture

"The Bible of Amiens" is the name used by John Ruskin for one of his chapters on architecture. In speaking of the great cathedral of Amiens as a book he enables us to read the meanings of its saints, and carvings and naves and spires. In more than one place he refers to architecture as a book which contains the very life of the nations that, patiently through centuries, reared the noble structures which express their aspirations and religious ideas. The modern age is the age of the machine, and Mr. Pen-

nell tells us in his "Wonder of Work" that we must learn to look upon the modern buildings, and especially upon bridges, as noble works of art in their perfect adjustment of material and structure to a definite end. He reminds us that while we must ever go back to Greece and Rome for patterns of engineering and artistic architectural design, we must also learn to look upon the builder's art of our generation as a triumph over obstacles and an attempt to embody the new spirit. As a proof of our indebtedness to Grecian architecture we have only to look at the State Institution for the Blind with its Ionic pillars and portico and to remember the old State House modeled half a century ago after the Parthenon, and then to behold the Federal Building, also Grecian in style. These structures are all in the capital of Indiana. The architects of the first two are only names to us now, but a third builder came later into the field. This man was Edwin May, architect of the present State Capitol.

Edwin May was born in Boston in 1824, and when a lad between fourteen and sixteen came to Madison. At the age of eighteen he came with his father to Indianapolis (1842). Here he worked as a carpenter for eight years, when he began the study of architecture and became so proficient that he was considered one of the first professional architects that Indianapolis had. Among the many buildings in Indiana ac-

credited to Edwin May are the Indiana Northern Prison, finished in 1858; part of the Central Hospital for the Insane; the courthouses for Knox, Hamilton and other counties, and many jails and schoolhouses. At the time of his death, it was said that all the new ward school buildings in Indianapolis were erected in accordance with his plans.

The present State Capitol of Indiana is particularly associated with his name as its architect, and was in process of construction at the time of his death, which occurred at Jacksonville, Florida, on February 27, 1880. He left a widow, son and daughter, who for several legislative sessions after his death tried to recover from the state money for services rendered, which claim was generally regarded as just, but its settlement was long delayed.

Though Edwin May did not live to see the design of our State Capitol in material form, he had pictured it to himself mentally, and we can not doubt that the noble proportions which he gave the dome of this building must have been to him a pleasing thought. People forty miles from Indianapolis, in certain times of the day and year, can see the State House dome, and feel a degree of pride in its ownership as citizens of Indiana.

His name is written in contracts for public buildings over a large part of Indiana, while the man himself is, for the most part, forgotten. It is worth

while, however, to associate his name with our State Capitol and, when we enjoy the proportions of its dome, to think of its designer.

One other Indiana architect deserves mention in this place for his originality in architectural decoration. Louis H. Gibson, designer of the Law Building in Indianapolis, believed that every environment should furnish some elements worthy to be memorialized in stone or tile. He claimed that our common thistle was as beautiful as the Greek acanthus if used with the dexterity of the Greeks. He also cited many other native plants beautiful for architectural ornament, and for the decoration of the Law Building he chose the sagittaria, or arrow plant, from the swamps north of Indianapolis; he made of this plant designs which he had burned in plaques at the encaustic tile works and placed on the face of the Law Building, which may be seen to-day, and which stands as his memorial.

SARAH LAYTON WALKER CAHIER

Torch Bearer of Song

It is children's day, 1908, in Christiania, Norway's capital. The city has been astir since early morning; on this day every one feels that he must do something for the benefit of the poor children. A very unusual sight is seen coming up the street, the crowd increases as there passes along a wagon containing a piano and two gypsy singers whose sweet songs stir all hearts, making the occasion one never to be forgotten. The enthusiasm of the students of the university is boundless, they remove the horses from the wagon and draw it through the streets themselves.

Such a demonstration has never been made here before for any artist since Jenny Lind, except for Christine Nilsson. And who are the gypsy singers? They are Sadie Layton Walker Cahier of Indiana and her husband, Dr. Carl Cahier, of Stockholm, whom she married at Nice some time before.

Sadie Layton Walker was born in Tennessee, and at the age of six came to Indianapolis with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Walker.

This Torch Bearer of Song inherited a musical talent from her mother, and before she was three years old was singing self-composed alto to two dozen airs, accompanying her aunt, who sang the

soprano. Later, under her able teacher, Professor Ernestinoff, of Indianapolis, Sadie Walker's voice was strengthened and broadened from one octave to three, retaining all of its sweetness. From Indianapolis she went to Cleveland to take a position in the leading quartet choir, and while there she made two trips to Europe to perfect her musical education. Following this she sang in New York.

Her musical career is filled with accounts of preparation, successes, and names of the great masters under whom she studied. On her fourth trip to Europe she sought the instruction of Jean de Reszke, and after fifteen months' study with him made her debut at Nice, France, February 12, 1904, as Orpheus in "Orpheus and Eurydice." In singing the three verses of the air "I have lost my Eurydice," she went through the first stanza at half voice with a constrained sorrow, in the second with a voice strangled and broken with sobs, and in the third she rose to a pitch of violent and tumultuous expression, ending in despair. The audience and the critics called it great art and praised her acting as highly as her singing. To the loving mother that waited in Indianapolis, the cablegram after the great ovation contained only two words, "tremendous success," but the mother's heart was able to expand these two words into volumes of satisfaction.

The story of Madame Cahier from this time is one of continued ovations. After this triumph at

Nice she sang through France in soirees, and through the German provinces as star for local companies; she also sang in Paris and in Berlin, where she was called to the royal box and complimented and invited to sing at the Queen's Church. This high honor being accepted, the queen attended and received her afterward.

In November, 1912, she came home to see her family and appeared for one evening in the well-known Ona B. Talbot concerts. The house was crowded with friends, and the large and representative audience was very enthusiastic. Upon the presentation of a wreath to her at the close of the evening the speaker who offered it said:

"This comes to you from the hands and the hearts of your friends, from the people that have known you and loved you and followed your success." Referring to a song just heard he said: "We have not lost our Eurydice, we have found her." The audience gave its approval with long applause.

In response Madame Cahier said: "I have felt always that I have had love and the hearts of my friends with me. I wish to thank the Matinee Musicale for this wreath, and I feel that every leaf is a friend. While I am speaking, I wish publicly to thank one who, by her example, ambition, and her love, has been my inspiration, and that is my mother." As she spoke she turned to the box where

her mother, Mrs. I. N. Walker, was sitting. After a moment she stood smiling and said:

"It seems strange that I should come to the very spot where I made my debut in opera. When I was a child with my sister Percy, my brother Layton, George Morris and myself, we gave that opera at the Beatty homestead, which stood on this site."

In addition to the many floral tributes was a box, and when Madame Cahier opened it there was a beautiful silk flag presented by the George H. Thomas W. R. C. in memory of her father, Col. I. N. Walker.

Madame Cahier still lives in Stockholm. The following account of her work has been received:

"King Gustav of Sweden lately conferred upon her the highest order for literature and art, a beautiful emblem in gold with the kingly crown, an order of great significance presented previously only to Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson.

Madame Cahier stands to-day as one of the most honored, loved and sought-for artists, not alone on the Scandinavian peninsula but in Germany and Austria."

The rich contralto of her voice appeals directly to the deepest emotions of the listener and leaves her audience lifted up by the power of song. Her honors are not recorded for honor's sake alone, but for the song's sake.

CHAPTER IX

Torch Bearers in Letters

LOWELL speaks of the whirling earth, the wandering winds, the falling rain and the rising and setting suns that it takes "to prosper a poor little violet." Who can tell us what additional forces it takes to make a man of letters? Who can measure the far-off blended strains of race and inheritance that appear and reappear? Who can measure the strength and quality of the imagination that the writer employs in making use of nature, of environment, of people, and of the increment of civilization, past and present?

As the pioneers found the rivers the first highways of travel, and settled along their valleys and on their banks, so we to-day can look back to these places and see Torch Bearers in letters up to the present time. Coming down the Ohio and beginning at Lawrenceburg in the southeastern part of the State, there was Henry Ward Beecher, a young man of twenty-three, who had come to take charge of his first pastorate and later to become known as a man of letters. In this same town James Buchanan Eads was born, and though a world-famed engineer, he wrote with great clearness.

Farther down in Vevay, settled in 1796, there still

lingers the benign influence of Julia Dumont and of the Egglestons. It was in Madison that the early poems of Sarah T. Bolton first saw print. Hanover, that beautiful point overlooking the river at Madison, is hallowed by the name of John Finley Crowe.

At New Albany, still farther down the river, the halo of Forsythe Wilson, who lived and wrote the "Old Sergeant," and of William Vaughn Moody still rest over the place, while Emma Carlton is there now to keep watch over the ancient glory.

Corydon, not far back from the river, will always be dear to the Hoosier heart as the place where Indiana was made a State by men able in law and in letters. Evansville to-day is lighted by the torch of the stories by Annie Fellows Johnston and Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon. Coming up the Wabash, is New Harmony, whose praise has already been fitly sung. Farther up we reach the post of old Vincennes, where the first printing press established the republic of letters in 1804. Farther still, Terre Haute comes in sight, and the spirit of the Honorable R. W. Thompson is felt, and we think of it as the birthplace of Theodore Dreiser, who is now handing on the torch of fiction in a most acceptable way. Crawfordsville, in the valley of the Wabash, is indeed a literary center, made so by Caleb Mills through his pamphlets, Maurice Thompson, Lew Wallace, Susan Wallace and Mary Hannah Krout. Here, too, lived Will H. Thompson,

whose poem, "The High Tide at Gettysburg," is already immortal. On this same river is Lafayette, where a great educational scheme is now being worked out and from which such men of letters as George Ade are sent forth. Cross over to the northeastern part of the State, to the banks of the St. Joseph, and here Charles A. Bartlett has told for us the "Story of Kankakee Land," and here Notre Dame lifts its dome as a school of letters. Coming on down to the White Water region, we find memories of George W. Julian, in Wayne County, whose pen graced the pages of an earlier time. Farther south is the distinguished town of Brookville, which has a long honor roll of governors, statesmen and men of letters and illustrious citizens. Lew Wallace was born here, and the memories of Louisa Chitwood and Elizabeth Conwell Wilson are still cherished. Reaching Union County, farther toward the Ohio, the circle has been made. Here Joaquin Miller first saw the light and here a tablet was unveiled to him in 1916 in the name of "the poet of the Sierras."

By and by, the fierce-throated whistle of the steam engine began changing the centers of the olden time, and now not only the river banks and valleys, but the railway centers are noted because Indiana has itself taken high rank in the field of literature.

There is no realm which has not been invaded by the writers of this state.

History, from the time of John Dillon, first real historian in Indiana, to that of Logan Esarey, contains a long list of worthy names, among which Daniel Wait Howe may be called a pioneer in historical writings; and aside from what has been said earlier in this book, the name of Amos S. Hershey deserves honorable mention as a writer of International Law.

Historic facts have been illuminated in a very interesting way for the younger readers in such books as "Pioneer Stories," by Florence Bass; "Indian Stories," by Jacob P. Dunn; "Bears of Blue River," by Charles Major; "On the Wea Trail," by Caroline Brown; "Knights in Fustian," by Caroline Krout. As a true picture of Civil War times Miss Catharine Merrill wrote the "Indiana Soldier." "In My Youth," over the pseudonym of Robert Dudley, is a realistic picture of early Indiana. "Once upon a Time in Indiana," edited by Charity Dye, was published by the Colonial Dames of Indiana as their Centennial contribution. "The New Harmony Movement," by George B. Lockwood, is a real addition to the history of our State. "Alice of Old Vincennes," by Maurice Thompson; "Hearts' Haven," by Katherine E. Blake, and "Legionaries," by Willard F. Cox, have all made history real.

The field of biography by Indiana authors is wide. Richard W. Thompson of Terre Haute has given to the world "Recollections of Sixteen Presidents."

William Dudley Foulke has written a memorable life of Oliver P. Morton. Charles W. Moores wrote for the young people the lives of Abraham Lincoln and of Columbus. Albert J. Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall," which is a profound work, is just appearing. Ida Husted Harper is author of a most acceptable life of Susan B. Anthony. George Cary Eggleston's "Recollections of a Varied Life" also belongs in this class.

In the field of nature we have Maurice Thompson's "Byways and Bird Notes" and "The Red-headed Family," both filled with the outdoor spirit. David Starr Jordan was claimed a Hoosier when he wrote his "Science Sketches." A little boy was known to rise at five o'clock in the morning, taking William Watson Woollen's "Birds of Buzzards' Roost" under his arm, and calling back to his mother, "I am going out to study the Birds." Gene Stratton-Porter has written in a most sympathetic way upon nature subjects, and Amos W. Butler has told most interestingly of a "Century of Change in Indiana" on birds and nature.

Dramatic writing began in Indiana in 1825, with Robert Dale Owen's "Pocahontas." George Ade occupies a high place as a writer of dramatic plays. For the Centennial year Augusta Stevenson issued a series of short plays called "Romantic Indiana," and nowhere has the dramatic spirit been more fully

illustrated than in the various pageant books written by Hoosiers during this Centennial celebration.

Among writers who appear and have appeared in the magazines and papers may be mentioned Louise Closser Hale and Ida Husted Harper. Among newspaper writers Charles Dennis, now appearing as "Oldfish" in the *Indianapolis News,* is giving to the public delightful articles full of atmosphere and charm. George Browning Lockwood of Muncie and Louis Howland of Indianapolis are most notable editorial writers. The name of Oliver M. Saylor of Huntington has lately appeared in the "New Republic" in an article on the Indiana Legislature, 1917.

From the "Hoosier's Nest" of John Findley to the "Fire Bringer" of William Vaughn Moody there has ever been a "song somewhere" in the state.

There are also Evaleen Stein, Frances Morrison and many others whose verse is well known.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson has covered the ground of Indiana literature in his book "The Hoosiers," and Mrs. Minnie Olcott Williams in her Centennial contribution, "Indiana Authors," has given selections from the pens of over one hundred and fifty persons, thus making it unnecessary to name the long list of those belonging to the catalogue of Indiana authors. Since Indiana has rightly and solidly gained her place in the world of letters, it is now no longer asked, "Who reads a Hoosier book?"

THE EARLIER GROUP

In addition to the names of James Whitcomb Riley, Sarah T. Bolton and Edward Eggleston as members of the earlier group, that of Benjamin Parker should be added. His poems are remembered with great pleasure. He had the singing soul, and saw what was in the corners of "The Old Rail Fence" and in "The Cabin in the Clearing" with the poet's eye and a naturalist's love. Maurice Thompson, although previously mentioned, should not be forgotten for his poems, "The Kankakee" and "The Wabash."

SOME REMINISCENCES OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

No poet in his own life-time was ever more honored in his own state than was James Whitcomb Riley in Indiana. When he had a great ovation in Cincinnati the school children gave him the key to the city, but he had long before this carried in his heart the golden key of love with which he had unlocked the admiration and sympathy of the Hoosier people. So much has been written of him that it seems superfluous to tell any biographical facts when they are so well known to every one in Indiana. It may not, however, be out of place to add two unpublished reminiscences of our beloved poet.

Many of the friends of James Whitcomb Riley

often found him at his best on the street, and especially in the Bobbs-Merrill bookstore near the corner of Washington and Meridian Streets. The writer well remembers of once finding him in that store when all unconsciously he was drawn into a discussion of poetry, based upon the wonderful imagination of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Riley's favorite poet. He gave a most illuminating talk, contrasting the poetry of Mrs. Browning with that of Longfellow. He turned to the clerk behind the counter and said: "Hand me down Mrs. Browning's and Longfellow's poems." He read from Longfellow and then read from Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" and said, "Don't you see the difference?" As he became interested his voice became louder, and in a few minutes at least twelve people had gathered behind him to hear what the poet had to say. He read on and people gathered closer and he said: "Now Longfellow is the poet of letters, Mrs. Browning is the great poet of life, and I do not place Robert Browning ahead of her." Just then he looked around and saw what a company had gathered to hear him. He closed the book, turned around and walked out of the store. That little touch of Riley's life is very vivid and shows that the song that was "ever somewhere" was uppermost in his mind at all times and places.

In 1907 when the writer was about ready to start for Europe she met Mr. Riley on the street, and

after the usual greetings said, "What shall I bring you from Europe?" Mr. Riley's blue eyes looked straight into her face: he said, "Nothing, nothing, but you might put a bunch of red roses on the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning if you go to Florence; that is what I would like to have you do for me."

Upon reaching Florence the writer and her companion went out to the Protestant cemetery the first afternoon. On the way they stopped at a florist's, one of them purchasing a bunch of beautiful red roses in answer to Mr. Riley's request, and the other a bunch of white roses for the grave of Theodore Parker. Upon reaching the tomb of Mrs. Browning, a sarcophagus planned by Sir Frederick Leighton, the red roses were laid on the slab beneath as a tribute from an Indiana poet to a poet of England and the two friends said verses from "He giveth His beloved sleep," as their own tribute to the great poet who lived in Florence, looked out from the Casa Guido windows and wrote "The Cry of the Children." After visiting the graves of Arthur Hugh Clough and Walter Savage Landor, they placed the white roses on the grave of Theodore Parker. As they came out the gate, the visitors saw the roses which they had placed on Mrs. Browning's tomb in the hands of a group of American travelers. The visitor who placed the roses on Mrs. Browning's tomb said to the foremost one of the

group, "I beg your pardon, but it might increase your interest in the roses you hold in your hand, to know that they were placed on the tomb of Mrs. Browning a few minutes ago by Americans in the name of an American poet, James Whitcomb Riley, of Indiana." She and her friend then took the cab and left the travelers still standing at the gate in what seemed to be a consultation. It is likely that these people thought the flowers had been placed there by some Florentine lover of the great poet. Upon telling Mr. Riley this later he nodded his head and said, "Well, well, I am glad you put the roses there for me as my tribute to Mrs. Browning, but that is right hard on the Americans."

SARAH T. BOLTON

Sarah T. Bolton was not only a pioneer poet in Indiana, but she was a pioneer settler also. She came into the State over the old trails and traces, forded streams and settled in a cabin in the clearing near Vernon, Indiana, on Six Mile Creek. She always saw the world with the poet's vision, and felt with the poet's emotions. Vernon, Madison and Indianapolis all hold her memory sacred. Besides being remembered in these places through personal contact with neighbors and friends, her verse has found lodgment in the hearts of all Hoosiers.

Like Riley, Sarah T. Bolton was much before the

public during the Centennial year. Her patriotism, her moral enthusiasm, her love for humanity and for the beautiful have been recorded in her poems. Few people led a busier life than Mrs. Bolton, and few ever felt the joy of living more than she.

The life of Sarah T. Bolton has not yet been adequately written, and there is ample opportunity for a post-centennial volume including her best letters and her best verse, and the record of her life embodied in these. It is no small boast for Indiana, during her one hundred years of statehood, to have had this woman, noble in mind, brilliant in conversation, considerate for the feeling of all those around her, democratic in sentiment as all true poets are, and able to voice Hoosier life as Indiana's pioneer poet laureate.

EDWARD EGGLESTON

If Edward Eggleston were alive to-day, perhaps no one would be more surprised than he at the fame he gave to Indiana illiteracy through the "Hoosier Schoolmaster." This book was one of our first examples of realistic fiction in Indiana, and it is indelibly fixed in the minds of every reader. Its genesis was really accidental. In 1870, upon his resignation from the *Independent,* he took a position on the *Hearth and Home.* In order to swell the circulation he wrote the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" as a serial for

this paper, in which he pictured life in Southern Indiana when his mother was a school-girl. The editor objected to the first chapter, saying it was too uncouth for the readers of the paper. However, the installments continued, earning a great sum for the paper, and were afterwards bound in book form and given to the world. There has been nobody to write the other side in as attractive a way as that in which the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" is written. The scenes of this book were possibly true to more situations than the one pictured by Eggleston, but it must be remembered that there were private schools and academies in Southern Indiana at the time in which he was born, 1837.

Eggleston was interested in every aspect of life, and was fond of the children, and always lent himself to the best sentiments. In his letter to the school children of Indianapolis he gave them advice that will always endure. He said:

"My advice to you is to try and have a good time in the world. Get your pleasures at your own, and not at other people's expense; let it always be good, honest, clean happiness with nothing wrong about it. But don't on any account fail to have a good time. If life should go hard with you so that you can't have a very good time, why then, have just as good a time as you can at all hazards."

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

Who Held Aloft the Poet's Torch in the United States

THE POET

A Fragment

Where's the Poet? show him! show him,
Muses nine! that I may know him!
'Tis the man who with a man
Is an equal, be he King,
Or poorest of the beggar-clan,
Or any other wondrous thing
A man may be 'twixt ape and Plato,
'Tis the man who with a bird,
Wren or Eagle, finds his way to
All its instincts, he hath heard
The Lion's roaring, and can tell
What his horny throat expresseth,
And to him the Tiger's yell
Comes articulate and presseth
On his ear like mother-tongue.

—JOHN KEATS.

In Boston, March, 1900, a poet in rapt vision looked upon the monument to Robert Gould Shaw, made by St. Gaudens. His listening heart heard the tread of Spring coming over our vast country. He looked at the young leader, Robert Gould Shaw, followed by the men who died with him their land

to save, their faces on the future fixed. The poet felt the brave sacrifice made by this loyal soldier years ago, and felt the lack of such a spirit now, when hesitation marked the hour. His vision strengthened and "An Ode in Time of Hesitation" sprang into being. This was William Vaughn Moody's clarion cry to the nation. He came to this spot known as an Indiana poet, but henceforth he was to become known as a national poet. Before this, he had written a dirge "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines," to whom he ascribed his full meed of praise for the great sacrifice of his life, made at the command of his country.

It was not till a year after the writing of the Ode that Mr. Moody gave to the world a volume of his published poems. But before this, he had become known to the readers of our country through his contributions to the magazines. In this collection of his poems Mr. Moody exercises the severest censorship, casting out his earlier productions as having no initiative; but many of them are considered by his friends full of exquisite imagery and delicacy of conception. The following lines from "Clouds," written in his earlier years, while at New Albany, Indiana, illustrate this point:

CLOUDS

"Outlined against a silver sky
Where rose-gray flushes swell and lie,
Behold, what wonder passeth by!

Icebergs of color, frozen light,
Peaks multiform and infinite—
Olympian uplands, pale gold plains
Drenched through and through with ruby rains—
Cathedrals, gateways, obelisks,
Roofs rounding into moony discs—
Dawn-dreaming walls, gold-gleaming halls,
Where all his lordly journey through
The Sun may hold his festivals.
O, Soul, that dare look up and say,
'Who will not walk that Western way?'
Be that the sunset, what the day?"

The poems of William Vaughn Moody show a marvelous range, including a true poetic imagination which grasped the unity and development of the world: that is, the wholeness of all that we understand by the terms God, the soul, and nature. This imagination was not only penetrative but constructive. He had a wonderful grasp of theme ranging from the simple lyric of "Heart's Wildflower" to the trilogy consisting of "The Masque of Judgment," "The Fire-Bringer" and "The Death of Eve" (unfinished). In the poems of this trilogy he has used the form of the Greek chorus, and while he has shown a perfect acquaintance with Greek literature and Greek thought, he has mingled the modern Christian philosophy with the ideas of Paganism. He discusses the relations of God to man, and man to man.

It is, however, by such lyrics as "Gloucester

Moors," "The Daguerreotype," "The Menagerie," "Good Friday Night," "The Brute" and "Faded Pictures" that William Vaughn Moody will be best remembered. In all of these there is a wonderful elusive charm, exquisite phrasing, fulness of sentiment without sentimentality, marvelous insight, humor and pathos, and a high singing quality. It is to his lyric poems that we look for a revelation of that self which no author can escape. In "Gloucester Moors" he has shown a broad humanity in the lines:

> "Who has given to me this sweet,
> And given my brother dust to eat?
> And when will his wage come in?"

In "The Daguerreotype" the reader knows by instinct that the poet's own mother and not an imaginary person is the subject of his song. His feelings in this poem come home to the heart of every one. "The Menagerie" shows a wonderful fellow-feeling with the brute creation, and Keats's lines at the beginning of this sketch are very appropriate. Every one appreciates what Moody says about the animals:

> ". . . They have the coolest way
> Of being something else than what you see:"

As he looks at them, he feels the blood of his ancient kindred speaking and hears grotesque and monstrous voices down the "ocean caves." The

humor throughout is sympathetic and amusing. In "Good Friday Night" he pictures the feelings of the irreverent looking upon the ceremonies practiced on that occasion, and in the face of the solemnity, asking why it was so serious:

> "Would not a brave man gladly die
> For a much smaller thing
> Than to be Christ and king?"

As he stood there and the Face was revealed to him, he recognized the great brotherhood and joined in spirit with the worshipers. In his poem, "The Brute," the giant force embodied in this name at first seems to defy the Creator and would destroy the world, but he, too, becomes subject to law, and the still small voice assures the world that the Brute

> ". . . must bring the good time on, he has no other choice."

and he, also, is a part of the great Whole. "Faded Pictures," like the "Daguerreotype," reveals the tenderness of the poet for his mother:

> "But I, well, I left Raphael
> Just to come drink these eyes of hers,
> To think away the stains and blurs
> And make all new again and well."

Mr. Moody's high conception of the poetic soul went beyond the power to express, and he said, "To be a poet is more than to write poetry." He was by

nature a poet in the sense just mentioned. He saw the world in imagery, he talked in metaphor, and while he had a deep sense of reality of the things of the external world, the things that were not visible were quite as real as the things he could see with his natural eyes.

He always cherished the notion of the "eternal womanly" and never ceased to look upon woman in this high way, whether it be his mother, spoken of in "The Daguerreotype," or Eve, in his unfinished drama, "The Death of Eve," or of the Irish girl, of whom he speaks in one of his letters and in whom he saw waif, Madonna, and all that goes between. In referring to the girls in his classes in Chicago he called them "stars."

He was a Puritan in conscience and a Greek in temperament. He excelled in swimming, skating, walking, golf and tennis. He loved the outdoors. The writer remembers him on the tennis courts of Chicago University, always dressed in immaculate white, his face burned red by the sun and contrasting with a halo of yellow hair that outlined it. His eyes were the most memorable feature of his face. They were deep blue and luminous, with a penetrating look, and at all times indicated what he thought of a question or remark. Almost every one of his friends spoke of this.

It is really in the letters of William Vaughn Moody that we get the personal facts that every

one wishes to know about a writer of such high rank. These letters are edited by Daniel Gregory Mason and cover a period from 1892 to 1909, the year before Mr. Moody's death. He was twenty-three years old at the time of the writing of the first letter in this volume. The outward facts of his life are few. He was born in Spencer, Indiana, in 1869, moving to New Albany with his parents when a child. He studied in the New Albany High School and afterwards taught country school nearby in 1886. In 1888 he taught at Riverside Academy, New York, where he earned his last year's preparatory work for Harvard. In 1889 he went to Harvard, where after taking his degrees he was made instructor in English. In 1895 he began his brilliant career as professor of English in Chicago University. Here he worked for eight years, then resigning in order to carry on his writings. He died in 1910, in Colorado Springs, a short time after his marriage to Mrs. Harriet Brainard, a friend of long standing. During the summer periods in his Harvard life he made frequent trips abroad, often cycling with a friend and deriving much from his journeys. His letters speak of his jealousy of the time consumed in doing his work, and yet no one was ever more conscientious than he in the execution of his task and in the keeping of his word. He whimsically speaks of "putting on blinders, stuffing his ears with wax, and strapping himself to the desk."

His friend remarks that at least the work done in that constricted position was solid and workmanlike, as any one may see for himself. He mentions the far-away years, when he hopes to earn means that will make him free from thought of the necessities of life. There are mentions of illness in his letters, of gratitude to friends, of appreciations of honors. Some of his letters are fine samples of literary criticism applied to his own writings. One finds everywhere a mastery of word values, and it was a matter of conscience with William Vaughn Moody to avoid hackneyed phrase. Mr. Mason calls him a pioneer explorer in language, one who believed that the range and scope of expression had not reached its limit. His perfect familiarity with Greek, German and English literatures greatly aided him, not only in word values, but in mastery of theme.

His conscientiousness regarding literary art may be shown in his refusal to change his prose drama "The Great Divide" into a novel. While he was getting five hundred dollars a week for this play, before crowded houses, he was offered twenty-five thousand dollars and even fifty thousand to change it into a novel, but he refused. He said the turning of a play into a novel—or vice versa—was a confounding of essentially diverse types of art, and therefore a violation of a basic artistic principle, and he could not do it.

It was during this time that he wrote to his friend, Gregory Mason, of his long-cherished dreams of buying a farm, but they never materialized. The other prose drama, "The Faith Healer," was not a success.

Modesty was a strong quality in Mr. Moody. All success that came to him made no difference in his bearing or his feelings, and he was the same "Will" to every one familiar enough to call him by that name. Another example of his modesty is the suppression of his initials to a poem on Mr. Gilder, published in *The Century*. Aside from his letters to Daniel Gregory Mason, he also wrote to Mrs. Mason, to Percy Mackaye, Josephine Preston Peabody, Mrs. Toy and Robert Morss Lovett, with whom he made a text-book in rhetoric. Mr. Gregory offers as a reason for publishing the letters of Mr. Moody that they were more than letters; they were prose literature, and that in them Mr. Moody set free the imagination of the reader. Be that as it may, the world would have lost much without this volume, which tells in such a charming way so much of the personality of this Indiana Torch Bearer in Poetry.

It has been seven years since he died, in the promise and strength of his young manhood, and during this time estimates made of him as a poet give him a place second only to George Woodbury in America and to Stephen Phillips in England. Margaret

Sherwood says in the January (1917) *Atlantic:* "The wars of nations cease in time; the war of the speech endures. Where are the poets who will sing, as William Vaughn Moody sang—a shining exception to the fashion of the time—the endless struggle of the soul?"

THE LATER GROUP

WHO ARE NOW HANDING ON THE TORCH

Instead of the five Torch Bearers mentioned in this group, there really should be a long procession, but the reader is referred back to the introduction to this chapter. One name, however, not yet mentioned is that of Charles Zueblin, born at Pendleton, Indiana, and now handing on the torch as writer and lecturer. Those who are now lighting the path and blazing the way in the field of letters are assuming no small task, but their readers take it for granted that their art is both a pleasure and a necessity, which they can but obey.

GEORGE ADE

Mr. George Ade distinguished himself during the Centennial year for his interest not only in the celebrations over the State, or as chairman of the homecoming committee, but also in behalf of the children. The following selection was written by him to the children of Indiana for the Centennial celebration in 1916. Mr. Ade, as is elsewhere said, ranks high

among the dramatists which Indiana has produced, and no one has a larger circle of friends in our high schools than has Mr. Ade.

A MESSAGE FROM GEORGE ADE TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF INDIANA

I am addressing this story to the young people of Indiana. But who are the young people? When I was twenty I regarded the man of fifty as a venerable patriarch. Now that I am fifty I still try to classify myself as a youngster, and I am quite sure that no one is "old" until he gets well past seventy. As for the thirty-year-old boys and girls, they really belong in the infant class.

Our state is one hundred years old. If you can remember back only six or eight or ten years you will be ready to believe that one hundred years is a long, long time. You will have to stretch your imagination like a new rubber band in order to think of the ten spans of ten years each that connect us with the dim and far-away year of 1816.

But fifty years is only one-half of one hundred years, and the great Civil War was ended more than fifty years ago. Ask some of the old boys and girls in your town if the Civil War was fought a long time ago and they will reply: "Why, it was only yesterday!"

Some day you may visit Mount Vernon and find it a handsome and comfortable residence, looking about the same as when George Washington sat on

the front porch one hundred and fifty years ago. Then you will understand that Indiana is a juvenile as compared with Virginia.

Suppose you sail across the Atlantic to England (although this year would not be a very good time for taking the sail). You would find in London, and all through the green little island, sturdy houses made of stone and somewhat gray and mossy with age, that have been in use for five hundred years or more.

Then, if you will travel down to Rome, you will see in one of the busy streets of that beautiful city a building called the Pantheon, which stands, solid and secure, just as it stood when St. Paul came to teach the new Christian religion nearly two thousand years ago.

After that, if you are not afraid to be so far away from home, sail across the Mediterranean to Egypt and look at temples and tombs and pyramids that were centuries old before the Roman builders laid the cornerstone of the Pantheon.

You see, everything in this world is merely "old" or "new" when compared with something else. If you are ever fortunate enough to sit in the cool shades of an Egyptian temple that was two thousand years old when Christ lay in the manger at Bethlehem, you will begin to realize that we are living here in a brand-new country, just starting out. The one hundred years of which we are so proud

is merely the first brief chapter in the history of our state.

Measured by time, we are young. But when you count up what has happened since Indiana was admitted to the Union, only one hundred years ago, you will be glad to know that we are living in the busiest and most fortunate period of which there is any record.

This year, in every county of the state, the bands will play and the flags will wave and there will be speechmaking and parades and moving pictures, and the purpose of the whole jubilee will be to remind people of what has happened during the last century.

The young people of the state are to be shown in the pictures and parades and pageants what our state was like during the pioneer days not so very far away.

My father came out to Indiana from Ohio in 1853. That was sixty-three years ago, but it might have been six centuries ago if we take into account the wonderful changes since then. He and my mother went by steamboat from Cincinnati to Madison, Indiana. At that time there was no railway from Cincinnati to Indianapolis. They took a slow and poky train at Madison and crawled up to Indianapolis, which was then a small country town. The railway from Indianapolis to Lafayette had just been opened for travel. Northwest from Lafayette, that region which is now one of the most thriving

sections of the whole middle West, was lonesome prairie, with occasional patches of timber and the houses many miles apart. The Indians had moved westward but a few years before. Hunters could still find deer and other wild game. There was so much land, and most of it seemed so wet and swampy, and there were so few settlers coming out to claim it, that an acre of ground was worth whatever a man was willing to pay for it and no more. Mile after mile the rolling open country was matted with high grass, a great variety of bright flowers, rushes and cat-tails, while far off on the horizon were the clumps of timber marking the course of some stream.

My father and mother went fifty miles out into this wilderness and established a little store and trading post and waited for the country to develop.

Suppose my father had met on the trail out across the prairie a "genie" or fairy, or some other strange creature that we read about in our books, but never have the good luck to see.

Suppose this genie had said to my father: "You will live to see this whole desolate region thickly populated, so that standing where we are to-day and looking in any direction you will discover large white houses and fat red barns and whirling windmills for pumping water and tall towers for the storing of grain. The busy towns will be just a few miles apart. They will be connected by smooth stone

roadways, along which vehicles will fly at incredible speed, with no horses to pull them. The people in one town will talk to the people in a far distant town by using wires strung on poles. The houses will be lighted by hot wires enclosed in glass bulbs. In almost every home there will be a little box arrangement in the corner to be wound up so that it will sing or reproduce the music of a military band. The land you see here will be worth ten times, twenty times, fifty times, one hundred times, two hundred times what it is worth at this moment. When those prosperous times arrive the children will go to school in brick and stone palaces instead of log cabins, and if they should look out of the window and see a man flying through the air, like a chicken hawk, they will not be in the least alarmed or frightened."

My father was a very sensible and level-headed man, and I am wondering what he would have said to the genie or sprite that would have told him such nonsense. My father lived to see fulfilled all of the prophecies that would have sounded like dreams and moonshine back in 1853. In 1853 no one could comprehend what this state would be in 1916. Isn't it possible that the young people swarming the state in 1916 have no conception of the conditions under which the pioneers lived back yonder in the fifties? This year, at the centennial celebration, the young people will be told the history of their state. They will learn something about the courage and the pa-

tience of the men and women who came out into the wilderness and laid the foundation of this great commonwealth.

ELIZABETH MILLER HACK

The three books, "The Yoke," "Saul of Tarsus" and "The City of Delight" have placed Mrs. Elizabeth Miller Hack in intimate relations with the reading public of Indiana. The following sketch was written by her in answer to a request from the author. It is interesting to note how one writer may stimulate another to enter the literary field, as Lew Wallace did Mrs. Hack.

HOW I CAME TO WRITE.

It was planned before I was born that I should write. Perhaps that planning had a great deal to do with it. I was brought up along a line of home-made training and my earliest recollection of anything at all was some stint or other unalterably literary in bent. "Ben-Hur" was a grand new story when the first of my education began, and it gained that favor at once in my family which it was destined to enjoy with a whole people in the years to come. It is not at all unlikely that the story shaped my choice of field without my knowing it. The atmosphere of my home was surcharged with McGuffey's Readers, even at that time obsolete text-books. They were a moral and intellectual standard for the children. Shakespeare, until my high-school

days, was a labyrinth of plots without thoroughfare haunted with human oddities, because I had read the plays before I was ten years old. McGuffey, Byron, Milton and Shakespeare stamped a massiveness on my style before I really had one.

I am and have always been domestic, although I was in doubt whether I was so naturally, or because of the traditional inclination to do that which one does not like to do, until I settled the matter by experiment. I loved to cook and sew, but my mother would send me from hem-stitching a handkerchief to writing "poetry." It was all settled that I should be a poet. My efforts at story writing were discouraged from two opposite directions. At home they did not measure up to my mother's Homeric standard, and at school I was often accused of getting "help." But after I had read Stevenson's "Black Arrow" I produced a story in Old English that my home and school critics thought good enough to publish, and it went into the High School Annual, with voluminous, necessary foot-notes. The foot-notes appealed strongly to me; I have to resist the temptation to use them even to this day.

Even this bait did not invite me to have more of my writings printed. The tradition of rejected manuscripts is lacking in my case. When I entered Butler College I contributed some verses to the Collegian which appeared in the Christmas issue of 1897. These came to the hand of General Lew Wal-

lace, and on New Year's Day I received a letter from him. It was brief, but it contained a single line which had more influence on my life than any equal number of words has had, before or since. It said, "I believe it is in your power to become a writer."

A master had spoken. All my mother's pushing and prophecies, up to that moment, I had ascribed to mother-love. I had lived in the expectation of writing for so long that it had become a matter of course, not ambition. But now I suddenly saw that my mother had been following a live lead. I ceased then and there to regard the future with a soul at loaf. I saw a career and I went after it grimly and in dead earnest. I traveled; I wrote all the time; I studied; I shut myself away from people and things, and though I believed I was to write verse, I finally produced a novel. I cannot say that I set out to write that novel. I developed the story of the Exodus as an experiment. I became interested in the lives of the people I had created and kept after them to see what became of them all. When I reached the end of their doings "The Yoke" was done and ready for a publisher.

My work is the product of a life-long preparation, but it required a believing mother and a broad-minded great man to discover me to myself.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Many of Mr. Nicholson's friends, who sincerely admire his stories and who deeply appreciate the high quality of his verse, feel that his rarest literary expression is to be found in his essays, and that he ranks first among Indiana essayists. Notable examples of this are to be found in his articles which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly,* and in his books, "A Hoosier Chronicle" and "The Hoosiers." His sketch of Ben D. House in the volume which Mr. Nicholson edited of this poet's verse is a rare gem of biographical writing. He is not a recluse; he attends public gatherings, presides over meetings, introduces speakers, and has even been known to serve on a jury. His hospitable home is open to friends, who are welcomed by Mrs. Nicholson, a most gracious person and a fit companion for a poet and a scholar.

Mr. Nicholson says of himself:

I was born December 9, 1866, at Crawfordsville, Indiana. Of my first home I have no impression, but I recall vividly my second, which was set well back in a broad yard that sloped rather precipitously from the house to a highway known as Lafayette pike.

The Civil War and politics were the subjects I first heard discussed by my elders. Farmers and teamsters, wearing the old army overcoat, a garment that

long survived its military uses, were constantly visible in the streets of Crawfordsville. Indiana contributed two hundred and twenty thousand volunteers for the war between the states, and their valor and achievements were impressed upon me by fireside talk.

My father served four years in the army, first in General Lew Wallace's zouave regiment, and later for three years in the artillery. I remember very well the awe with which I used to gaze upon his captain's dress coat, with its brass buttons and epaulets, which hung in a dark closet of our house. About the time I learned to read, a trunkful of official papers, copies of reports and rosters of my father's battery, and other memorabilia of war days, came under my notice, and I pondered them reverently.

After our removal to Indianapolis we lived near my Grandfather Meredith, a printer, editor and publisher who had been a "forty-niner." He was an omnivorous reader, and he not only subscribed for great numbers of magazines and newspapers, but treasured them in his barn loft, where on rainy days I was able to follow the course of the war in files of *Frank Leslie's* and *Harper's Weekly*.

Although I liked fishing and enjoyed canoeing, I never learned to swim.

I was in the streets a great deal, and present at all great occasions. While watching the returns of

the convention that nominated Hayes, a man came out of the telegraph office and hired me for a quarter to carry messages to the newspaper offices. I was kept running until daylight, and on the way home with my quarter met my whole family, who had set out to look for me. That was, I believe, the first money I ever earned.

My systematic education ended in my first year of high school. That was my own fault, and I have never ceased to regret it; but I had found even the simplest problems in numbers difficult, and algebra was my undoing. If I would not go to school I must work, and I entered at once upon various experiments in the field of labor. For a while I tended the soda fountain in a drug store; at that time I was filled with an ambition to be a doctor, but that passed quickly. My grandfather and one of my uncles were printers, and I next felt the call of the types. I worked in a small printing office for a while, but as the proprietor carried a stock of periodicals in the front of his shop, I spent most of my time waiting on customers and reading story papers. I did learn the cases, however, and when there was pi to sort I was allowed to distribute it.

I soon moved to a large printing concern, still with the idea of learning the compositor's trade, but for some reason was pressed into service as an errand boy in the counting room, and never added to the slight knowledge I had already gained of the

art preservative. If algebra had proved forbidding, a heavy wheelbarrow on which I was expected to trundle packages all over the business district imposed a heavy pennance for my short-sightedness in leaving school.

I saw nothing ahead of me here, and therefore began casting about for other employment. A stenographer hired me to tend office and run errands, and I employed my leisure in learning shorthand. Within a year my employer, an official court reporter, was dictating to me from his notes. Stenographers were not common, and I soon had all the work I could do. My ignorance weighed heavily upon me, and at seventeen I began to read prodigiously. Encounters with Latin phrases in transcribing court proceedings roused my curiosity as to languages. I purchased a Latin grammar in a second-hand store and worked at it zealously, although I confess with shame that all my reading of Latin authors was done with the aid of translations. A little later I studied French and Italian in the same fashion, without a teacher, but with better success.

Emerson and Thoreau were my favorite authors, and I recall vividly the joy I found in "Early Spring in Massachusetts." At that time I began to write sketches, stories and verses, some of which were printed in the local weekly literary papers—a type of journal that was destroyed by the increasing popularity of the Sunday newspaper. My next move

was to the office of one of the best law firms of Indiana. These new employers were cultivated men in the broadest sense, who took the deepest interest in public affairs and were lovers of literature. They never knew how much I learned from them.

The law seemed to me at that period to be the finest thing in the world. In writing pleadings from dictation I gathered a pretty good idea of legal procedure and formula. I spent a year and a half in that office, and then moved to the law office of William Wallace, a brother of General Lew Wallace. I was now a competent stenographer, and was able to perform a variety of services in addition to writing letters and pleadings. I read law books, undirected and fitfully.

While in that office I scribbled constantly—verses mainly, but I wrote a short story that received a ten-dollar prize from a Chicago newspaper and sold a poem to a New York weekly paper for three dollars. I was now eighteen and hardly a boy any longer; but in spite of my occupations I managed to cling to my youthful recreations.

Literature was much to the fore in the Indiana of my boyhood and youth. Edward Eggleston, Lew Wallace, James Whitcomb Riley and Maurice Thompson had given wide advertisement to Hoosier letters. I recall half a dozen lesser bards—two of whom wore cloaks and looked the part—to be seen any day in our capital. Mr. Riley sought me out

in the law office one memorable day to exhibit a poem of mine that had been quoted in the journal of a neighboring city along with one of his own—a kind act that began a friendship that still endures. My ties with Crawfordsville still remained close, as they do to this day, and it seemed to me indeed—what it used to be called—the Hoosier Athens. General and Mrs. Wallace, the Thompsons and Mary and Caroline Krout—two sisters who have written poems, novels and books of travel—all lived in Crawfordsville, and it was perhaps pardonable if I assumed that my birth in a community that included so many geniuses brought me within range of the reflected light of their reputation. I read every book I heard any one mention, and as I was fortunate in my acquaintances, I dipped into much good literature. Poetry interested me particularly and I wrote it in large quantities.

One of our local bards, Ben D. House, a Vermont soldier, was a picturesque figure in our streets. He affected a semi-military dress, and talked much of his adventures with Custer's cavalry. His employments—as journalist and government clerk—were fitful and he always seemed enveloped in a spacious leisure. I was his devoted slave and used to carry him my verses for criticism. Incidentally he read me his own poems. Sometimes when we met in the street he would draw me into a hallway and pull a

sonnet from his pocket and read it with fine elocutionary effect.

Myron Reed, a Presbyterian minister, born in New Hampshire, was another man who attracted me strongly in my youth. He, too, had been a soldier, a captain in a cavalry regiment. He was as little like the traditional clergyman as possible. On Sundays, from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, he read a short essay, frankly modeled on Emerson's direct, rifle-shot style. His sermons were rich in allusion. Abraham Lincoln, John Brown, Emerson and Thoreau figured much in his discourses, and the first time I heard Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!" was when Reed read it.

Thus my earliest impressions are of men who were either soldiers or writers, or both. I had my own dream of West Point and a military career, but my deficiencies in mathematics effectually disposed of those ambitions. Of all the Indiana writers who have risen in my day I have known best the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley. He was just coming into fame when, as a youth, I began my own faint tinklings in verse, and he was constantly the target of my admiration in our thoroughfares. No other writer has so faithfully recorded the Hoosier speech and the local customs and spirit. He is the most amusing man I have ever known, the most delightful comrade and the most generous friend.

Mine was not much of a boyhood, but, all in all, I had a very good time and I look back with no feeling that I would change it if I could.

Courtesy of the *Youth's Companion.*

ANNA NICHOLAS

Miss Anna Nicholas has for over a quarter of a century been associated with editorial newspaper work. She knows all of its phases and has in her mind to-day motifs for hundreds of stories which she hopes some time to write. She is known in Indiana and widely outside of the state as a short story writer as well as an editorial writer. Her "Idyl of the Wabash" has won for her great praise. The charm of reality which the following sketch gives is only a hint of the joys that are intermingled with the experiences in journalism.

THE JOYS OF JOURNALISM

To be asked to write something about the joys of journalism was to experience a shock. I had been in newspaper work for many years, but what were its joys? They did not at once suggest themselves. It seemed likely that I should be compelled to model my essay on that classic statement, "There are no snakes in Ireland," and say, "There are no joys in journalism."

The alternative presented itself of plagiarizing

Elbert Hubbard, who once published a book entitled "Silence," which contained only blank pages, and of placing my autograph at the bottom of a fair white sheet of paper.

Consultation with office associates brought no light. The very mention of the subject excited hilarity. "Working nineteen hours a day—is that a joy?" one asked. "Getting the best part of your stuff cut out before it goes to the printer—is that a delight?" another wanted to know. "To have the fellow who 'always knows what you write,' 'couldn't fool him on your style,' pick out your very choicest effort and credit it to a member of the staff that you know couldn't come within a mile of you—there's nothing gay about that," the feature writer complained.

"It isn't as bad as to be suspected of having written something that you consider about the worst thing that ever found its way into the paper," an editorial writer added.

An innocent bystander joined in the conference. "At least," he said, "you have the great satisfaction of putting your thoughts and convictions into print, of expressing yourselves, of knowing that you have a wide influence for good."

Reporters and editorial and special writers looked at the stranger with pity, and in silence turned toward their type-machines, their lips moving, though not in prayer. Muttered words were heard—"speak

our minds!" "express ourselves!" "influence!" "us!" "The innocent stranger is a joy," called out the political reporter, and suddenly there was a chorus of laughter.

But what are the real joys? There are, I reflected, the ingenuous correspondents and would-be contributors who unconsciously bring gleams of brightness into the editorial life: the man who gives the "inclemency" of his health as an excuse for not writing sooner—on a matter important to himself only; the earnest citizen who is concerned about the "stradegy" of a political warfare, and says the old and new world will stand "agashed" at it; the New England rhymester who sends verses in which "umbrella" is made to rhyme with "sell her" and "detain her" with "kleptomania"; the brazen person who sends as his own, Milton's tribute to his "late espoused saint"; another who offers as original Moore's "Oft in the Stilly Night," and yet another who signs his name to Charles Henry Luders's beautiful poem, "The Four Winds."

There is the professional editorial writer whose letterheads bear the engraved legend, "Soul-Stuff Editorials." Writers who praise their own wares are numerous. "It is certainly a good and beautiful poem," writes one, "and if you don't accept it, I would like to be advised as to the reasons why." Another, who wishes to be a regular contributor, says, "If you can use my poetry or prose, I would

be glad to serve you, no matter what subject you want me to write on—wheather comic, relidgious or sentimentle. Just send me the subject you want wrote on and how many words and I will try to remain yours respectfully," etc. Another, equally confident of his powers, says: "I can give you satisfaction along any line—as reporter or author of the most finished poem or story."

And the poetry they send! One was moved to set down in many stanzas words of praise for General Henry W. Lawton, whom he called "Larton."

"There never was a braver,
Ner a fearlesser ner a honester
man than was this Generil Larton,
Who led his men so grand."

There was the spring poet who sang thus:

"Oh, Riley loves his immortal June
With heaps of pleasure and gratitude,
And we should love our blooming May,
With hearts of similar attitude."

Another sings in his opening lines:

"I wandered out one lovely night,
Barefooted were my feet."

One could only hope that it was a summer night.

So they come, bringing smiles to the busy editor as he reads and casts them aside or files them with

his collection of curios for future reference. But these are only surface things. What are the joys, the real joys, of journalism?

To placate the citizen who is indignant because of something the paper has printed, is not a joy, especially as this typical citizen, always ready to criticize, forgets to praise published utterances known to be in line with his opinions. Doubtless virtue is its own reward, but the hard-working journalist does not find the consciousness of good work done, always an inspiration to something better. It is not to be classed as an active joy.

To do his work under the shadow of anonymity is not a source of unalloyed pleasure for the journalist. The material prizes and rewards of his calling are not as numerous or as great as those of other professions. Fame seldom comes to him. He works harder and more continuously than most men. Because of the very nature of his work, he forgets yesterday and takes no thought of the morrow, but lives in to-day alone. He grumbles about his disadvantages, and yet he would not leave his profession. What is the charm?

He knows that in no other calling could he associate with men and women so keen-witted, so broad-minded, so active-minded and wide-awake to the world's affairs—men and women a trifle cynical, perhaps, because they have learned to know their fellow beings on their seamy side, but kindly, tol-

erant and charitable for all that; men and women of conscience and high principle, who throughout their career have used their pens to promote all good causes as they have seen them and have performed their part as they were able in upbuilding the community; men and women of whom, when they finally lay down their work, it can truthfully be said that they have done what they could.

Newspaper people like their profession; it fascinates them to the end, but they can scarcely say why. What, indeed, are the true joys of journalism?

BOOTH TARKINGTON

The prominent place occupied by Booth Tarkington as dramatist and novelist and as an exponent of realism, which has been so greatly praised by William Dean Howells in his estimate of "The Turmoil," requires little to be said. The following recollections furnished by a former teacher of Mr. Tarkington may be of interest in showing how his talent appeared in her school.

She remembers him as a slender lad of fourteen, with brown eyes in which there was always a merry twinkle, with hands always busy in illuminating the margins of his text-books. He showed at that time a keen sense of humor, a just appreciation of his schoolmates, and exercised withal a critical judgment toward his teacher and the school. This

teacher has often said that had young Tarkington answered to the call of the brush instead of the call of the pen he would have been a famous illustrator. As an example of her opinion, she tells of three creditable crayon sketches handed in by Booth, in the study of "Snowbound." The first was a calm Quaker face, looking out from a dainty cap. Under it was written

Our Mother

"While she turned her wheel,
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel."

The second sketch was also a Quaker face, with firm-set mouth and decided expression. Under it was written

Our Father

"A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted. 'Boys, a path!' "

The third picture was an easy-going face, with three little spikes of hair pointing straight up from the crown of his head. Under this was written

Our Uncle

. . . "Innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks."

These pictures, with Booth's understanding of the poem, gave the teacher great pleasure, and she acknowledged to have laid away the sketches with

great care, saying to herself, "It may be that some day my name will go down to posterity as the teacher of the great illustrator, Booth Tarkington."

Another illustration of how the tendencies of youth picture the practices of manhood, spiritually as well as physically, was given in connection with Booth's writing and standards, even as a boy. In the old days when paraphrasing was a part of the English course, but which, thanks to educational advance, is now no more, pupils were assigned poems, the meaning of which they were to express in their own language. It was on Friday afternoon. Many of the children had given their exercises, with various comments from their mates, when Booth's turn came. He had chosen the "Spider and the Fly." He rose with great dignity, made an admirable translation, and sat down without mentioning the last stanza, which contained the moral. There was a silence in the room. Finally a timid little girl in a back seat tremblingly raised her hand, and upon recognition by the teacher rose and said, "Why, he ain't told the moral." Another silence ensued. Then Booth arose with fiery eye and said in a manly way, "If the moral is not apparent all the way along, I shall never tack it on at the end," and a look of astonishment passed over the school to think that a pupil of fourteen had dared to set up his judgment against an author's on a printed page. This lad had by insight shown and announced one of the great

principles of the fiction which he is to-day writing, that characters in stories should speak for themselves and not be moralizing puppets of the author. Booth Tarkington also showed in this exercise another element of artistic writing; that is, that high art is tempered and permits of no excrescences, but goes straight home to the mark, and that it is as important to know what to leave out as it is what to put in.

The old methods did not hurt Booth Tarkington, because he had the courage and the good sense to take the initiative and assert what were to him artistic convictions. May he long live to hand on the torch of letters!

CHAPTER X

The Centennial Torch

THE Centennial Torch of Indiana's statehood anniversary was lighted in 1915 when Governor Ralston appointed an historic commission consisting of the following persons: Governor Samuel M. Ralston (ex-officio member), Frank B. Wynn, Harlow Lindley, James A. Woodburn, Charles W. Moores, Samuel M. Foster, John Cavanaugh, Charity Dye and Lew M. O'Bannon. The duties of this commission were outlined by the governor: they were to arouse in the people of Indiana a desire to make the Statehood Centennial educative, patriotic, historic. That this was accomplished in some degree is well known to the citizens of the state. Lectures were given, letters were sent out, conferences were held, the commission issued bulletins upon pageantry, upon ways and means of procedure, and chairmen were appointed in every county to organize and give every community a chance to express itself in its own way in observing the Centennial celebration.

The schools took up the work in great earnest. They learned community history by interviewing the pioneers, interested themselves in exhibits of colonial material, "kodaked" the birds and scenic spots,

made hundreds of maps and posters, filled scrapbooks from the passing daily centennial material and became grounded in some of the fundamentals of Indiana history. One interesting feature of school work was the "state-wide letter exchange" which enabled students in different localities to become acquainted with the history and environment of those in other parts of the state. The children wrote plays and enacted them in their respective schools. They composed music and sang in great choruses, and thousands of them marched the streets, waving the American flag. The writer saw ten thousand children engaged in the flag drill, which was symbolic, beautiful and touching.

Notable pageants were presented at Bloomington, Corydon and Indianapolis as parts of the great Indiana pageant. Richmond, Fort Wayne, South Bend, Aurora, Crawfordsville, Brookville, and nearly every county seat in Indiana enacted a worthy pageant, each of which was marked by the characteristics of its own past.

The crowning celebration, on December 11, marked the formal admission of Indiana to the Union in 1816. This was a great occasion. The Third Infantry of the State's National Guard, fresh from the Mexican border, led by Colonel Aubrey L. Kuhlman of Auburn, was welcomed home. Governor Ralston presided with his usual patriotic

enthusiasm. An address was made by James A. Woodburn, head of the History Department of Indiana University, and an ode was read by William Dudley Foulke.

Not the least of the torches lighted by the Centennial spirit was the Torch of Giving. This was especially noticeable in the presentation of parks. The late Harry E. Milligan presented to Crawfordsville a tract now known as the Milligan Park. The presentation to Indianapolis of the park by John H. Holliday and his wife has been previously referred to.

The state is especially indebted to Mr. Richard Lieber, chairman of the State Park Association, for the preservation of Turkey Run, which has many of the primitive walnut trees of Indiana, and which is considered one of the most beautiful scenic spots in the state. The people of Owen County were also generous in the sale of land to the state for its park system. The spirit of giving land for park purposes, engendered by the Centennial movement, is still at work, and many other gifts to the state are expected from persons in different localities.

W. C. Woodward, Director of the Centennial Commission, was asked to state what he deemed among the most important events of the Centennial year. He says:

"You asked for a list of Centennial gifts and the

donors. I presume you mean in general terms only, for I have no lists over here in any detail. In a general way, I should speak first of the public gifts towards the two Centennial park projects—those of Turkey Run and McCormick's Creek. Under gifts of a personal memorial nature I should mention the placing of the stone by the citizens of Tipton in honor of General John Tipton, a similar recognition of the Milroy family at Delphi, and the memorial marking the old Lincoln home at Lincoln City by Spencer County. Illustrating gifts of a more philanthropic nature are the Centennial Memorial hospitals erected by Portland and Connersville.

"But it seems to me there are gifts more important than any of these mentioned. I refer to the sacrifice of time and labor so zealously and enthusiastically and generously given by people all over Indiana toward seeing that the Centennial of their state was truly observed. As I look back over the work, this is the thing that impresses me more and more. Take, for instance, such noble, indefatigable and unconquerable souls as Mrs. Dooley of Rockville, Miss Newsom of Columbus, Miss Williams of Huntingburg, Mrs. Baumgartner and Mrs. Ehrman of Rockport, Mr. De la Hunt of Cannellton, Mrs. Buckley of Delphi, Mrs. Mathews of Tipton, Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon of Evansville, L. N. Hines of Crawfordsville, Ben F. McKey of Lebanon, J. M.

Scudder of Huntington, J. C. Shirk of Brookville, Mrs. Mac. Stoops of Petersburg, and many others who come thronging to my mind. The point is that these people have not merely given money, but themselves. Among these, especially, I should like to call attention to our native pageant writers, whose offerings were truly labors of patriotism and love. These, it seems to me, are the priceless gifts after all, far beyond mere money."

The author would like to make honorable mention of the services of Dr. Frank B. Wynn, who began to agitate the importance of the Centennial Celebration two years before the commission was formed, and no man in Indiana gave more devoted service than he to the Centennial observance.

The forming of county historical societies during 1916 will be of lasting benefit to the state. The dedication of buildings, and the unveiling of tablets, and the placing of fountains, all have repeated the date 1916 for posterity.

One of the most notable memorial tablets unveiled during the Centennial year of 1916 was that dedicated to the memory of James Biddy, in Shortridge High School. This was the work of a local artist and contained a likeness of Mr. Biddy with a suitable tribute. This man was janitor of Shortridge High School for over thirty years. He was a gentleman of the highest rank in manners, bearing and lofty-

mindedness. As an employé he fulfilled his duty to the highest measure, thinking not of himself; his influence for good was lasting, and no boy would speak an unclean word or do a mean act in his presence. He was looked upon by the faculty as a friend, and shared in the sorrows and rejoicings of that body, always taking part. This Centennial tribute is the most democratic and carries with it the highest respect for labor that came to the writer's notice during the Centennial year. Credit for this is due to Miss Laura Donnan, teacher of History in the school, and one who, by her loyal service to the youth under her and to the country, is cherished all over Indiana by those who have gone forth from her influence.

Indiana has taken a new life at the beginning of her second centenary. Her legislature in 1917 passed three memorable enactments, a bill granting a constitutional convention, state-wide prohibition, and partial suffrage for women.

All of the work commenced in the Centennial year is not yet finished. The park movement is almost at its beginning. The placing of a memorial to the Pioneer Mother of Indiana, commenced in the spring of 1916, is yet to be accomplished. An association for this purpose has been incorporated and all citizens of Indiana have an opportunity to honor the pioneer mother, who helped to build the common-

wealth, sacrificed her sons on the altar of freedom, endured hardships and kept the hearthstone of the home sacred. Every one looks back somewhere to a pioneer mother from whom the blood in his own veins has never run cold. The following will serve to suggest something of the spirit in which the Centennial work was taken up over the state.

WHAT THE CHILDREN WERE SAYING IN THE STATE-WIDE LETTER EXCHANGE IN 1916

CORYDON, IND.

Dear School Friend:

I am a little girl twelve years old. I live in the country about three miles from Corydon. Miss Alice Williams is my school teacher.

The old State Capitol is at Corydon. It is constructed of limestone rock. The walls are very thick and will last for ages. The Constitutional Elm is also at Corydon. It is a very large tree and is a very pretty shape. It is now beginning to die, so the Hoosier Elm Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have placed under the tree a monument—a large limestone bowlder containing a brass plate with proper inscription concerning the historic old elm.

The building which was used as offices by Indi-

ana's auditor and treasurer when the capital was at Corydon is also standing. It is constructed of brick and is now owned and occupied as a residence. The old Capitol Hotel is also standing. It is one and a half miles from Corydon and built of limestone. It is also owned and occupied as a residence.

I think it would be very nice if you could come to Corydon May 13, 1916, to the centennial celebration. I should be glad to have you as my guest. I shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

Respectfully,
SARAH ALICE MARKEL.

MAUCKPORT, IND.

Master John C. Fulling, Indianapolis, Ind.:

Dear Sir—I received your very interesting letter some time ago and was very much pleased with it. I am writing this in order that I may give you a more detailed account of the burning of the steamer "The Alice Dean," by Gen. John Morgan.

General Morgan reached Brandenburg, Ky., July 8, 1863, and, being hard pressed by General Hobson, hastened to cross the Ohio river into Indiana. The Alice Dean, one of the largest and finest boats running on the Ohio river, was on her way up when she was pressed into service by General Morgan and used as a transport to carry his men across into Indiana. After crossing, the Alice Dean was fired and set adrift. When she had drifted about a mile

she was grounded at the mouth of Buck Creek, one mile east of Mauckport, and there she burned to the water's edge. The hull of this boat still lies where it sank fifty-two years ago. In very low water the whole of the hull comes to view and is visited by a great many people, who carry away parts of it for relics. I am going to send you a piece of one of the timbers for a keepsake and a reminder of Morgan's raid.

The Alice Dean was about three hundred feet long and was owned and commanded by Captain Pepper, who, after the loss of his boat, removed to Texas, where he lived for many years. The boat was valued at sixty thousand dollars and represented the entire fortune of Captain Pepper. In appearance the captain was a very imposing figure. He was a very tall man with long white beard and was a gentleman of the "old school." In the last years of his life he was totally blind.

Answer soon. Yours truly,

FRANCIS HARDIN.

VINCENNES, IND.

My Dear Miss ——:

I live in the suburbs of old Vincennes. I go to the Vincennes consolidated school No. 1.

I will tell the story of our first flag as my teacher told it to me. It was made by Mme. Godare. General Clark had marched from Kaskaskia and captured Vincennes. He wanted a flag. Mme.

Godare, a patriotic French lady, said she would make it for him. Clark knew there were thirteen colonies. He said, "We must have thirteen stripes." Mme. Godare took red and green material and made a flag of thirteen stripes, without a field of stars.

We have a flag made by Mme. Godare's great-granddaughter. It is just like the first American flag that waved over the great Northwest Territory.

Very truly,
CLARA MORGAN.

LOGANSPORT, IND.

Dear Indiana Friend:

Did you know that our beautiful city is named for Captain Logan, a Shawnee Indian?

He was a handsome Indian. He was six feet tall. He did so many brave deeds for the white people that they all learned to love him.

When war broke out in 1812 he joined the American army. One day Captain Logan took twenty-five women and children from Fort Wayne to Piqua, Ohio. He took them through the forests safely. There were very many hostile Indians in the forests. But they did not shoot a single person. But I suppose they would if they had had a chance.

Once when Logan and a few of his friends were out finding what the Indians were doing, some cruel Indians shot him. He died three days after.

To show that the white men loved him, they had a military funeral. One day a number of early set-

tlers sat under an elm tree to decide upon a name for the new city. Gen. John Tipton said, "Let's give our city a name that means 'Mouth of the Eel'." But Hugh B. McKeen said, "No, let's name our city after Captain Logan." So they all said "Yes," and they added the word port to fill out the name. So our beautiful city is named Logansport. Good-by.

LOUISE HOFFMAN,
4B Grade.

GREENVILLE, IND.

My Dear Friend or Enemy:

I don't want to write to you, but my cruel mistress compels me to do so at the point of zero. She says to tell you something of the interesting persons, places or things in this part of the world. First I must tell in what part of the world I live, for you certainly never heard of Greenville. It is on the eighty-sixth degree of latitude west.

This place is on the pike now part of the Dixie highway and the old Vincennes road, which formerly went from New Albany to Vincennes. These roads go over the "Knobs" above the Ohio. Bayard Taylor said of this part of the country that it was one of the most beautiful he had ever seen. Both roads are in some places cut out of the solid cliff of rock. Sometimes the ravine is three hundred feet deep and the hill one hundred feet higher above. In summer both hills and valleys are green. In the fall, while

the leaves in the valley are still green, the leaves on the hillside above are beginning to turn. It is certainly a beautiful sight!

There is a place on the old Vincennes road from which we can see Louisville in the distance. In this place the road is built up over the valley and the valley is narrow and straight and only on a clear day can you see Louisville at the foot of it.

Time's up. Hope you don't have to reply in return for this. Yours truly,

CHARLES NORMAN.

THE INDIANA CENTENNIAL MEDAL

EXECUTED BY JANET SCUDDER

The cuts of the Indiana Centennial Medal on the frontispiece were furnished by Mr. Carl Lieber, a member of the medal committee, of which Mr. Charles Moores of the historic commission was chairman. Along with Mr. Moores, Mr. Lee Burns and Mr. Lieber gave untiring devotion toward making the medal what it should be. There was a smaller medal reproduced from the original for the school children at less expense. This smaller one was considered by Miss Scudder in every way equal to the larger one. (For details about Miss Scudder see Chapter VIII.)

CENTENNIAL ODE

By William Dudley Foulke

William Dudley Foulke is now handing on the torch of letters in Indiana. He is a poet of high order and an admirable writer of prose. He has already been spoken of as biographer of Oliver Perry Morton and as Civil Service Reformer.

If thou wouldst fathom Indiana's heart
Think not to find it in the passing crowd,
The hum of industry, the bustling mart,
The great assemblies' voices clamoring loud.
But come with me and sit beside the board
At some old-fashioned farmstead, watch the team
Heavy with harvest, toiling through the ford
Or lie within the forest shade and dream,
With Riley's "Pipes of Pan" to charm and cheer—
His voice grew silent on this hundredth year!

Dear State, thy homelier charms are still the best
Thy peaceful landscapes filled with joy and rest.

From the abyss of the tumultuous street
The roar of the great city and its glare
The multitude whose feverish pulses beat
With evanescent hopes of wild despair,
In my young manhood did I come to thee
And found the balm of thy serenity.
And evermore, threading thy quiet ways,
Reclining by thy hesitating streams
Where sheltering sycamores hid me from the blaze
Of summer suns—half winking, half in dreams

I did perceive thy sylvan beauty grow
Into my soul until I came to know
I loved thee, that thy heart had answered mine.
And all the more now that my days decline,
Thy spirit broods upon me. Not the sea
Nor the unutterable majesty
Of Alpine peak nor the white foam and spray
Of glittering cataract can so win their way
Into my heart. I have dwelt with thee too long
To love another while thy beech trees bend
Their lowly limbs to greet me as a friend
And take from me the tribute of a song.

. . . . . .

A hundred years with fluttering wings have flown
Since underneath the elm at Corydon
In homespun garb our farmer pioneers
Fashioned our state to face the coming years.
A wilderness the spot where now we meet,
And where the multitude with bustling feet
Are hurrying past, there lay the silent track
Trod by the stealthy savage or the pack
Of ravening wolves and on the slimy green
Of the still marsh, gaunt fever stalked unseen.
And then a race of freemen, simple, strong,
Bearing the implements that settlers need,
The rifle, ax and plow, began a long,
Hard struggle, felled the forest, sowed the seed
And planted in the wilderness, the state
Whose prosperous fruitage now we celebrate.
Roll back the years my soul, and let us stand
In the first furrows of the new tilled land

And think the things the adventurous settler thought
And learn again the lesson he was taught.
He knew not, as we know, the steed of steam,
The exploding vapor and the electric stream,
Nor with them scoured the earth, explored the sea,
Or soared through heaven's wide immensity;
But each man bore his rifle primed and bright,
Ready for instant use in sudden fight,
And better knew—(for many a pioneer
Who trod the wild and built his cabin here
Had battled in the war that made us free)—
Far better knew the worth of liberty,
He saw far clearer than we see to-day
That freedom's gracious presence will not stay
With those who fare not for her, to give all,
Life, kindred, hope and fortune at her call!
Nay, just before the founding of our state
Our country had thrown down the gage to fate,
Defied the British empire to the test
Of arms because our sailors she impressed
And searched our ships. Would we do that to-day?
Has something of our courage slipped away?
What has the century brought us? Plenteous stores,
Bountiful harvests carried from our doors,
Fair cities, stately piles and busy marts,
The factory's whirring wheels and shuttles loud,
And ample farms, wide lawns and mansions proud,
And learning's gifts of science and the arts.
But shall we measure by the glint of old
The treasures that these hundred years enfold?
Have we as high an aim, as strong a heart,
Are we resolved to play as brave a part

As those who framed the fabric of our state
To liberty and honor dedicate?
Or are we strolling now in softer ways
On gentler paths in more degenerate days?
Would we not fain recoil from care and strife
And live in ease a smooth and prosperous life?

. . . . . .

This hundredth year dawned on a raging world—
A world submerged beneath a sea of blood
With shafts of fury from the heavens hurled,
And we—an island girdled by the flood
Which still doth rise and still doth draw more near,
We hear the cries of universal woe
And cheeks are wet with rain of many a tear
How close the eddies of destruction flow!
Let us be wise in time and raise a dike
That shall be high and strong to stay the tide;
Quick! Let us arm ere the invader strike
And fill the land with devastation wide
Thus only may we keep our country free
And guard for all mankind sweet liberty.

From Runnymede to Yorktown, toilsome, slow,
Freedom was wrested from the clutch of kings
And forth among the nations did she go
Scattering wide her boon of better things.
New life upon the icy plain was spread
The spring had broken on an Arctic night,
Hope smiled upon the disinherited,
And everywhere the world moved on to light.

But from the lair where slept the power of arms
There crawls once more the grim philosophy
That Might alone is Right, though liberty
Must perish in the clash of war's alarms.
We too shall lose our birthright if she fall
And every race become some conqueror's thrall.

We will not have it so. And yet to stay
The invader's steps we too may have to bare
The glittering sword and stand and bar his way.
Awaken then my country! Rise. Prepare!
We call on thee by every sacred name
That shines from out the annals of thy past,
Train all thy sons to keep thee from the shame
That would enslave the world in thralldom vast
For we must still be worthy of our sires,
And with stout hearts must guard the treasure well
They left us and keep bright the holy fires
They lighted from this stifling smoke of hell.

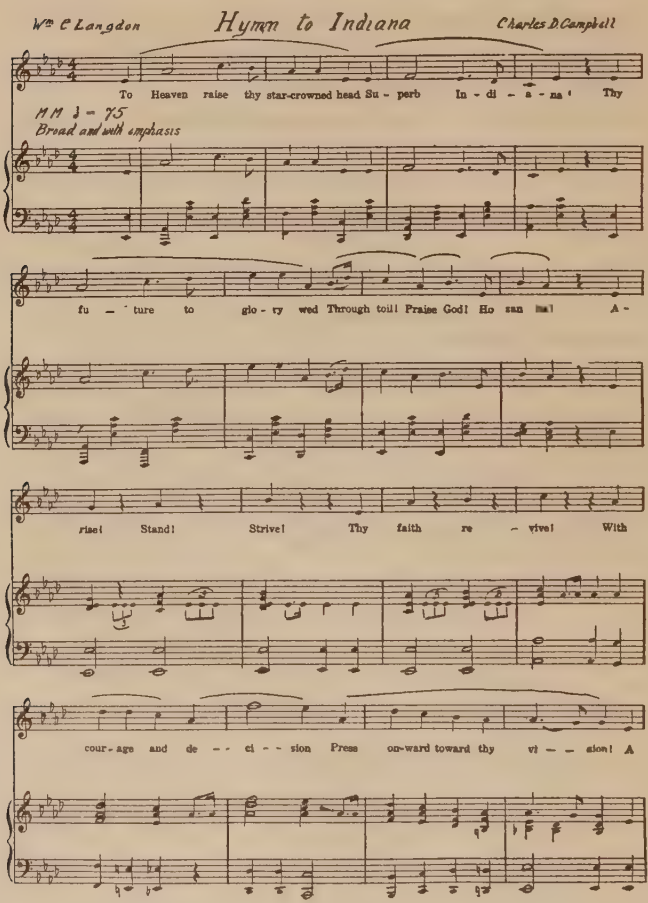
In days that are to come the world may find
Some better way than war. A mightier state
To liberty and order consecrate
May spread its ægis over all mankind.
Our federated nation points the way—
The State and then the Union. Deep our love
For Indiana yet it should not stay
Confined within her boundaries—One above—
The nation claims our first allegiance; far
Deeper than homage to a single star
Our reverence for the constellation bright
That sheds on all the world fair freedom's light.

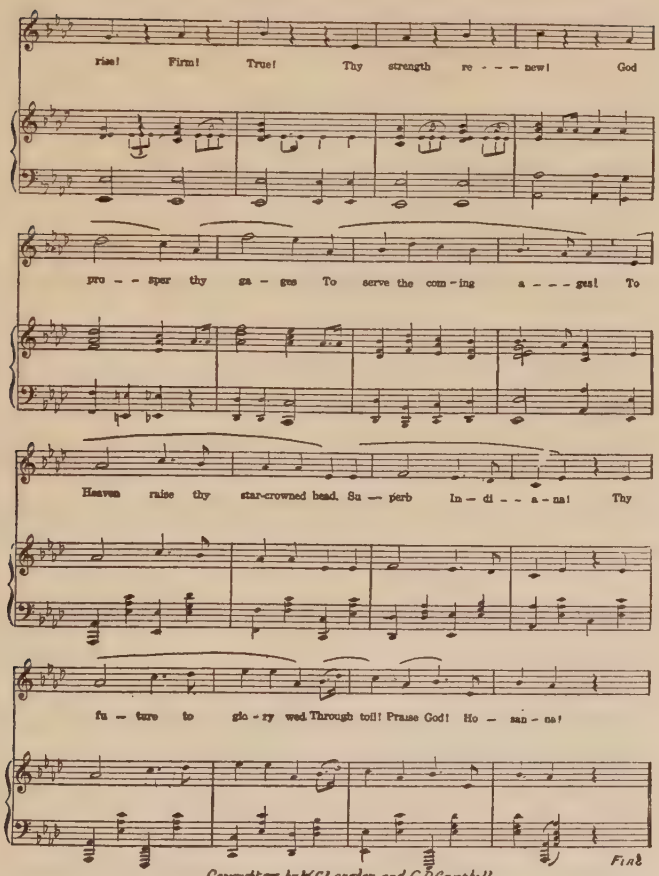
The brightest lines in Indiana's story
Are those that proudly tell
How swift her sons, when duty called—not glory—
Leaped forth to battle, and how hard and well
They fought, till victory came. I see our great
War Governor, epic figure of our state,
Sending them forth and greeting their return
And all the pulses of my being burn
At the proud memory. Not for thy sake,
O Indiana, did thy children make
Their offerings of fortune and of life,
And risk their all in the uncertain strife,
But for the Union and for liberty!
And so among the nations may it be.
The future holdeth higher things in store
Than those our halting fancy may explore.
On some bright day the slow advancing hours
May bring the world a league of sovereign powers
Wherein the rights of single nations bend
To the just will of all, and the decrees
Of some great world tribunal are the end
Of wasteful war's superfluous cruelties.
My country, lead thou in these paths of peace!
But till that hour shall come let not soft ease
Relax thy spirit or subdue thy soul!
Until mankind shall reach this loftier goal
Keep thou thy sword unsheathed, for thou dost hold
Within thy fruitful body precious seed
Which shall into a newer life unfold
And save the world in its extremest need.

Two lessons have been thine to teach mankind
Freedom, then Union! Send thy heralds forth
Bearing thy later message till thou find
Peace, born of Union spread through all the earth.

SOME CENTENNIAL MUSIC

Mr. Charles Divan Campbell, writer of the Centennial music consisting of the "Indiana Hymn" and orchestral numbers, won for himself distinction in 1916. Mr. Campbell has been head of the Musical Department of Indiana University for seven years. He was trained in the best colleges of America and in the universities of Europe in both music and the liberal arts, and is looked upon as a composer of great promise.


Wm C Langdon
Hymn to Indiana
Charles D Campbell
To Heaven raise thy star-crowned head Su - perb In - di - a - na! Thy
MM ♩ = 75
Broad and with emphasis
fu - ture to glo - ry wed Through toil! Praise God! Ho san na! A -
rise! Stand! Strive! Thy faith re - vive! With
cour - age and de - - ci - - sion Press on-ward toward thy vi - - sion! A


rise! Firm! True! Thy strength re - - - new! God
pro - - sper thy ga - ges To serve the com - ing a - - - ges! To
Heaven raise thy star-crowned head. Su — perb In — di - - a - na! Thy
fu — ture to glo - ry wed. Through toil! Praise God! Ho — san - na!
Fine

Copyright 1916 by W C Langdon and C D Campbell

A CENTENNIAL SUITE

(For Orchestra)

Composed for the Indiana Centennial, 1916, by Frederic Krull, in four movements:

1. The Continent
2. Native Moods
3. The Pioneer Advance
4. Fulfillment

The first movement, conceived in a broad sweeping spirit, commemorates the boundless, formless territory before the white man's advent. The second movement is suggestive of the aboriginal life in its domestic, woodlike, religious, and amorous phases. The third movement portrays the white man's coming and the first steps toward development. The fourth movement is a thematic Hymn of Thanksgiving.

This composition, written in response to the invitation of the Centennial Music Committee, and accepted for performance as part of the Centennial Program, shared the fate of all other Indiana music, excepting that composed by Dr. Campbell expressly for the pageant. The suite was not performed. The Indianapolis Musical Committee chose instead a requiem composed by the illustrious Italian, Verdi, wherewith the Centennial was solemnly and magnificently brought to an end.

FOR A PIONEER'S MEMORIAL

From poems by Meredith Nicholson
Copyright 1906
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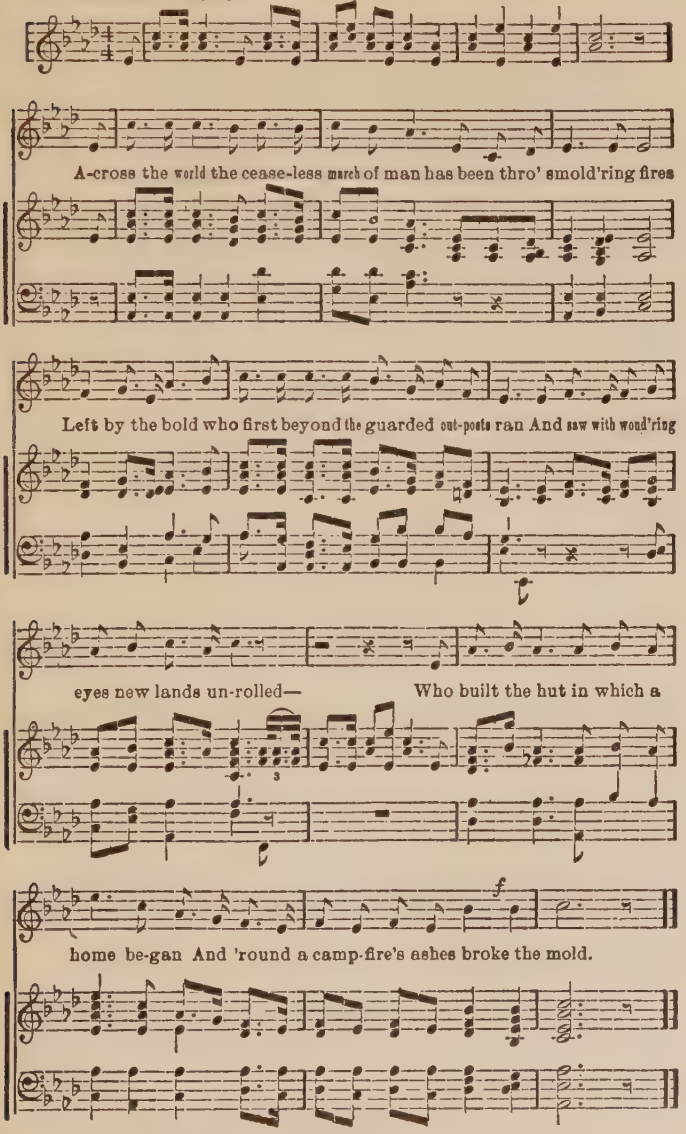
The Bobbs-Merrill Company

CORINNE L. BARCUS.

A-cross the world the cease-less march of man has been thro' smold'ring fires
Left by the bold who first beyond the guarded out-posts ran And saw with wond'ring
eyes new lands un-rolled— Who built the hut in which a
f
home be-gan And 'round a camp-fire's ashes broke the mold.

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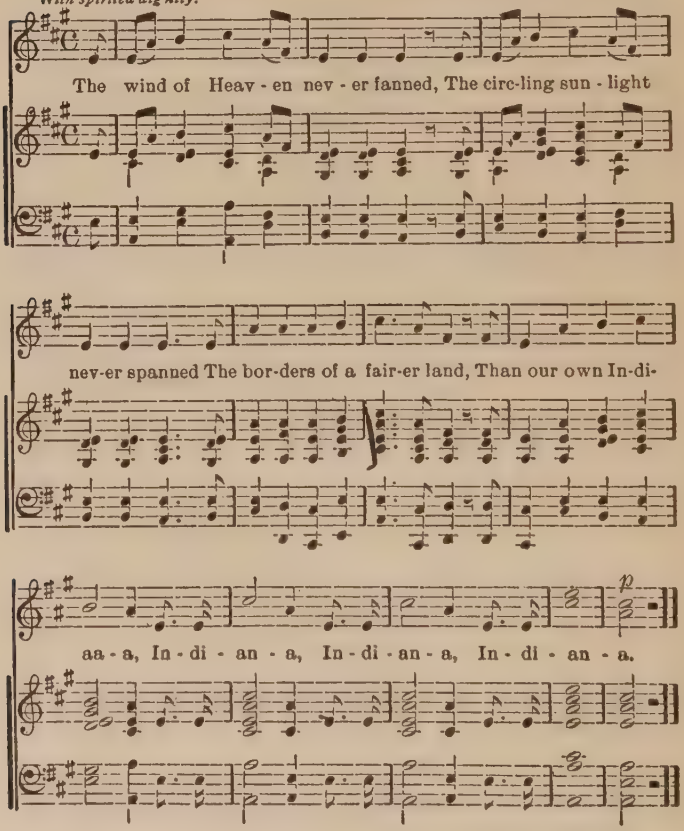
INDIANA SLOGAN

Words by SARAH T. BOLTON. Music by CORINNE L. BARCUS.

With spirited dignity.

The wind of Heav - en nev - er fanned, The circ-ling sun - light
nev-er spanned The bor-ders of a fair-er land, Than our own In-di-
aa - a, In - di - an - a, In - di - an - a, In - di - an - a.

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FROM THE SOUL OF THE PIONEER MOTHER

I

When first the starry worlds their courses knew
And law and order out of chaos sprang,
And bounds of the vast land and sea were set,
And man was in God's holy image made,
I was. Beside my sponsors, Time and Fate,
I stood in presence of Creative Power.
I felt Fate's fearful eyes upon me fixed;
I saw her right forefinger point aloft;
In her left hand my cup of life she held;
I heard her deep voice loud and clear speak out:

II

"O Soul, thy work of Heaven appointed is;
To nourish, guide and save the race, thy task!
Thy cup holds gifts from Being's essence come;
All wondrous powers of heart, and brain, and hand.
Travail thy portion, and ecstatic joy,
Endurance, faith, high courage, mighty love.
Thy way far over devious paths may lead:
If through the vale of gloom and pain, shrink not;
The faith given thee must cope with every odd,
And all things in the end are ordered well;
If to the sunlit hills upon whose slopes
Transfigured visions of life's meaning come,
Bring thou the vision down unto thy task,
For only through thy work fulfilment lies.

Drink thy life's cup down to the dregs. Fear not;
There will be heartsease mingled with the rue.
Magnificent thy doom beyond all power
Of birth, or place, or earthly circumstance.
The countless ages wait upon thy course!"

Then from Fate's hand I took the proffered cup
And unafraid, I drank it, crying out,
"I take the task by Heaven appointed me;
I will for unborn generations stand!
The cause of all mankind is linked with me!
With me!"

III

Hoary Time his magic wand did raise;
With far-off look, he turned to me and said:
"The years as moments are and moments, years;
In my long ken adown the way of life,
Was, and Is, and Will Be, are the same.
Heed well the mandate given to thee by Fate,
For patience long is price of her reward.
Touch thou my magic wand and view with me
From future heights the course of human kind.
Note well the scenes that pass before thine eyes;
Let not the present lead thee to despair;
But ever must thou keep in mind the end,
And moments see in light of Time's great sweep."

IV

I touched Time's wand; it gave me power to see
My dauntless children founding a new State,
To stand in our united Commonwealths
For patriotism, progress, purpose high.

Beside her help-mate comes a joyous bride
Who with strong heart her tearful parting takes
From home and friends and all she loves so well.
At last o'er lonely way and journey long,
The wilderness, her future home, is reached.

I see a mother o'er her first born bend,
Her face all radiant with maternal joy;
She croons her lullaby of hope and love
As Mary did o'er Bethl'em's manger rude.

Again all white with fear alone she stands;
Her tender children from her arms are torn,
Victims to a hideous savage foe;
The wild beasts howl till safety seems no more.

I looked on flow'ry meadows, waving grain,
And knew that underneath were graves unmarked
O'er which the ploughshare and the sickle passed;
Graves in which young mothers once were laid,
Dying so young, beneath life's overstrain.

To deeds of love a mother now goes forth;
Eyes of the dead are closed; the sick made well;
The hopeless and discouraged ones made glad.
In humble home, as queen of household arts,
She plies with skill the shuttle, needle, wheel.

List! The war-drum beats! The bugle blows!
Their bodeful message to her mind comes clear.
To Country's call she hero's answer gives;
"Take thou my sons! Life of my life, I yield!"
Ah, motherhood, how great thy sacrifice!
What nation can to thee repay thy loss?

In war-tent now by wounded she keeps watch;
Her mother heart the dying accent hears;
She died with each brave son she lost, yet lives
To suffer death, remembering her past joys.

I turned where Education purpose gives,
And wider, larger span to womanhood;
The first four walls no longer bound the home;
The world her country and its people hers;
Co-operate service now of her is asked,
Yet voice in laws which govern her denied;
O brothers, husbands, sons, so long she waits
Your championship for justice still deferred!

V

A glad scene passes now before my view;
Advancing banners wave! Music of pean
Dirge and anthem of high praise peals out;
Exultant people sing of love and home;
Youths and maidens, children in gay dance,
And agéd ones keep holiday to mark
Their Statehood's first Centennial year; to give
Due honor to its founders—Pioneers!

The crowd makes way! A deep hush falls! They come
Who the unbroken wilderness transformed,
The father and the mother Pioneer,
Hand in hand, by joyous children led
To the high seat with ivy decked for them.
Midst shouts of loud acclaim and music glad,
A crown for service on each head is placed;

Full partners, they in equal honor stand,
Not crowned as ancient king or queen to rule!
They wear the only crown this country gives,
A wreath for honor, toil, achievement won.
With upraised hands they signal, blessing given;
The multitude in humble silence stand,
And with the aged pair, well pleased, look through
A Century's purple mist on lives well spent.

VI

Time lowered his wand; the magic power was lost.
Fate spoke again, "Be strong, O Soul! Doubt not!
As said at first, 'Magnificent thy doom
Beyond all power of birth or circumstance!'"

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